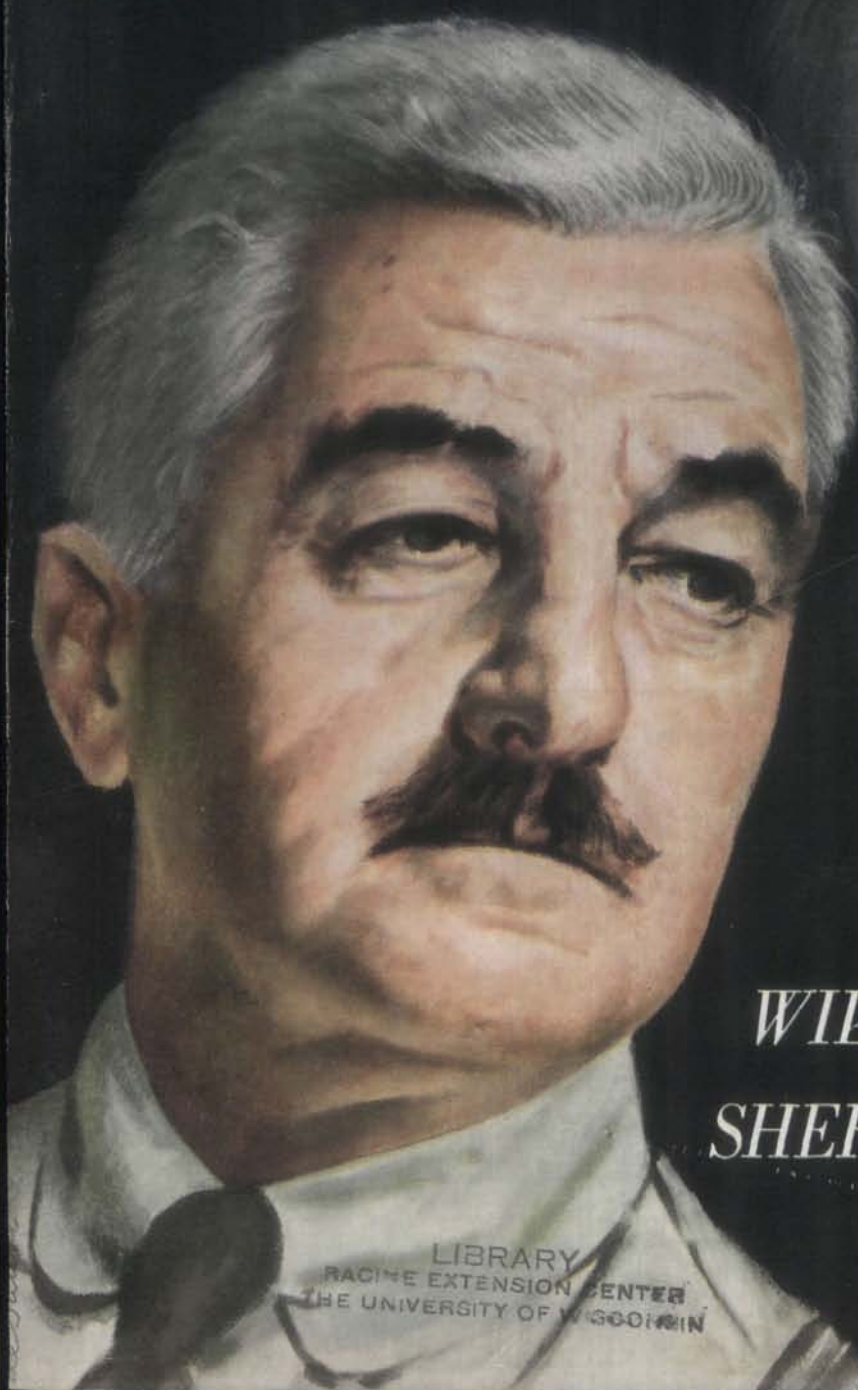


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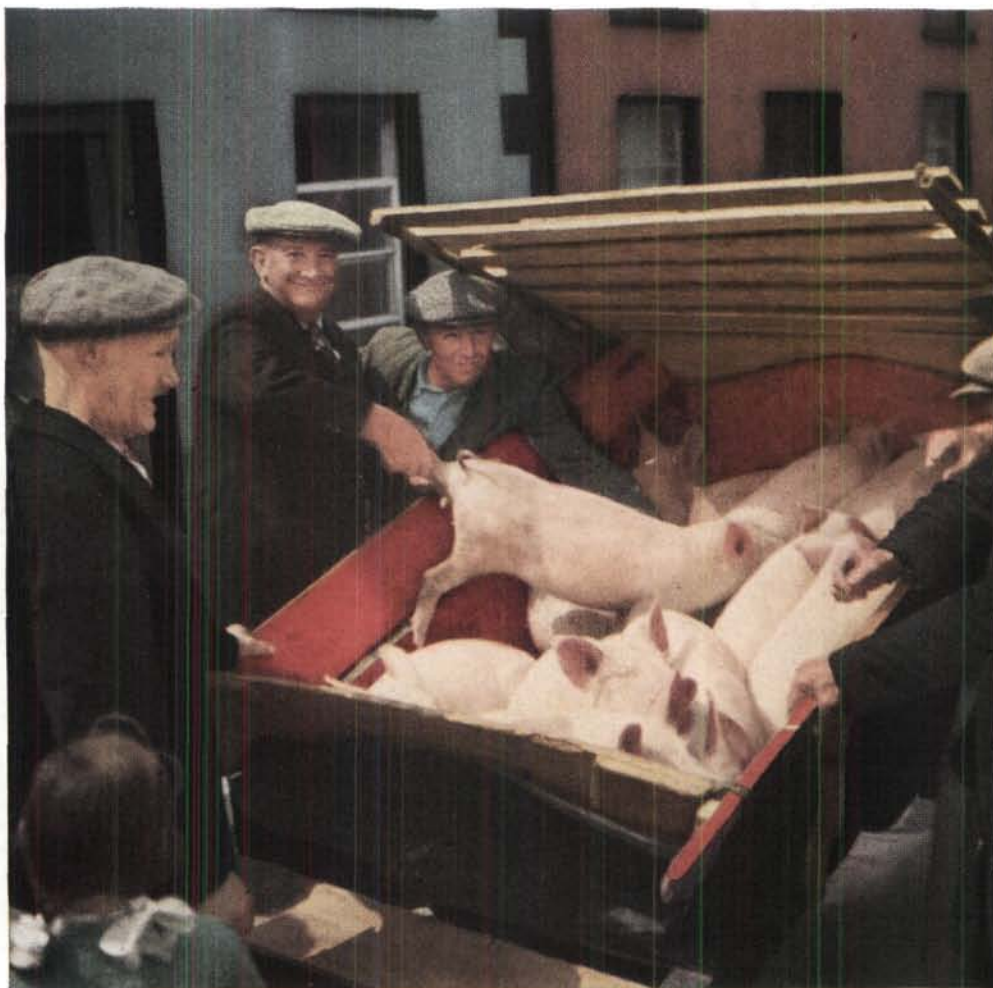
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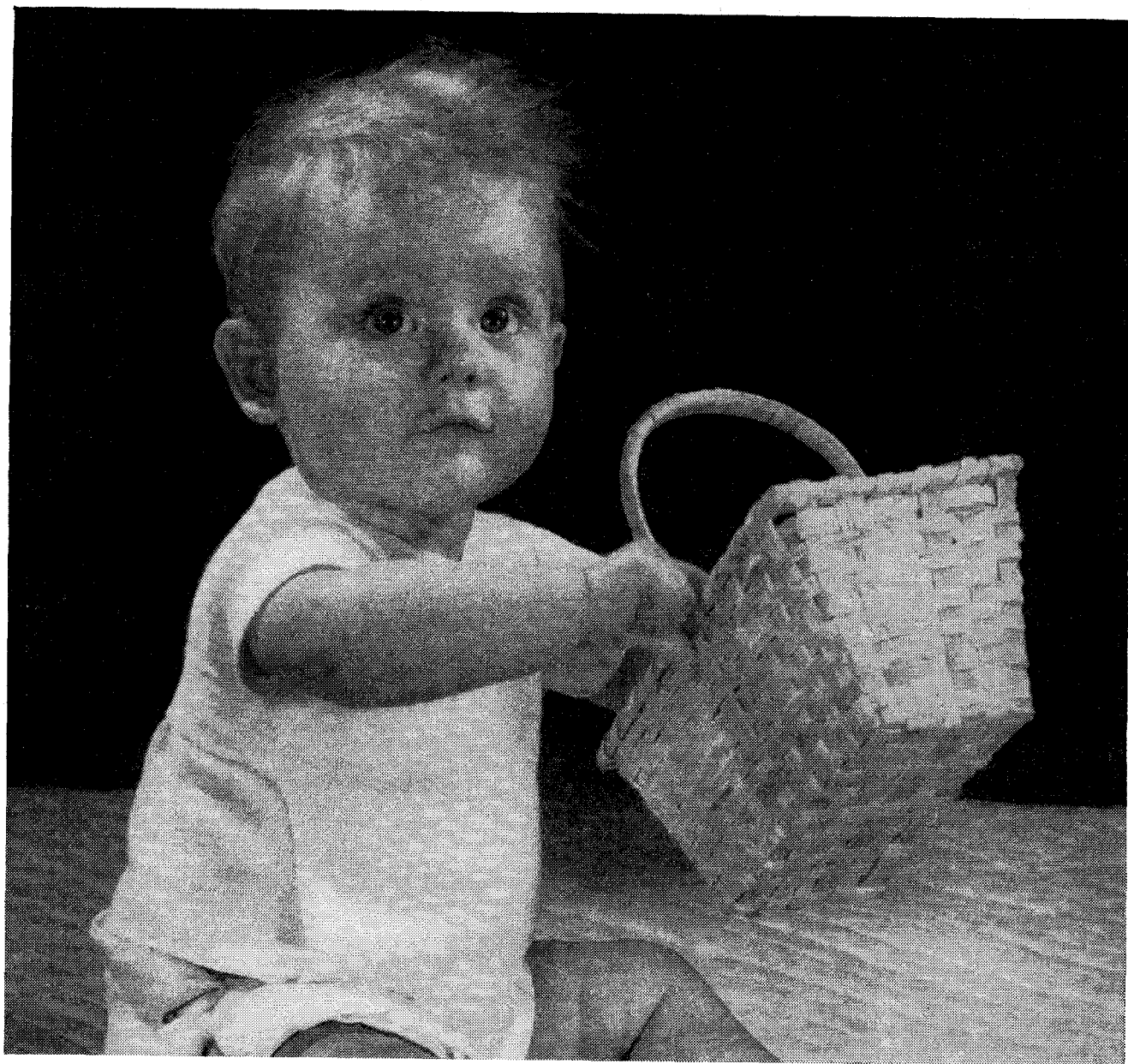


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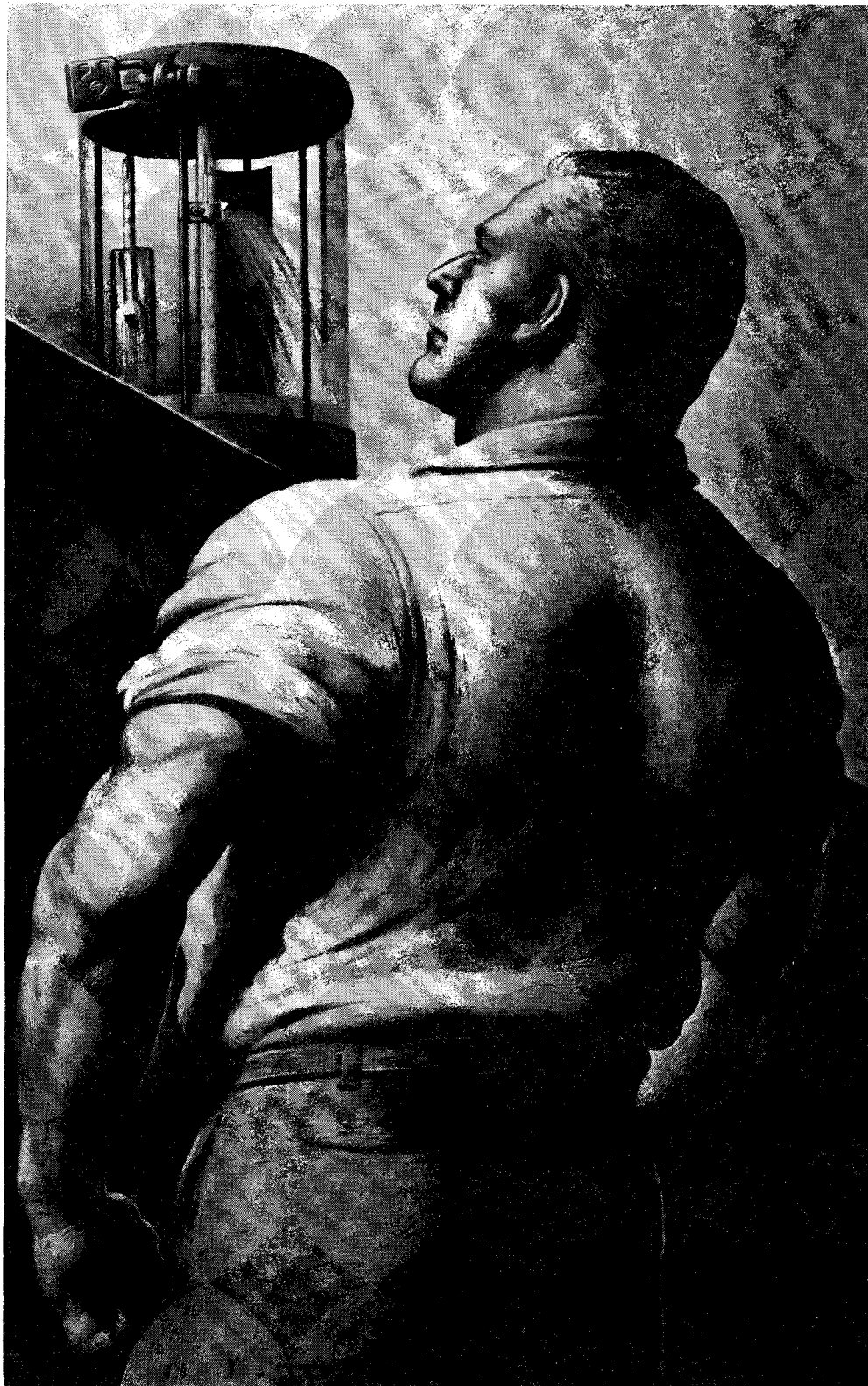
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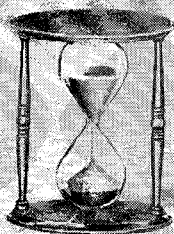
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Washington



SUPERPATRIOTISM and Chinese Nationalist sympathy have coalesced with congressional control of the pocketbook in a syndicate pitting formidable political pressure against the Eisenhower foreign policy. It was in the cards and probably should not have been surprising that McCarran and McCarthy, those supermonopolists of patriotism, share places on the Senate Appropriations Committee with Bridges, Mundt, and Dirksen, satellites in their system, and with Knowland, the leading Formosa Firster. Chairman Taber of the House Appropriations Committee partakes of both ideologies.

At a testimonial dinner to Mme. Chiang in Washington, Knowland, McCarthy, and Taber raised their glasses in a climactic toast: "Back to the Mainland!" In that tableau is represented an array of overlapping political forces now threatening the President's foreign policy.

If a foreign policy can be diverted by defaming its practitioners, it can be still further altered by starving them—or threatening to. Senator Mundt stated it bluntly when he said, "We are going to insist on a sweeping shake-up of top officials. It is not a question of loyalty or security. We promised a change." He indicated that 100 or so should go. Dulles replied that several top changes had been made but that career men can adapt themselves to a Republican leader. His defense implied that he would keep them on, but he made no solid promise.

The careerists, fearing Mundtism more than McCarthyism because it is more inclusive and hits even the immaculate just because they are hold-overs, felt their security gone. Mundtism eliminates one whole layer of jobs at the top and, by thus constricting the opportunity for reward, dampens in-

centive all the way through the career service. Our diplomacy could suffer gravely.

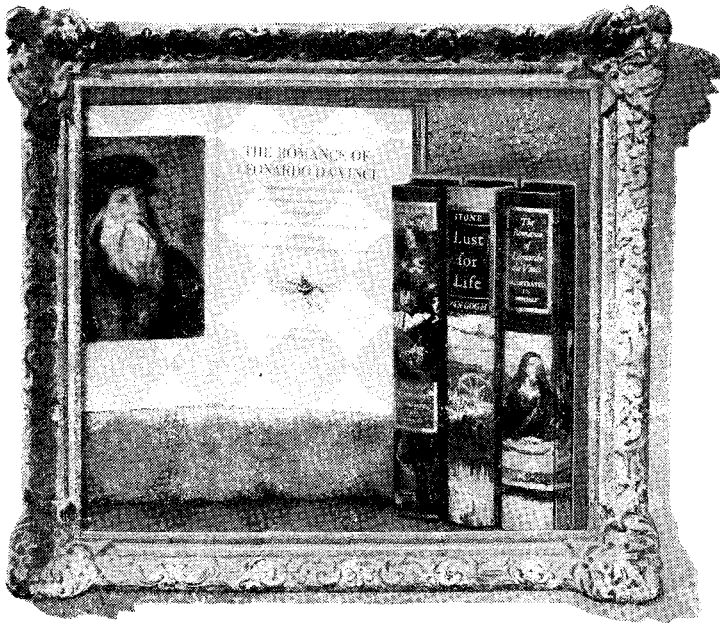
The Administration cannot ignore this combination of power or, with its precarious majority, easily combat it. Because of it, George F. Kennan, half of America's renowned Bohlen-Kennan team of Russian experts, could not be made ambassador to Yugoslavia, though high-strategy considerations in which the President himself concurred made him the best choice. It was possible only to compromise, making Kennan an element as invisible as possible in the State atmosphere in which policy on Russia grows. "Consultant" was the scientific word for it.

NSC: the new brain

During the period of wild surmise surrounding Stalin's funeral in Moscow, the President drove every department and agency head toward an important date—March 31. The policy-makers were ordered to attend on that date, fully prepared, a meeting of the vitalized National Security Council, at which they would expound, defend, and reconcile their particular programs with all the others and so rough out a single national policy.

The meeting lasted from breakfast to supper. It produced what enthusiasts believe to be the most coherent body of cold-war policy yet brought together by the government, the tidiest budgeting of requirements and resources. The NSC projected the future on the basis of American capacity rather than Russian posturings.

But the lines of thought that had been explored in the unpublicized NSC meeting suffered distortions as to content and were wrongly evaluated as they emerged. A common error was failure to be



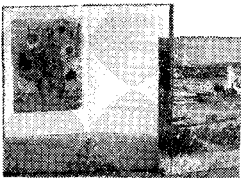
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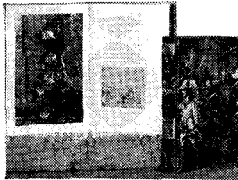
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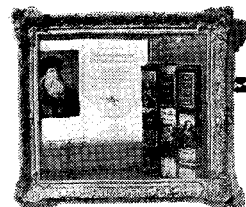
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



clear as to how far along toward final decision some highly tentative ideas had progressed. The NSC has no formal arrangement for admitting the public as a party to its formulations, and in fact, by tradition and present thinking, shuns such an arrangement. That could be a major defect in its process.

Secretary Charles E. Wilson, who according to Pentagon generals had not done his homework well enough, enunciated a policy of narrowing the American mobilization base. In intent, this policy meshed into a broad effort to get away from the "peril point" thinking which had prompted both NATO planning and American mobilization since Korea. The new line was to regear over-all Allied defense to a pace which would respect and conserve the economic base of the effort rather than aim it toward a date, chosen more by guess than by knowledge, when the Russian menace supposedly would reach its peak.

Wilson's exposition, blurred perhaps in the reporting, came out looking like a reversion to the discredited 1938-1939 scheme of a few big munitions plants on full time rather than a lot of them, big and small, set to run at half speed until an emergency occurred.

The backlash complicated the problem. There was instant consternation among American industrialists who feared cancellation of arms contracts in a time of falling prices, and among allies who saw an end to offshore procurement and a possible revival of the Fortress America doctrine. They thought Wilson had been made hopeful by Moscow's doves or had transposed economy and security in his table of priorities. But Wilson's thinking predated Stalin's death, and while he is working hard toward economy, security comes first with him.

Forrestal's "broad plateau"

The Administration actually aimed to bring rearmament policy at long last to the "broad plateau" James Forrestal fought to reach in 1949. His defense budget was underbid by Louis Johnson's cut-rate \$13 billion for assertedly adequate defense. Had Forrestal won, he might be alive today, the nation would have been prepared for Korea, the 1950 emergency program would not have distorted the whole rearmament picture, the strains on the economy would have been more sensibly diffused both here and throughout the alliance.

Forrestal is now regarded as the true prophet of a modern U.S.-NATO defense policy. It is estimated his program would have cost \$22 billion a year if

launched in 1949. Today it would cost \$32 billion because of inflation induced by trying to catch up after Korea, and can be reached, if at all, only by a careful retrogression through the zone between that level and \$40 billion, or more.

The pattern of foreign policy which began to show at the NSC meeting naturally reflected judgments reached before Stalin's death and certainly predating Malenkov's apparent amicability. Policies are being projected from two points. For Asia the plan is to hold on to the flanks, Korea and Indo-China, and increase the *threat* of pressure from the center, Formosa.

For Europe, the plan is sturdy adherence to the European Defense Community project so heartily indorsed by Eisenhower himself when he was Atlantic Supreme Commander at Rocquencourt. These plans assumed maintenance of a respectable American military posture, and success in holding against congressional pressure for tax cuts.

The problems of peace

To Washington, watching the flight of the Muscovite doves, a difference between the Chinese and the Russians seemed detectable. The Chinese showed a yen for one less war. This added poignancy to the problem of Chiang and Formosa. All could see that the alliance with Chiang would have to be weakened to attain less war with his mainland enemy. That produced a wispy suggestion of UN trusteeship for Formosa — and an instantaneous adverse reflex from Knowland and other legislators oriented toward Chiang.

The radiance of possible peace exposed vested interests. American diplomacy has developed a vested interest in German partition and in our chosen instrument, Chancellor Adenauer. Congress has a strong vested interest in no peace with Red China. Divestiture would require reversal of solidified political habits for a whole generation of right-wing Republicans. Pentagon brass has a vested interest in big budgets, for which the Russians have obligingly applied a spur every year.

Though he is not against air power, Wilson asked disconcerting questions of Air Force and Navy birdmen. Even unsatisfactory answers wouldn't bring changes overnight, but Wilson's questions pointed a possible direction of change. Why do we need so many big bombers if three can carry in atoms the destructive power it took 2700 to lift for the St. Lô breakout — especially since we have plenty of A-bombs? Why are we enamored of 143

as an irreducible number of air groups when the planes per group have doubled since 143 was conjured? Must we have both a full intercontinental bomber force and a full system of overseas bases to domicile less rangy planes? Couldn't both programs be safely trimmed a little? Would the Navy air arm and the Air Force perhaps stop planning to defend the same places?

Eisenhower and Congress

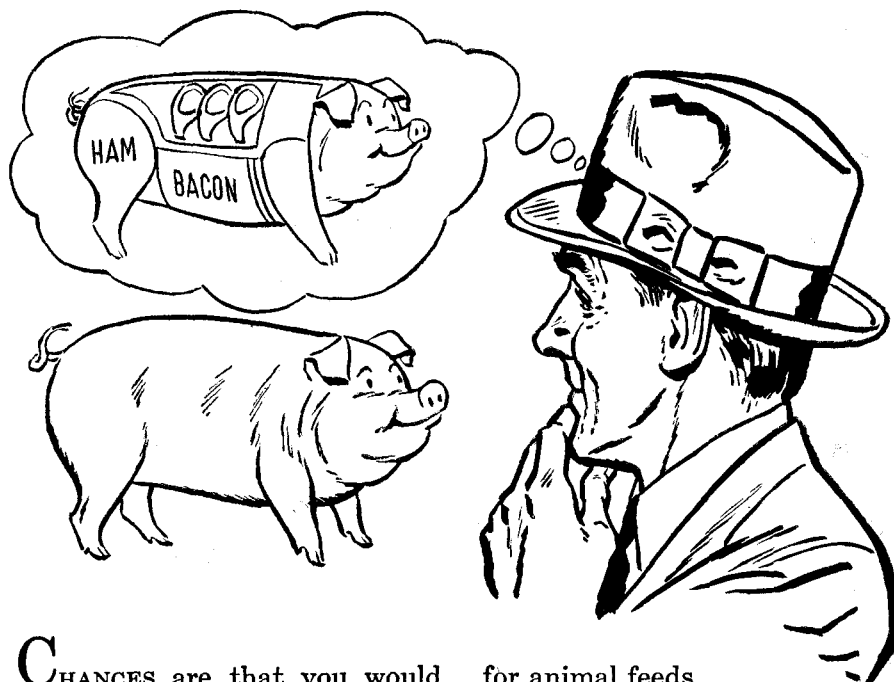
The relatively slim accomplishments of the first session gave the opposition opportunity to haul up slogans about a Do-Nothing Congress. Before the inauguration, the Eisenhower Administration planned principally a housekeeping program on the Hill. Nevertheless, judging the President's program by his utterances, the things left over by the first session will include a new farm policy, a broader social security program, revision of the McCarran Act, Federal aid to education, Federal aid for health needs, and improvement of the defense organization.

Noise and agitation sometimes suggested that Eisenhower was balked in Congress. But the distribution of power was in Eisenhower's favor. In summary, the House leadership and the House committee power are at odds, while in the Senate the leadership and committee power work together on most issues, notably in the domestic field. House and Senate leadership are naturally allied with Eisenhower. So the line-up is the Presidency plus the Senate leadership plus the Senate committees plus the House leadership, against the House committees.

House Ways and Means bucked on taxes, foreign trade, and social security. The committee's position seemed popular in the House, and the pro-Eisenhower leadership's strength only marginally exceeded the committee's. The discharge procedure always threatens the margin. But in the Senate, Eugene Millikin of Finance was an Eisenhower-Taft ally in defense of the line along the middle of the road. So success by extremists of the right in the House could be frustrated in the Senate; or at worst, a reasonably satisfactory compromise could be achieved in conference.

The reasons for this pattern lie in the different political bases upon

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which the elements of power rest. House Ways and Means Chairman Daniel Reed comes from a solid Republican upstate New York district. Taft and Millikin answer to more complex constituencies. Legitimate concern for political survival urges them toward a middle position which Eisenhower has proved to be popular. Martin rises above district politics when he becomes Speaker: automatically, he moves to Eisenhower's side.

The President unblushingly favors the middle of the road. He wants middle-of-the-road appointees, willing to operate on facts, be faithful to the laws they execute, and give loyalty to their service. No extremists need apply.

But some of Eisenhower's appointments raised the question of whether his specifications were bending under pressure. The President has seemed an advocate of a liberal foreign trade policy. That appearance seems more dubious after his appointment of former Representative Joseph E. Talbot of Connecticut, candidate of protectionists, to the Tariff Commission. This was a sop to Chairman Reed and his Ways and Means colleague, Representative Richard Simpson, philosophically hostile to the reciprocal trade agreements legislation.

Appointment of former Representative Albert M. Cole of Kansas, long-time foe of public housing and slum clearance, to head the Housing and Home Finance Agency was perhaps more startling than that of Talbot. But he had labored in the Eisenhower campaign with Kansans Harry Darby and Senator Frank Carlson; and, as is well known, political friendships of that sort overlook secondary ideologies like those encrusting the public housing issue.

Mood of the Capital

Washington is at last beginning to persuade itself that history has ordered a breathing spell — certainly in the domestic ideological conflict, and hopefully in the international struggle. The conservatives are realizing that twenty years of inciting opposition is a different thing from legislative leadership, particularly with only a narrow majority in Congress. Forces of left and right are nearly in equilibrium, and both are much smaller than the relatively contented center.



Israel

As Israel celebrated her fifth anniversary, the future of this small, focal, and embattled state still hung in the balance. Independence Day was marked throughout the country by a show of military strength involving all units of the ground, air, and naval forces on full parade.

In his message to the nation, Premier David Ben-Gurion noted that Israel's sixth year of independence would begin with her military manpower and equipment tripled. "We are not," he said, "afraid of any test of strength." As greetings poured in from well-wishers throughout the Western world, Israel was again proclaimed "a beacon of freedom, a showcase for democracy, a great new laboratory for human culture and spiritual revival."

But whatever control Israel exercises upon her own destiny, Moscow's doctrine and Washington's reaction remain the most compulsive factors. The Prague trials, the Rumanian purges, and the condemnation of the Moscow doctors kindled all over Israel the terrifying presentiment of a new wave of anti-Semitic violence. For thousands of Israelis who had survived the Nazi holocaust but whose relatives and friends had been destroyed, the familiar pattern of horror and despair was re-emerging. They had a feeling of panic as they became conscious of the hopeless plight of some 2.5 million Jews in the Soviet Union should the Kremlin plunge them into a blood bath.

On February 12 the Soviet Union formally severed diplomatic relations with Israel, requested the Israelis to leave Moscow, and recalled its own representatives. The breach occurred less than three days after Israeli terrorists had thrown a bomb into the Soviet legation in Tel-Aviv, wounding several members of the Russian staff. Although they realized that the Kremlin does not act on impulse, Israel's leaders were especially disturbed by the gratuitous act of provocation which permitted Moscow to call the turn, and by one more indication of a serious absence of personal discipline on the part of Israel's emotional citizenry.

The death of Stalin and the succession of the Malenkov-Molotov-Beria triumvirate appear to

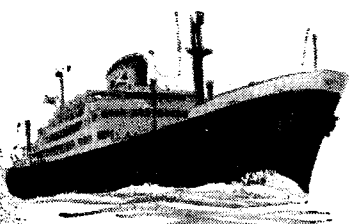
have slowed, if not arrested, the course of deterioration in Soviet-Israeli relations. Perhaps the most puzzling phenomenon in the new "soft" Russian attitude has been the extraordinary reversal of judgment in the case of the Moscow doctors and the outright repudiation of their accusers. This singular turnabout has brought hope and a sense of relief to Israel. The Foreign Minister, Moshe Sharett, sees in the vindication of the doctors a new opportunity to work toward the restoration of diplomatic relations. Even more important is the belief that the hapless Jews of the Soviet Union may have been spared a terrible recurrence of systematic liquidation.

The influence of the Zionists

Now that the official anti-Semitic line has been broken, responsible Israelis are more than ever convinced that the events of recent months reflect a struggle for power within the Kremlin. This theory runs counter to the belief that Russia has merely sought to curry favor within the Arab world and Germany by aligning itself against the Jews. Israel recognizes also that over a million Zionists in the Soviet Union constitute an international force, not readily compressible into the totalitarian monolith, and are an enduring source of embarrassment to the Communist leadership.

Israel, of course, is as sensitive to Washington as it is to Moscow, but there is an enormous difference in its approach to the two capitals. From the moment that President Truman took the lead in recognizing her statehood, Israel has relied on the United States for indispensable financial support in the form of loans, grants-in-aid, technical assistance, private philanthropy, and investment. Moreover, she has sought to foster a consistently favorable attitude toward her national aspirations in the Congress and the White House, always in the face of pronounced American interest in Arab-held oil.

Israel has been watching the new Republican Administration in an effort to assess the Eisenhower-Dulles view of the Middle East as a whole, and of Israel's place in American plans for the security and development of the region. She is aware that



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the American Jewish vote was not a positive factor in the Eisenhower victory and that the present Administration is not bound to give "preferential treatment" to Israel.

The cost of devaluation

The recent formation of a coalition government has for the first time given a voice in economic policy to the General Zionists, whose outlook corresponds roughly to that of the American Republican Party and Britain's Conservatives in their insistence on the primacy of free enterprise and decontrol.

The Minister of Commerce, Peretz Bernstein, a veteran politician and economist, advocates the relaxation of all economic controls, including the stringent regulations for foreign exchange. He would like to have the Israel pound seek its own level; he has abolished the rationing of clothing, household articles, and most foodstuffs — except meat and dairy products, which remain in drastically short supply.

Bernstein believes that the country can hardly suffer more acutely under devaluation than under the advanced inflation which prevailed a year ago. He maintains that if the time, effort, funds, and personnel heretofore involved in a controlled economy can be freed and diverted toward an intensive program of development, Israel will emerge eventually with a more reassuring standard of living.

Meanwhile, Israel is slowly being strangled by the Arab blockade, the denial of trade with her neighbors, and the persistent shortages of foreign exchange, raw materials, and skilled labor. Six months ago there was too much money in circulation and the shops were empty. Today there is no money and the shelves are full. Prices are high and there are no buyers. Within a year the Israel pound has been devalued twice — dropping from \$2.80 to \$1.00 — but it is still worth less than 50 cents in the free money market.

Under the controlled economy, Israelis were obliged to frequent the black market for the necessities of life; and with astronomical prices prevailing, their cash reserves melted away. The government took what was left in a recall of general currency with an enforced 10 per cent loan in

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cash and deposits. Thus the economic pendulum has swung with astonishing rapidity and changed the country's habits almost overnight.

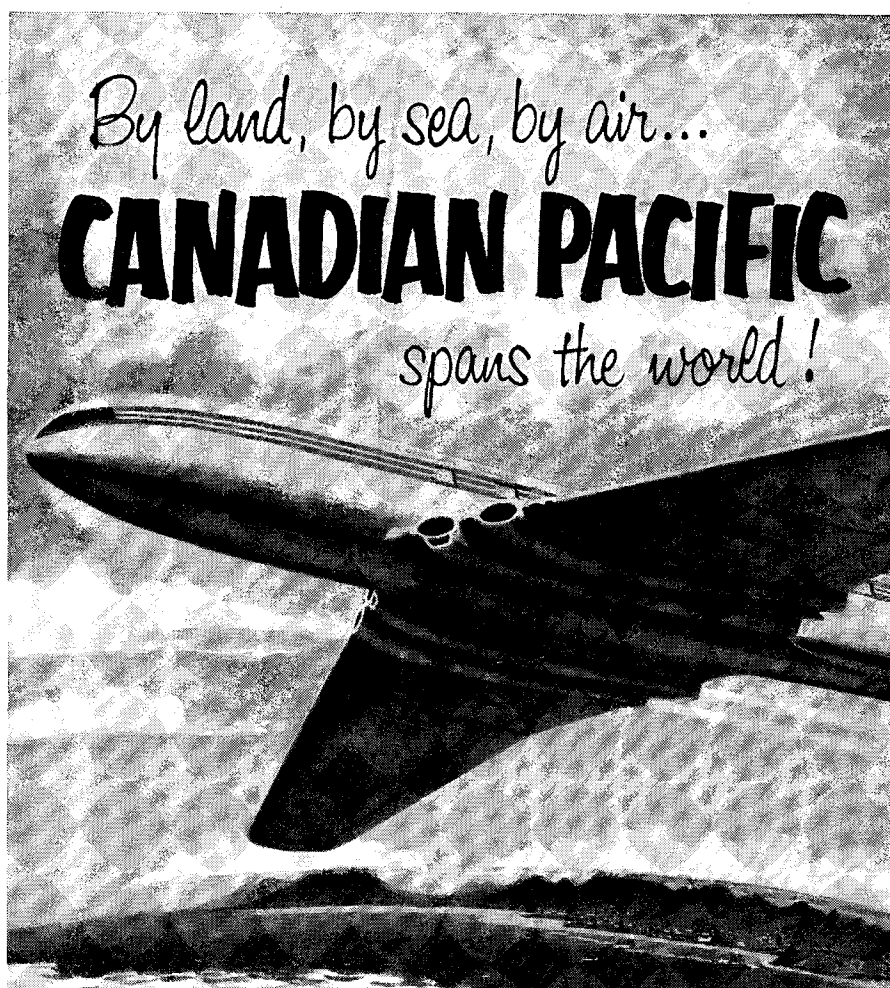
Devaluation has also brought serious curtailments in production and rising unemployment. Lacking foreign currency to purchase materials and machinery abroad, manufacturers are operating at one third of their capacity. Within six months unemployment rose to 16,000; it is at present estimated at close to 40,000. Eighty-five per cent of the "hard currency" coming into Israel today is being *given* rather than *earned*, and a very large proportion of the total is being re-exported to purchase the necessities of human survival, not to stimulate industrial and agricultural growth. This year \$62 million has been spent abroad on food alone, and the adverse ratio of imports to exports is now nine to one.

Palestine has not known any kind of normalcy for fifteen years, and the Israeli is conditioned by long experience to an existence of extreme frugality and self-denial. Since the formation of the state five years ago, he has existed on a diet of fish, vegetables, hope, and resolution. Even these commodities are wearing thin as the people of the promised land contemplate the long, hot, dusty road ahead.

Reparations, oil, and water

Joint German and Israeli ratification of the reparations agreement whereby Israel is to receive \$715 million as compensation for crimes committed by the Nazis will yield \$100 million in goods and equipment prior to April, 1954. This is an amount equivalent to 30 per cent of her total imports in 1952. Reparations will take the form initially of oil products, agricultural implements, scientific and laboratory equipment, and heavy industrial machinery.

A more permanent alleviation is being sought with the initiation of drilling operations in the badlands adjacent to the Dead Sea, calculated to bring forth oil from the desert. In a country whose very being is considered miraculous, there is a mystical approach to many mundane problems. The gushing of oil is confidently awaited by many who have beheld the successive miracles of survival and deliverance.



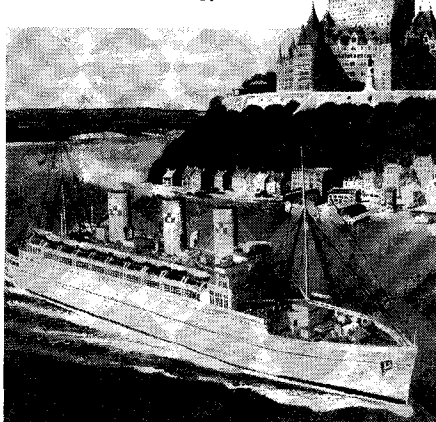
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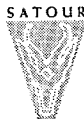
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Water is almost as important as oil in the determination of Middle Eastern problems. The control of sources, power, navigation, and communication is a highly disturbing factor in Arab-Israeli relations. Syria has no seaport whatever, Jordan no port on the Mediterranean.

The hallowed River Jordan has taken on new economic and political meaning. At one time it marked the territorial boundary of Palestine; in the Arab-Israeli war, segments were taken and retaken, so that today it crosses Syria, Jordan, and Israel before it reaches the Dead Sea — another divided body of water. Israel requires control of the Jordan to further its ambitious program of irrigation in the southern desert, and to supply hydroelectric power in the north. The Arab states require commercial access to the Mediterranean somewhere between Beirut and Alexandria.

Current experimentation in the purification of sea water may provide the next miracle — a new and unlimited water source for the parched Holy Land. Thus water in all its characteristics is a contentious element in the Middle Eastern struggle.

The Arab border

The past winter witnessed an alarming increase in aggressive maneuvers along the Israel-Jordan border. Wholesale infiltration and reckless retaliation produced incident after incident. At one moment the frontier threatened to erupt into the dreaded "second round" of a full-scale Arab-Israel war. The Palestinian tension reflected the state of unrest among the great powers, and Western diplomats reported the situation, with deep concern, as "highly explosive."

In recent weeks the tension has lessened and there is new talk of peace in the Middle East. The Israeli leaders are now believed by responsible observers to be taking the initiative in the resolution of their differences with the Arab states, and are credited with a genuine desire to end the uneasy state of armed truce which plagues the region.

The theory is now held that Egypt and Israel could come to terms through the impetus provided by Anglo-American-Egyptian settlement of the Suez issues. In this event, the

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other Arab states would perforce follow suit.

But there is still a formidable psychological barrier in the unwillingness of certain Arab leaders to recognize even the existence of Israel. Thus the Egyptian Premier, Naguib, upon whose judgment hopes of peace largely center, opened a recent session of the Arab Armistice Commission by calling Israel "a cancer in the body of the Arab world," adding that Palestine must belong to the Arabs.

Foreign Minister Sharett says that his government's only basic condition for peace is that Israel should be accepted as it is, with its territory, population, and restricted sovereignty. "We seek no encroachment," says Sharett, "on the integrity or sovereignty of our neighbors."

Music and the arts

In the sixth year of her independence Israel has attained surprising cultural maturity. The working press is free, active, and informed. There are over a dozen daily newspapers, the majority written in Hebrew, and representing every shade of political opinion. There are excellent foreign-language dailies — English, German, and French. Alongside the Cairo, Moscow, and New York dispatches there are lively editorials. The letters columns carry controversies over poetry and art as well as attacks on government incompetence.

Music continues to flourish. Plans are being made for a new concert hall in Tel-Aviv to permit the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — of which the nation is extremely proud — to be heard by many more people than can be accommodated in its present overcrowded quarters. The repertory of the national theater has now added to the classics the latest popular successes of the New York and Continental stages.

The museums of Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem conduct an active schedule of exhibitions, and there is the familiar disputation among painters and critics over the relative merits of modern and traditional art. The intellectual life of the country is epitomized by those interminable discussions in the cafés and artists' clubs, which are perhaps the most arresting and gratifying manifestation of a democratic society in ferment.

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THE WILD PLACE — *Wildflecken* was what the Germans called it — meaning a place of wild beauty. Here, deep in the Bavarian forests, Hitler had hidden a training camp for his elite — his ski troops and the S.S. Here after the troops were gone, in this remote region with its fragrant pines and snowy slopes, in a community larger than Plattsburg, New York, or Laramie, Wyoming, a resourceful handful from the United Nations — Dutch, Belgians, a Venezuelan doctor, a New Zealander, French, and Americans — brought food, reunion, and hope to the homeless humanity adrift in Germany after the Nazi defeat.

Kathryn Hulme, a Californian, was the Deputy Director of *Wildflecken* — for years she shared in the vitality and exasperation, the irrepressible gaiety, the loyalty and despair of this stripped little world, to whom America was a beacon of hope. She prepared these men and women, these children without a country, for a new lease on life. Her story, engrossing and compassionate, is alight with scenes which lift the heart and make us proud of the indestructible integrity of man.

To be published on October 29

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

BOSTON



Turkey

EVEN before NATO, the Turks were straining every sinew preparing to defend themselves against Russia. With their wealth of natural resources wholly undeveloped, they were going deeper and deeper into debt every day to maintain an army of a million men, dressed in uniforms that were patched and repatched and passed along from one recruit to another, and in shoes that were not even patched, and living in quarters and tents without heat, on the thinnest of rations.

Since 1947, Turkey has received from us approximately a billion dollars, all but \$150 million of which was for military aid. With the \$150 million allocated to economic developments, impressive improvements have been made in the national economy. With the rest the Turks have developed a defense force which justifies their pride and is a consolation to every freedom-loving individual in the world.

The aid program cannot continue indefinitely, and the question now arises as to what will happen when it stops. Since military strength is based on economic strength, we must seek our answer in the country's prospective economic development.

The Turkish farmer's standard of living has been traditionally lower than any in Europe. Living mostly in villages of mud huts, isolated from the outside world and even from neighboring villages for months at a time because roads were impassable, many farm people passed their lives within the limits of their village horizon.

In the high plateau country their diet did not include vegetables, because vegetables could not be grown there, or meat, because they could not afford it, except on the great religious feast days when a sheep would be sacrificed. To market their animals, they drove them on foot a few hundred miles to the nearest seaport, or several hundred miles to the market itself, at Constantinople. Fuel was limited to dung and a few twigs, and was available only for cooking. Tuberculosis and malaria were prevalent, and the mortality rate was high. Doctors and nurses were few throughout the country, and they would not live in the villages.

Agricultural methods generally were as primitive as the crooked stick of antiquity with which the farmers continued to till their fields. Crops were as unpredictable as the weather on which they depended. If the crop was good the surplus could not be marketed, for lack of roads and transportation; if bad, the people went hungry. The exception to this rule was in the extreme east, where surplus grain was sold to the Russians, who shipped it to Constantinople and sold it there. Even so, these farmers produced the major part of the national income. They were heavily taxed on what they produced, on each animal they owned, and for roads which were never built. A survey of sixty typical villages in 1939 showed that the farmer's net income, after taxes, was about \$25 a year.

With the Truman Aid a road program and other improvements were started four years ago, but it was with the free elections of 1950 that Turkey swung into a new phase of economic development — the phase of increased economic freedom and intensified effort. It is probably the only country in the world whose government has undertaken, as a matter of policy and with the approval of everybody outside the bureaucracy, to diminish rather than broaden state control of industry, business, and banking.

Better roads, better farms

The most spectacular progress has been made in road construction and agriculture. The provinces have been connected with all-season roads, and bus service reaches most communities. The farmers are on the move, visiting, observing how work is done by others, getting new ideas, new ambition, and new energy. Crops which used to rot because they could not be moved — or were not even produced, for the same reason — are now being sold at prices which mean undreamed-of purchasing power for the whole farm community.

In this period of four years, farm loans by the Agricultural Bank rose from \$80 million to \$300 million; the number of tractors increased from 1700 to 24,000; land planted to cereals has increased 50 per cent; cotton production increased 200 per cent; and several military technical schools which

Is there a new approach to sports?

Each week 5 million Americans walk softly upon springy green grass, beating a small white ball, or the turf beneath it, with a big stick. Golfers, of course.

What leads these people to devote so much time to a ritual which superficially could be labeled anything from arrested development to dementia? Why does nearly every healthy, sensible American embrace *a game*? That is what HOLIDAY hopes to answer in what we optimistically also hope is a new approach to sports.

HOLIDAY editors, gamers all, seek to plumb somewhat more deeply than the usual "how to," "who won," and "what's new." We've tried to analyze the appeal of sports to mind and soul as well as to body. The result is an entire new series of articles on golf, tennis, baseball, fishing and other recreational activities from sailing to gliding.

The first, an article by Herbert Warren Wind, presents the fine fabric of golf. Uniquely, we think. It appears in our June issue.

were established to train personnel in the operation and upkeep of mechanized equipment have returned to the farms and towns thousands of well-trained young men. Hitherto a cereals-importing country, Turkey exported around 2 million tons last year, and expects to increase its cereal exports to 4 million tons this year.

Some of the richest farm lands are in the Eastern Provinces, which until recently were so isolated that they were not a factor in the national economy. No Turk from the cities ever thought of visiting that area unless his military service or some other duty took him there. All this is changing. Projects which will support agriculture, but which have not yet made themselves felt, are flood control and irrigation systems, hydroelectric and fertilizer plants, and educational programs in scientific methods. With good roads, and money in their pockets, the larger farmers are already going in for automobiles and town houses.

Can they get at their oil?

In mining also there have been important increases in production, but the indications are that the surface has only been scratched. Geological surveys to determine the mineral reserves must be made. Among Turkey's minerals are coal, lignite, iron, chrome, copper, manganese, lead, and oil. During the years of the aid program, increases in production of coal, pig iron, copper, and chrome have been substantial, but unfortunately little progress has been made in developing badly needed oil. With rapidly increasing motor transport, a mechanized army, an oil-burning navy, and an air force, the consumption of petroleum products is increasing at a rapid rate. And all oil is imported.

Even the present government, with its many liberal tendencies, has continued the old policy of guarding Turkish oil as a government monopoly. After several precious years of surveying and drilling, the government finally succeeded in producing a small quantity in an isolated area in the south-central part of the country, and has now signed a contract for a refinery. All this has cut rather deeply into the national budget, yet it will hardly begin to meet Turkey's fuel requirements. The Turks appear to have concluded that

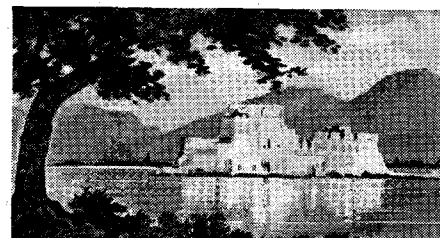


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they have neither the capital nor the experience necessary to develop their oil on an adequate scale. This brings up the question of the role of foreign private capital in Turkey's economy.

Turkey's resentment

Because of the steadily increasing demand for merchandise which cannot yet be produced in Turkey and which she cannot pay for with exports, and because of her limited gold reserve and the tapering off of the United States aid program, it would appear that Turkey must have foreign capital. Broad statements favoring it have been made by the government, and laws claiming to extend an invitation to foreign capital have been passed, but when the laws are examined the invitation does not seem altogether cordial.

The Turks' hesitancy about accepting foreign capital on terms that will attract it has a background that is important because it is a hazard which must be overcome before Turkey can become economically independent and militarily strong. By understanding it foreign capitalists can help overcome it. In order to understand it, a quick look into history is necessary.

When Mohammed the Conqueror captured Constantinople in 1453, he extended to his non-Moslem subjects, and to foreigners living within his domain, as a courtesy which reflected the liberal views of the Turks of that time, the privilege of living their own lives according to their own laws and customs. At that time the Ottoman Empire was stronger than any Christian nation, so the Sultan had no fear and no thought that his hospitality would be abused.

But by the middle of the sixteenth century the situation started to reverse. As the Sultans grew weaker, the Western nations became stronger. In time they were able to pool their Christian spirit, gang up on the Sultan, and force upon him not only the continuation but an extension of the early privileges. Under the pretext of protection of Christians, the Sultan was obliged to sign treaties which were called "Capitulations," whereby foreign nationals were enabled to take over practically all Turkish commerce and industry — railroads, ports, shipping, mining, public utilities, and customs.



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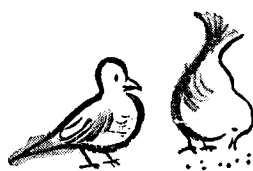
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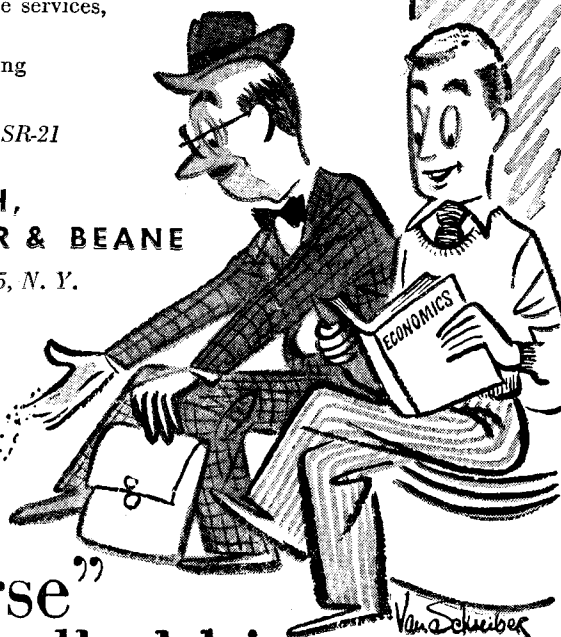
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Non-Moslem Turkish citizens whose ancestors had lived in Turkey for thousands of years and who had never been outside the country were able to acquire, for a consideration, foreign passports and thus pass outside Turkish jurisdiction without changing residence or business. The Sultan, deprived of normal revenue, borrowed large sums of money from the Western powers, squandered it, became virtually their prisoner, and spent his life under the guns of their fleets.

When the Turkish people finally broke out of this prison in 1923, they had no capital, no technical knowledge, and no business or political experience. All they inherited from tyrannical Sultans and the Capitulations was an enormous national debt and a deep-seated resentment of imperialist concession seekers.

The Turk and the American

There is less suspicion of the United States as a nation than of those countries which took a direct part in the destruction and partition of the empire, but the private American capital with which the Turks have had the most experience has associated itself

with the European combines and cartels, and thus has become identified with them and with the foreign policies of their governments.

Those powers were able to exploit even the religious bigotry of the American missionaries, who had the largest American investment in Turkey for many years, and still have the second largest. The anti-Turkish propaganda which was spread through the churches was probably the most effective the world had ever seen until propaganda was reduced to a science in recent years. It won American support for the powers that were sucking Turkey's economic blood under a false pretext.

None of this has been forgotten by the Turks. If American capitalists also will remember it, they will find the Turks easier to understand and easier to deal with.

The Turkish people are just beginning to taste the fruits of personal liberty, of developing democratic institutions, and of an expanding economy. They still have serious problems ahead, some of which are even

being created by the progress they are making. Production of agricultural products and minerals has overrun existing facilities — railroads, port facilities, and shipping. These newly created difficulties will be almost as hard to overcome as the problem of production itself.

Although Turkey is not likely to develop a heavy industry, she could and should fabricate much of her raw materials for home consumption. This has been started in a small way, and is furnishing employment for many who used to remain idle the greater part of the year. But here again, long-term international financing will be required to develop the necessary facilities.

An expanding economy

Turkey has a basic economic soundness which should appeal to foreign investors. The people are peaceful, honest, and hard-working, and they appreciate their new-found freedom. These qualities create a high degree of political stability. The country is rich in natural resources, agricultural and mineral. Water resources have scarcely been touched.

The ratio of resources to population is among the highest in the world. Turkey's economy is dynamic, with an annual population increase of 2 per cent and in the year 1951 an increase in national income of 14 per cent, which compares favorably with the United States, where economic development has already reached a mature stage and where a vast defense program is under way.

Current trends point to growth in population from the present 22 million to 50 million which Turkey's resources, when developed, should have no difficulty in supporting. This combination of growing population and increasing national income clearly indicates an expanding economy. Accomplished with the support of the aid program, it shows what can be done with capital backed up by some technical knowledge and experience.

Turkey's military strength, on which her own security and her value as an ally depend, hinges on the speed and extent to which she continues to develop her natural resources. Only through extensive and wise employment of foreign private capital can she continue the good work.



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THE NEXT GREAT STEP IN RAILROADING

Russia may have made the seemingly impossible task of cracking America's atom bomb secret look easy. But one thing still has her stumped — our railroads. The advantage they give us over Russia is one American "secret" she can't steal overnight, desperately though she'd like to.

Russia's railroad system is reported to be no farther along today than ours was 75 years ago. *Pravda* admits this has thrown a monkey wrench into the Soviet's industrial build-up — especially since nearly 90% of its freight traffic has to go by rail. And more important, experts say that *lack of a modern rail system like ours has kept the Communists from overrunning Western Europe.*

Despite its tremendous area, Russia has only 78,000 miles of railway line compared with our 223,500 miles. Only a fraction of her country can be reached by rail. And not all of the track behind the Iron Curtain is the same gauge. Goods have to be unloaded and reloaded wherever the gauge changes. As a result, Russia's war plants have to be where the coal and steel are. In an emergency, she faces the problem of how to get the products of those plants to where they're needed in time.

By contrast, America's railroads enable us to unite the thousands of plants scattered throughout the continent into a single defense production effort, and at the same time keep 150,000,000 Americans supplied with what it takes to enjoy the world's highest living standard.

Because our railroads crisscross America and the cars of one railroad are interchangeable with another's, we can apply mass production methods on a nationwide scale. Sub-contractors in Birmingham, Seattle, or Boston can furnish parts

to a tank plant in Cleveland. Supplies and finished products can be rushed wherever they're needed. Factories can be built wherever labor is available.

If the "secret's" so obvious, why *can't* Russia swipe it? To do so, she would have to duplicate overnight all the progressive steps in railroad progress that have put us 75 years ahead. And as if that weren't problem enough for Russia, our railroads can now put America yet another giant stride ahead with the next great step in railroading, "Roller Freight."

Two Big Steps to "One Big Railroad"

Back in 1871 there was more than one track gauge in use in America — 23, in fact. Standardizing on a single gauge meant ripping all that track up, after managing to get agreement in the first place on which gauge should be standard. But America's railroads accomplished it. That in turn cleared the track for another big step, the "interchange system" under which America's railroads agree to haul each other's cars.

As a result, freight today rolls freely anywhere in the United States, Canada, or Mexico without changing cars and with no delay where one road's track ends and another's begins. For shippers, America's 683 different rail systems have been developed into one swift, interchangeable unit.

Automatic signal systems, standardized air brakes and couplings, centralized traffic control, and diesel locomotives are typical of the inventive power which has improved both freight and passenger service. One of the newest of these is the streamlined passenger "name trains," pulled by powerful diesels at high speeds and in luxurious comfort. These streamliners, over 175 of which



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are now in service, were made practical by anti-friction roller bearings that eliminate all speed restrictions due to bearings and reduce jolts and jars in starting and stopping.

The Next Great Step Is "Roller Freight"

Now the "name trains" are showing the way to the next great step in railroading — "Roller Freight." From experience with roller bearings in passenger service, the railroads are now discovering that roller bearings are the answer to their No. 1 freight problem — the hot box.

Already four railroads have gone "Roller Freight." Union Pacific has cut running time in half between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles with 800 livestock cars on Timken roller bearings.

Atlantic Coast Line put 946 pulpwood and covered hopper cars on Timken bearings, recently ordered 2000 more. When these go into service, 10% of all its freights will be "Roller Freight." Reports C. McD. Davis, President of ACL, "Coast Line is convinced of the efficiency and economy of roller bearings for freight cars."

The new 357-mile railroad being built to tap Labrador's fabulous iron ore strike will have all 2000 of its ore cars on Timken tapered roller bearings. And the Chesapeake & Ohio's experience with 1000 coal hoppers which were put on Timken bearings several years ago is dramatic proof that roller bearings can end the hot box problem.

To date, these "Roller Freight" cars have rolled up 60,000,000 car-miles without a single hot box. By contrast, the nation's average for friction freight is only 212,000 car-miles between set-outs for hot boxes.

What Causes a Hot Box?

Every railroad man is alerted to watch for the tell-tale wisp of smoke that signals an overheated axle. When that happens, the train has to be stopped while the bearing is repaired or the crippled car is cut from the train. Schedules are interrupted, valuable cargo left behind.

In friction type bearings, or "brasses" as they're called, commonly used on freight cars today, oil from a wad of oil-soaked waste is relied on to provide lubricant between the journal and "brass." But sometimes the waste is dislodged and gets stuck between the journal and the "brass." Or it doesn't have enough oil. Or water or dirt gets in. And lubrication fails. When that happens,

metal-to-metal sliding friction results. The journal becomes overheated and a hot box results.

Railroad record books show that the hot box has been getting hotter in recent years. One recent check revealed that over 90% of the mechanical failures occurring on 90,000 freight cars were friction bearing failures.

A top officer of one road named hot boxes under freight cars the greatest single mechanical problem in recent years. Another has said, "It is a plain fact that railroads are losing business, and experiencing costly derailments, as long as freight car journal boxes continue to become defective in such large numbers." Still another has said that wasteful troubles with journal bearings are "one of the great and traditional curses of the industry."

There's a big dollars-and-cents reason for the growing concern about the hot box problem. Estimates based on available railroad statistics show that the railroads are now paying for hot boxes at the rate of over \$55 million a year!

Why the Risk Is Increasing

Why is the hot box problem growing? Several explanations are offered. Cutting the railroad work week from six days to five cut inspection man-hours too, and friction bearings require frequent inspection. It's not unusual for 75% of the friction bearings on a freight train to need oil at each inspection point. A single slip-up can mean a hot box another 50 miles down the track.

Use of diesels has upped freight train speeds, and as speed increases, so does the danger of a friction bearing hot box.

Because automatic signal systems, diesels and other improvements have reduced delays in train movements and stop-overs at division points, there is less time left to inspect the bearings.

Longer freight trains make it tougher for the look-out in the caboose to spot tell-tale hot box smoke ahead.

A petit larceny version of "The Great Train Robbery" may also be a factor; some railroads actually report that waste packing is being stolen from their freight car journal boxes.

With the problem growing, the railroads have redoubled their efforts to lick it.



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Since most hot boxes occur on heavily-loaded cars, one railroad even went so far as to reduce car capacity from 50 tons to 25. Although its hot box record showed marked improvement, the railroad had to sacrifice up to 50% of its revenue capacity to turn the tide.

How Roller Bearings End the Hot Box Problem

The search for a more practical answer has finally led to "Roller Freight" — freight cars on Timken tapered roller bearings.

How do Timken roller bearings do away with hot boxes? First, because they *roll* the load, there's no chance for metal-to-metal sliding friction.

No oil-soaked packing is used. The lubricant is grease, just as in your automobile wheels. It gives bearings better protection when the car's not rolling. And it's sealed in the journal box — won't leak out. Moisture and dirt can't get in. As a result, the causes of friction bearing hot boxes are completely eliminated.

By licking the hot box problem, "Roller Freight" opens up new opportunities for railroads, shippers, and public alike. It can be the railroads' big new drawing card in going after tomorrow's freight business.

By ending hot box delays, it helps insure "on-time" deliveries. By eliminating all speed restrictions due to bearings, it opens the way to speedier schedules. Western livestock shippers already have seen what can happen to a stock train's schedule when its cars are switched to Timken roller bearings.

"Beefsteak Pullman" Cuts Running Time in Half

Six years ago it took two and a half days for Union Pacific's fastest livestock train to make the 784-mile desert and mountain trip between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles.

U.P.'s multiple-unit diesels had the speed and power to cut this running time in half. But the railroad had to hold its diesels in check. Sustained high speeds were apt to overheat the stock car's friction bearings and cause train-stopping hot boxes. Broiling desert heat added to the problem.

Making the going even slower was a Federal humane law which says that animals can't be kept aboard a train more than 36 hours at a time without being unloaded for feed and water. Unable to shade the 36-hour limit, the friction bearing

trains had to make a stopover at Las Vegas, Nevada. That was the picture six years ago.

Today, over 8000 head of cattle, hogs, and sheep leave Union Pacific's Salt Lake City yards daily and pull into Los Angeles only 27 hours later — less than half the time it used to take! They ride the Daylight Livestock Special, crack U.P. livestock train and the fastest stock train in America.

What's made the difference? For the most part it's the Timken tapered roller bearings on the cars' axles. By mounting 800 livestock cars on Timken bearings, Union Pacific has eliminated all speed restrictions due to bearings. The U. P. can give its diesels their head. Hot box delays are a thing of the past.

With Timken bearings, livestock gets to market in less than half the time. Shippers avoid the costly weight losses cattle suffer from many hours in the desert sun. Animals get a smooth ride, fewer bruises, because Timken bearings cut starting resistance 88%, reducing jars and jolts.

The Las Vegas stopover has been eliminated. And men to tend the cattle no longer have to tag along with the train in a "drovers car." Cattle arrive in fresher condition. Mr. Don Kenney, director of the Salt Lake Union Stockyards, reports that his cattle "stroll down the gangway looking as rested as Pullman passengers."

"Roller Freight" Appeals to Shippers

The faster "Roller Freight" schedule was a hit from the start with livestock shippers. In two years' time, Union Pacific's livestock business increased 30%.

Faster, surer freight service is of prime importance to shippers of perishables, too — and to the consumers who buy them. Women shoppers pay more attention to the condition of perishables than they do to price, according to a recent survey. Faster freight also appeals to businessmen who want to keep warehouse costs down. And to those who want to maintain minimum inventories because of price and style changes.

But "Roller Freight's" advantages to railroads, shippers, and consumers don't begin and end with speed.

Railroads Shell Out for Eggs

Claims for damaged freight give railroad men a hundred-million-dollar headache every year.



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For fragile items such as eggs, melons, drain tile, etc., damage claims eat away from one tenth to one half of every revenue dollar the railroads get.

Part of this costly damage is probably caused by jerky starts. Even the most skilled locomotive engineer can't start a long string of freight cars smoothly as a unit when the cars are mounted on friction bearings. There's too much metal-to-metal sliding friction between "brasses" and axles for the locomotive to overcome. So railroads have to allow enough slack in the couplings to permit the locomotive to jerk the train into motion a car at a time.

By switching to "Roller Freight," railroads will be able to cut damage to lading. Timken tapered roller bearings *roll* the load, reducing starting resistance 88%. Slack needed to start friction bearing cars can be eliminated. Long freights will be able to start up smoothly as a unit.

On top of savings in damage claims, railroads look forward to other big cuts in operating costs with "Roller Freight" — cuts in terminal inspection man-hours and lubricant costs.

90% Fewer Man-hours for Inspection

A waste-packed friction bearing journal box has its lid lifted at every terminal for inspection. About three out of four usually need oil. America's railroads have about 16,000,000 journals to tend to (2,000,000 freight cars, eight journals to a car). It's a staggering inspection job.

Checks of actual inspections of both "Roller Freight" and friction freight trains show that Timken roller bearings reduce man-hours needed for terminal inspection of bearings by 90%.

With Timken roller bearings, there are no lids to lift. No waste to inspect. No oil to add.

Inspectors quickly walk the length of the train making the safety inspection by merely feeling each journal box as they pass. Some yards have inspected a 90-car "Roller Freight" train with four men in less than 15 minutes. That's less than one man-hour. By contrast, it takes eight men an hour and 15 minutes to give a 90-car friction bearing train a Class A inspection. Ten times as many man-hours as for the "Roller Freight" train.

Actually, most train schedules don't allow this much time for inspection. Railroads want to get their expensive diesels out on the road earning

their keep. So maintenance crews often complain they don't have enough time to inspect all the friction bearing journals.

Performance records of "Roller Freight" in actual service make the railroads hopeful of even bigger inspection savings to come. It looks as though Timken tapered roller bearings can safely be counted on to go *three years* without attention. The railroads will be able to forget bearing inspections until a freight car is called into the shops for other inspections.

The amount of lubricant required will be cut correspondingly. Estimates show that grease-lubricated Timken bearings will save the railroads up to 89% in lubricant costs. For Northern railroads, Timken bearings will produce an extra saving in winter.

Zero Weather No Hazard to Roller Bearings

In extremely cold weather it has been common practice for railroads to cut the number of cars on a freight train. Some railroads reduce the load 10% when the mercury hits 15 degrees. At zero and below the cut may be as high as 30%.

Why?

Among other reasons, because low temperatures stiffen the oil in a friction bearing journal box and prevent proper lubrication. Starting resistance is increased so much that a locomotive no longer can get a full string of cars underway. As a result, tonnage has to be reduced, cars left behind.

Because Timken tapered roller bearings *roll* the load, "Roller Freight" starts up just as easily on New Year's Day as it does on the 4th of July. Railroads can be free from costly cold weather delays due to bearings. After extensive tests, one leading railroad reported officially that "no matter how low the temperature, the resistance of the Timken roller bearing cars will be no higher in winter than in summer."

Add it all up and you can see why the switch to roller bearings for freight cars is being called the next great step in railroading.

Chesapeake & Ohio, Union Pacific and Atlantic Coast Line all have gone "Roller Freight" in a big way. Other railroads have equipped smaller numbers of freight cars with Timken tapered roller bearings, including Great Northern with over 170. And orders have been placed by Union Pacific



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for 200 more and by Western Pacific for 100. But the latest and biggest bit of "Roller Freight" news comes from the wilds of Labrador.

First All "Roller Freight" Railroad

One of industry's biggest, boldest undertakings is now under way in the wilderness of Northeastern Canada.

Sparked by the M. A. Hanna Company, a group of leading steel, coal and mining companies banded together to tap the fabulously rich iron ore deposits on the Quebec-Labrador border. And to get the ore — at a rate of 10,000,000 tons a year — out of this inaccessible region to shipping points on the St. Lawrence River 357 miles away, they're building a brand new railroad, the Quebec, North Shore and Labrador.

It's the world's newest railroad and it's *really* new. Not only will the Q.N.S. & L. have diesel locomotives, modern traffic control, and mechanized handling; but to top all that, all of its 2000 ore cars will be "Roller Freight" — on Timken roller bearings. It is believed to be the first railroad in the world to go "Roller Freight" 100%.

Every step of this bold mining venture is marked by vision, audacity and pioneer spirit. But every step was also carefully planned. The decision to go "Roller Freight" all the way was reached only after a detailed study which compared the initial cost, operating cost, and maintenance cost of cars on Timken tapered roller bearings with those on plain bearings.

The study showed that Timken bearings could reduce running time two hours by eliminating extra stops for inspection enroute.

With Timken bearings, bearing inspection on the Labrador road will require less than one-twentieth the man-hours needed for friction bearings.

Timken bearings will not be affected when the cars are tipped over for dumping.

Maintenance savings with Timken bearings will amount to thousands of dollars every year.

The Quebec, North Shore and Labrador is the fourth railroad to go "Roller Freight" on a large scale. The next great step in railroading is getting under way despite the one stumbling block that still remains.

Interchange System Poses a Problem

A railroad's locomotives and passenger cars generally stay on its own lines. Put them on roller bearings and the savings in time and money all go into the till of the owning railroad.

But a railroad's freight cars travel the length and breadth of the land, spend as much as three-fourths of their time on other lines. So the railroads have hesitated to spend 10 to 15 per cent more per freight car for roller bearings when other roads stand to cash in on part of the savings. Mr. C. McD. Davis, President of Atlantic Coast Line, put it this way in an address before the New York Society of Security Analysts: "... until the use of roller bearings becomes widespread, Coast Line has confined the application of roller bearings to special service types of freight cars that remain on Coast Line rails most of the time, and are not intermingled indiscriminately with the national car pool. (Pardon this apparent selfishness, it is really self-preservation.)"

The interchange problem would disappear if the railroads would jointly agree to equip all new cars with roller bearings and to set up a program for converting all existing freight cars to roller bearings. But the job is a big one and can't be done overnight. So the interchange problem still stands in the way — although history's lesson is that the railroads will find a solution, and railroad men fully predict that the solution is not far off.

Railroads Always Find a Way

Since their earliest days, America's railroads have teamed together to accomplish one great step in railroading after another — standard track gauge, interchange of freight cars, improved brakes, steel cars, passenger streamliners, automatic signal systems, improved motive power — the list is endless.

Now they're working together to bring about another great step in railroading that will benefit shippers, consumers, and railroads alike. And when America's railroads team together to do a job, the job gets done. The railroads always find a way.

And because they always find a way, we can count on our railroads to maintain the transportation advantage America now enjoys — an advantage that gives us the most envied standard of living in the world and a potent answer to the military challenge of Russia or any other aggressive nation.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

“WHO WANTS PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION?”

SIR:

I have just read “Who Wants Progressive Education?” by Albert Lynd (April *Atlantic*), and I feel that he has missed an important point. Assuming that his summary of Dewey’s views is a fair one, I cannot conclude that they lead inexorably to the present abuses of Progressive Education; whatever Dewey may have felt about Latin and Greek, I think he would abhor the primacy of dancing and doll playing as much as I do.

Whether one teaches habits, ideas, or facts, one must grapple with the problem of *what* habits, *what* ideas, *what* facts. I submit that one central purpose of education is the inculcation of the spirit of critical thought, together with some part of the data necessary for its exercise.

Viewed in this light, some of the subjects of contention take on an entirely different aspect. Latin and Greek become not arbitrary tasks to discipline the mental sinews, but exercises in the proper use of language — not the ancient language alone, but the English one also, into which translation must be made. History becomes, rather than the dry record of outmoded notions, the chronicle of the actions of man, giving that insight into his nature which is necessary to any sustained thought about him.

The failure of Progressive Education, even in its mildest forms, to grasp these concepts is thrown into high relief by the modern attitude toward examinations, which are rapidly being reduced to a level of machine-scored, multiple-choice uniformity. It has been forgotten that the prime function of an examination is the teaching of students rather than

the classification of them; not only can it stimulate review and comprehension of material, but it can furnish an exercise in precise expression of thought. This is a view which pragmatists, idealists, materialists, all should be able to support.

WILLIAM BRUCE HAWKINS
Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

SIR:

I prefer to teach in a progressive school because it is *child-centered*. Even though I have to work much harder than do my colleagues in the nonprogressive school, my spiritual and aesthetic rewards are much greater. I must meet the individual needs of my pupils and bring to their multiple interests a much larger range of ideas than is done when every child is on the same page in the same book at the same time. In the latter setup, the teacher need be only one page ahead of the children. I must teach ultimate as well as immediate objectives. The slow learners in my class do not feel like outcasts. Nor is the progress of the bright child impeded by the prevailing norm.

I like the permissive atmosphere of the progressive classroom where the emotional climate is warm and the children enjoy coming to school. (Ask the parents! Their big complaint is that they cannot keep the children home long enough when they are ill.)

In the progressive classroom, each child is inspired to feel that he is appreciated, wanted, needed. Only an intimate teacher-pupil relationship (which is impossible in an authoritarian setup) and a warm regard of each child for the others can generate

an atmosphere conducive to the optimum development of personality.

Those of us who believe in Progressive Education feel that to give children emotional security and an exalted consciousness of being which will enable them to face life affirmatively is only one phase of our teaching. We must go beyond that and teach them, in so far as their understanding permits, the issues and conflicts of our time. We do not profess to have all the answers of knowing how to meet the changing needs of children in a rapidly changing society. But we do believe in the improvability of the individual and of society.

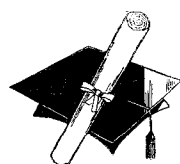
ANNA R. MASKEL
Roger Sherman School
South Windsor, Conn.

SIR:

Albert Lynd says: “The argument of Progressive Education *versus* Traditional Education does not turn on the merits of doll playing *versus* Latin grammar. It turns on the question: Are there any ‘constants’ in human thought? . . . Are there any immutable principles of anything?”

Will Mr. Lynd present some evidence, first of all for his cherished constants in human thought, and immutable principles, and next for his alleged 95 per cent support among the public? A failure to do this can only lead this reader to believe that Mr. Lynd has been doing what he claims the Dewey people are doing — engaging in a spurious effort to slip something over on us.

ALFRED F. SIEGRIST, *Principal*
East Quogue Elementary School
East Quogue, N.Y.



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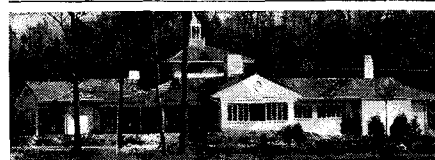
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In 1924 WILLIAM FAULKNER was a young man who had written some poetry but no fiction. With the money he had saved while working as Postmaster of the University of Mississippi he had gone to New Orleans, and there he met Sherwood Anderson, the author of Winesburg, Ohio, who was then at the height of his success. Anderson had a germinal effect on Faulkner, and it was the example he set as a dedicated artist that started Faulkner writing novels — novels which would eventually lead to the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1949. Prompted by a memory of the man and his work, William Faulkner here describes those early days.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

An Appreciation

by WILLIAM FAULKNER

ONE day during the months while we walked and talked in New Orleans — or Anderson talked and I listened — I found him sitting on a bench in Jackson Square, laughing with himself. I got the impression that he had been there like that for some time, just sitting alone on the bench laughing with himself. This was not our usual meeting place. We had none. He lived above the Square, and without any especial prearrangement, after I had had something to eat at noon and knew that he had finished his lunch too, I would walk in that direction and if I did not meet him already strolling or sitting in the Square, I myself would simply sit down on the curb where I could see his doorway and wait until he came out of it in his bright, half-racetrack, half-Bohemian clothes.

This time he was already sitting on the bench, laughing. He told me what it was at once: a dream: he had dreamed the night before that he was walking for miles along country roads, leading a horse which he was trying to swap for a night's sleep — not for a simple bed for the night, but for the sleep itself; and with me to listen now, went on from there, elaborating it, building it into a work of art with the same tedious (it had the appearance of fumbling but actually it wasn't: it was seeking,

hunting) almost excruciating patience and humility with which he did all his writing, me listening and believing no word of it: that is, that it had been any dream dreamed in sleep. Because I knew better. I knew that he had invented it, made it; he had made most of it or at least some of it while I was there watching and listening to him. He didn't know why he had been compelled, or anyway needed, to claim it had been a dream, why there had to be that connection with dream and sleep, but I did. It was because he had written his whole biography into an anecdote or perhaps a parable: the horse (it had been a racehorse at first, but now it was a working horse, plow carriage and saddle, sound and strong and valuable, but without recorded pedigree) representing the vast rich strong docile sweep of the Mississippi Valley, his own America, which he in his bright blue racetrack shirt and vermilion-mottled Bohemian Windsor tie, was offering with humor and patience and humility, but mostly with patience and humility, to swap for his own dream of purity and integrity and hard and unremitting work and accomplishment, of which *Winesburg, Ohio* and *The Triumph of the Egg* had been symptoms and symbols.

He would never have said this, put it into words, himself. He may never have been able to see it

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even, and he certainly would have denied it, probably pretty violently, if I had tried to point it out to him. But this would not have been for the reason that it might not have been true, nor for the reason that, true or not, he would not have believed it. In fact, it would have made little difference whether it was true or not or whether he believed it or not. He would have repudiated it for the reason which was the great tragedy of his character. He expected people to make fun of, ridicule him. He expected people nowhere near his equal in stature or accomplishment or wit or anything else, to be capable of making him appear ridiculous.

That was why he worked so laboriously and tediously and indefatigably at everything he wrote. It was as if he said to himself: "This anyway will, shall, must be invulnerable." It was as though he wrote not even out of the consuming unsleeping appeaseless thirst for glory for which any normal artist would destroy his aged mother, but for what to him was more important and urgent: not even for mere truth, but for purity, the exactitude of purity. His was not the power and rush of Melville, who was his grandfather, nor the lusty humor for living of Twain, who was his father; he had nothing of the heavy-handed disregard for nuances of his older brother, Dreiser. His was that fumbling for exactitude, the exact word and phrase within the limited scope of a vocabulary controlled and even repressed by what was in him almost a fetish of simplicity, to milk them both dry, to seek always to penetrate to thought's uttermost end. He worked so hard at this that it finally became just style: an end instead of a means: so that he presently came to believe that, provided he kept the style pure and intact and unchanged and inviolate, what the style contained would have to be first rate: it couldn't help but be first rate, and therefore himself too.

At this time in his life, he had to believe this. His mother had been a bound girl, his father a day laborer; this background had taught him that the amount of security and material success which he had attained was, must be, the answer and end to life. Yet he gave this up, repudiated and discarded it at a later age, when older in years than most men and women who make that decision, to dedicate himself to art, writing. Yet, when he made the decision, he found himself to be only a one- or two-book man. He had to believe that, if only he kept that style pure, then what the style contained would be pure too, the best. That was why he had to defend the style. That was the reason for his hurt and anger at Hemingway about Hemingway's *The Torrents of Spring*, and at me in a lesser degree since my fault was not full book-length but instead was merely a privately-printed and -subscribed volume which few people outside our small New Orleans group would ever see or hear

about, because of the book of Spratling's caricatures which we titled *Sherwood Anderson and Other Famous Creoles* and to which I wrote an introduction in Anderson's primer-like style. Neither of us — Hemingway or I — could have touched, ridiculed, his work itself. But we had made his style look ridiculous; and by that time, after *Dark Laughter*, when he had reached the point where he should have stopped writing, he had to defend that style at all costs because he too must have known by then in his heart that there was nothing else left.

2

THE exactitude of purity, or the purity of exactitude: whichever you like. He was a sentimentalist in his attitude toward people, and quite often incorrect about them. He believed in people, but it was as though only in theory. He expected the worst from them, even while each time he was prepared again to be disappointed or even hurt, as if it had never happened before, as though the only people he could really trust, let himself go with, were the ones of his own invention, the figments and symbols of his own fumbling dream. And he was sometimes a sentimentalist in his writing (so was Shakespeare sometimes) but he was never impure in it. He never scanted it, cheapened it, took the easy way; never failed to approach writing except with humility and an almost religious, almost abject faith and patience and willingness to surrender, relinquish himself to and into it. He hated glibness; if it were quick, he believed it was false too. He told me once: "You've got too much talent. You can do it too easy, in too many different ways. If you're not careful, you'll never write anything." During those afternoons when we would walk about the old quarter, I listening while he talked to me or to people — anyone, anywhere — whom we would meet on the streets or the docks, or the evenings while we sat somewhere over a bottle, he, with a little help from me, invented other fantastic characters like the sleepless man with the horse. One of them was supposed to be a descendant of Andrew Jackson, left in that Louisiana swamp after the Battle of Chalmette, no longer half-horse half-alligator but by now half-man half-sheep and presently half-shark, who — it, the whole fable — at last got so unwieldy and (so we thought) so funny, that we decided to get it onto paper by writing letters to one another such as two temporarily separated members of an exploring-zoological expedition might. I brought him my first reply to his first letter. He read it. He said: —

"Does it satisfy you?"

I said, "Sir?"

"Are you satisfied with it?"

"Why not?" I said. "I'll put whatever I left out into the next one." Then I realized that he was

more than displeased: he was short, stern, almost angry. He said:—

"Either throw it away, and we'll quit, or take it back and do it over." I took the letter. I worked three days over it before I carried it back to him. He read it again, quite slowly, as he always did, and said, "Are you satisfied now?"

"No sir," I said. "But it's the best I know how to do."

"Then we'll pass it," he said, putting the letter into his pocket, his voice once more warm, rich, burly with laughter, ready to believe, ready to be hurt again.

I learned more than that from him, whether or not I always practised the rest of it any more than I have that. I learned that, to be a writer, one has first got to be what he is, what he was born; that to be an American and a writer, one does not necessarily have to pay lip-service to any conventional American image such as his and Dreiser's own aching Indiana or Ohio or Iowa corn or Sandburg's stockyards or Mark Twain's frog. You had only to remember what you were. "You have to have somewhere to start from: then you begin to learn," he told me. "It don't matter where it was, just so you remember it and aint ashamed of it. Because one place to start from is just as important as any other. You're a country boy; all you know is that little patch up there in Mississippi where you started from. But that's all right too. It's America too; pull it out, as little and unknown as it is, and the whole thing will collapse, like when you prize a brick out of a wall."

"Not a cemented, plastered wall," I said.

"Yes, but America aint cemented and plastered yet. They're still building it. That's why a man with ink in his veins not only still can but sometimes has still got to keep on moving around in it, keeping moving around and listening and looking and learning. That's why ignorant unschooled fellows like you and me not only have a chance to write, they must write. All America asks is to look at it and listen to it and understand it if you can. Only the understanding aint important either: the important thing is to believe in it even if you don't understand it, and then try to tell it, put it down. It won't ever be quite right, but there is always next time; there's always more ink and paper, and something else to try to understand and tell. And that one probably won't be exactly right either, but there is a next time to that one, too. Because tomorrow America is going to be something different, something more and new to watch and listen to and try to understand; and, even if you can't understand, believe."

To believe, to believe in the value of purity, and to believe more. To believe not in just the value, but the necessity for fidelity and integrity; lucky is

that man whom the vocation of art elected and chose to be faithful to it, because the reward for art does not wait on the postman. He carried this to extremes. That of course is impossible on the face of it. I mean that, in the later years when he finally probably admitted to himself that only the style was left, he worked so hard and so laboriously and so self-sacrificingly at this, that at times he stood a little bigger, a little taller than it was. He was warm, generous, merry and fond of laughing, without pettiness and jealous only of the integrity which he believed to be absolutely necessary in anyone who approached his craft; he was ready to be generous to anyone, once he was convinced that that one approached his craft with his own humility and respect for it. During those New Orleans days and weeks, I gradually became aware that here was a man who would be in seclusion all forenoon—working. Then in the afternoon he would appear and we would walk about the city, talking. Then in the evening we would meet again, with a bottle now, and now he would really talk; the world in minuscule would be there in whatever shadowy courtyard where glass and bottle clinked and the palms hissed like dry sand in whatever moving air. Then tomorrow forenoon and he would be secluded again—working; whereupon I said to myself, "If this is what it takes to be a novelist, then that's the life for me."

So I began a novel, *Soldiers' Pay*. I had known Mrs. Anderson before I knew him. I had not seen them in some time when I met her on the street. She commented on my absence. I said I was writing a novel. She asked if I wanted Sherwood to see it. I answered, I don't remember exactly what, but to the effect that it would be all right with me if he wanted to. She told me to bring it to her when I finished it, which I did, in about two months. A few days later, she sent for me. She said, "Sherwood says he'll make a swap with you. He says that if he doesn't have to read it, he'll tell Liveright (Horace Liveright: his own publisher then) to take it."

"Done," I said, and that was all. Liveright published the book and I saw Anderson only once more, because the unhappy caricature affair had happened in the meantime and he declined to see me, for several years, until one afternoon at a cocktail party in New York; and again there was that moment when he appeared taller, bigger than anything he ever wrote. Then I remembered *Winesburg, Ohio* and *The Triumph of the Egg* and some of the pieces in *Horses and Men*, and I knew that I had seen, was looking at, a giant in an earth populated to a great—too great—extent by pygmies, even if he did make but the two or perhaps three gestures commensurate with giant-hood.



For the past two years, HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, Professor of English at Harvard, aided by Walter B. Rideout of Northwestern University, has been reading and weighing the vast amount of Sherwood Anderson's correspondence — almost five thousand letters, beginning in 1916 when Anderson was just breaking into print at the age of forty. Of this number he has selected some four hundred which will be published in book form in early June by Little, Brown & Company. The three major letters which follow, together with illuminating portions of Mr. Jones's Introduction, show why Anderson had to write and his dedication and purposes as a writer.

THE LETTERS OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Edited by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

SHERWOOD ANDERSON's letters read like a post-humous novel. But they also read like something buttressed and substantiated by whatever Anderson's books had already told us of the writer. Surely there are not many other instances in which a man's letters thus neatly confirm his works, and his works confirm his letters. A sample paragraph will illustrate this intimate relationship as well as a dozen could do. Anderson writes: —

"I have been to Nebraska, where the big engines are tearing the hills to pieces; over the low hills runs the promise of the corn. You wait, dear Brother; I shall bring God home to the sweaty men in the corn rows. My songs shall creep into their hearts and teach them the sacredness of the long aisles of growing things that lead to the throne of the God of men."

This might come from *Dark Laughter* or from *Many Marriages*, or from a short story, or it might even be a preliminary note for something in *Mid-American Chants*. It appears as a matter of fact in an early letter to Waldo Frank. Of course there are readers who do not like epistolary writing of this sort. It makes them uncomfortable, and they murmur something about posturing before a mental mirror. But others will remark upon the identity of style in the letters with that in the books. Either way, favorably or unfavorably, what you get is Sherwood Anderson.

There was in Anderson a combination of simplicity and subtlety that lies in a recognizable Midwestern tradition. You can see it in his attitude toward New York. In another letter to Waldo Frank you find the awe of the child of Middle America before what he conceives to be the superiority of the East. He returned from a visit to New York, he says, filled with "odd feelings of reverence and humbleness."

Wander as he might, Anderson remains perpetually the troubled Midwesterner, alternately revolting against industrialism and finding poetry in machines, rejoicing in American productive energy and pitying the joyless workers, believing both in the mass and in the individual, yet acutely conscious of the limitations in these antithetical concepts. His radicalism was a function of this need for self-transcendence, and it expressed itself confusedly, as in the vague, inconclusive symbolism of *Marching Men*. His radicalism was never essentially economic or political — not once but many times he repudiated the Communists — for it was always mystical, the radicalism of the poet, the child, and the pragmatist. I think it still has much to say to the thirst after democracy in our times.

[MARION, VIRGINIA, April, 1935]

To ROY JANSEN, author and proprietor of a bookstore in Pittsburgh.

Dear Roy Jansen: I think the most absorbingly interesting and exciting moment in any writer's life must come at the moment when he, for the first time, knows that he is a real writer. Any professional writer, any Hemingway, Wolfe, Faulkner, Stein, Dreiser, Lewis — I could name a dozen others, prosemen, I mean — will know what I mean. You begin, of course, being not yourself. We all do. There have been so many great ones. "If I could write as that man does." There is, more than likely, some one man you follow slavishly. How magnificently his sentences march. It is like a field being plowed. You are thinking of the man's style, his way of handling words and sentences.

You read everything the man has written, go from him to others. You read, read, read. You live in the world of books. It is only after a long time that you know that this is a special world,

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fed out of the world of reality, but not of the world of reality. You have yourself not yet brought anything up out of the real world into this special world, to make it live there.

And then, if you are ever to be a real writer, your moment comes. I remember mine. I walked along a city street in the snow. I was working at work I hated. Already I had written several long novels. They were not really mine. I was ill, discouraged, broke. I was living in a cheap rooming house. I remember that I went upstairs and into the room. It was very shabby. I had no relatives in the city and few enough friends. I remember how cold the room was. On that afternoon I had heard that I was to lose my job.

I grew desperate, went and threw up a window. I sat by the open window. It began to snow. "I'll catch cold sitting here."

"What do I care?" There was some paper on a small kitchen table I had bought and had brought up into the room. I turned on a light and began to write. I wrote, without looking up — I never changed a word of it afterwards — a story called "Hands." It was and is a very beautiful story.

I wrote the story and then got up from the table at which I had been sitting, I do not know how long, and went down into the city street. I thought that the snow had suddenly made the city very beautiful. There were people in the street, all sorts of people, shabby ones, brisk young ones, old discouraged ones. I went along wanting to hug people, to shout. "I've done it. After all these years I've done something." How did I know I had? I did know. I was drunk with a new drunkenness. I cannot remember all of the absurd, foolish things I did that evening. I had a little money in my pocket and went into saloons. I called men up to the bar. "Drink. Drink to me, men." I remember that a prostitute accosted me and that I threw some money toward her and ran away laughing. It must have been several hours before I got the courage to return to my room and read my own story.

It was all right. It was sound. It was real. I went to sit by my desk. A great many others have had such moments. I wonder what they did. I sat there and cried. For the moment I thought the world very wonderful, and I thought also that there was a great deal of wonder in me.

[P.S.] If you use this, will you see that I get copy?

[TROUTDALE, VIRGINIA], August 27, 1938

TO GEORGE FREITAG of Canton, Ohio, who entered into correspondence with Anderson in the summer of 1938 on problems of the young writer. He published sketches and stories in the *Atlantic* from 1938 to 1947.

Dear George Freitag: It sometimes seems to me that I should prepare a book designed to be read by other and younger writers. This not because of accomplishment on my own part, but because of the

experiences, the particular experiences, I have had.

It is so difficult for most of us to realize how fully and completely commercialism enters into the arts. For example, how are you to know that really the opinion of the publisher or the magazine editor in regard to your work, what is a story and what isn't, means nothing? Some of my own stories, for example, that have now become almost American classics, that are put before students in our schools and colleges as examples of good storytelling, were, when first written, when submitted to editors, and when seen by some of the so-called outstanding American critics, declared not stories at all.

It is true they were not nice little packages, wrapped and labeled in the O. Henry manner. They were obviously written by one who did not know the answers. They were simple little tales of happenings, things observed and felt. There were no cowboys or daring wild game hunters. None of the people in the tales got lost in burning deserts or went seeking the North Pole. In my stories I simply stayed at home, among my own people, wherever I happened to be, people in my own street. I think I must, very early, have realized that this was my milieu — that is to say, common everyday American lives. The ordinary beliefs of the people about me, that love lasted indefinitely, that success meant happiness, simply did not seem true to me.

Things were always happening. My eyes began to see, my ears to hear. Most of our American storytelling at that time had concerned only the rich and the well-to-do. I was a storyteller but not yet a writer of stories. As I came of a poor family, older men were always repeating to me the old saying: —

"Get money. Money makes the mare go."

For a time I was a laborer. As I had a passion for fast trotting and pacing horses, I worked about race tracks. I became a soldier, I got into business.

I knew, often quite intensively, Negro swipes about race tracks, small gamblers, prize fighters, common laboring men and women. There was a violent, dangerous man, said to be a killer. One night he walked and talked to me and became suddenly tender. I was forced to realize that all sorts of emotions went on in all sorts of people. A young man who seemed outwardly a very clod suddenly began to run wildly in the moonlight. Once I was walking in a wood and heard the sound of a man weeping. I stopped, looked, and listened. There was a farmer who, because of ill luck, bad weather, and perhaps even poor management, had lost his farm. He had gone to work in a factory in town, but, having a day off, had returned secretly to the fields he loved. He was on his knees by a low fence, looking across the fields in which he had worked from boyhood. He and I were employed at the time in the same factory, and in the factory

he was a quiet, smiling man, seemingly satisfied with his lot.

I began to gather these impressions. There was a thing called happiness toward which men were striving. They never got to it. All of life was amazingly accidental. Love, moments of tenderness and despair, came to the poor and the miserable as to the rich and successful.

It began to seem to me that what was most wanted by all people was love, understanding. Our writers, our storytellers, in wrapping life up into neat little packages were only betraying life. It began to seem to me that what I wanted for myself most of all, rather than so-called success, acclaim, to be praised by publishers and editors, was to try to develop, to the top of my bent, my own capacity to feel, see, taste, smell, hear. I wanted, as all men must want, to be a free man, proud of my own manhood, always more and more aware of earth, people, streets, houses, towns, cities. I wanted to take all into myself, digest what I could.

I could not give the answers, and so for a long time when my stories began to appear, at first only in little highbrow magazines, I was almost universally condemned by the critics. My stories, it seemed, had no definite ends. They were not conclusive and did not give the answers, and so I was called vague. "Groping" was a favorite term. It seems I could not get a formula and stick to it. I could not be smart about life. When I wrote my Winesburg stories — for the whole series I got eighty-five dollars — such critics as Mr. Floyd Dell and Henry Mencken, having read them, declared they were not stories. They were merely, it seemed, sketches. They were too vague, too groping. Some ten or fifteen years after Mr. Mencken told me they were not stories, he wrote, telling of how, when he first saw them, he realized their strength and beauty. An imagined conversation between us, that never took place, was spoken about.

And for this I did not blame Mr. Mencken. He thought he had said what he now thinks he said.

There was a time when Mr. Dell was, in a way, my literary father. He and Mr. Waldo Frank had been the first critics to praise some of my earlier work. He was generous and warm. He, with Mr. Theodore Dreiser, was instrumental in getting my first book published. When he saw the Winesburg stories, he, however, condemned them heartily. He was at that time, I believe, deeply under the influence of Maupassant. He advised me to throw the Winesburg stories away. They had no form. They were not stories. A story, he said, must be sharply definite. There must be a beginning and an end. I remember very clearly our conversation. "If you plan to go somewhere on a train and start for the station, but loiter along the way, so that the train comes into the station, stops to discharge and take on passengers, and then goes on its way,

and you miss it, don't blame the locomotive engineer," I said. I daresay it was an arrogant saying, but arrogance is also needed.

And so I had written, let us say, the Winesburg stories. The publisher who had already published two of my early novels refused them, but at last I found a publisher. The stories were called unclear, dirty, filthy, but they did grow into the American consciousness, and presently the same critic who had condemned them began asking why I did not write more Winesburg stories.

I am telling you all of this, I assure you, not out of bitterness. I have had a good life, a full, rich life. I am still having a full, rich life. I tell it only to point out to you, a young writer, filled as I am made aware by your letter to me, of tenderness for life, I tell it simply to suggest to you plainly what you are up against. For ten or fifteen years after I had written and published the Winesburg stories, I was compelled to make my living outside of the field of writing. You will find none of my stories even yet in the great popular magazines that pay high prices to writers.

The Winesburg stories, when first published, were bitterly condemned. They were thrown out of libraries. In one New England town, where three copies of the book had been bought, they were publicly burned in the public square of the town. I remember a letter I once received from a woman. She had been seated beside me at the table of a friend. "Having sat beside you and having read your stories, I feel that I shall never be clean again," she wrote. I got many such letters.

Then a change came. The book found its way into schools and colleges. Critics who had ignored or condemned the book now praised it.

"It's Anderson's best work. It is the height of his genius. He will never again do such work."

People constantly came to me, all saying the same thing.

"But what else of mine have you read since?"

A blank look upon faces.

They had read nothing else of mine. For the most part they were simply repeating, over and over, an old phrase picked up.

Now, I do not think all of this matters. I am one of the fortunate ones. In years when I have been unable to make a living with my pen, there have always been friends ready and willing to help me. There was one man who came to me in a year when I felt, when I knew, that I had done some of my best and truest work, but when, no money coming in, I was trying to sell my house to get money to live.

He wanted, he said, one of my manuscripts. "I will lend you five thousand dollars." He did lend it, knowing I could never return his money, but he did not deceive me. He had an affection for me as I had for him. He wanted me to continue to live in freedom. I have found this sort of thing

among the rich as well as the poor. My house where I live is filled with beautiful things, all given to me. I live well enough. I have no quarrel with life. And I am only writing all of this to you to prepare you. In a world controlled by business, why should we not expect businessmen to think first of business?

And do bear in mind that publishers of books, of magazines, of newspapers are, first of all, businessmen. They are compelled to be.

And do not blame them when they do not buy your stories. Do not be romantic. There is no golden key that unlocks all doors. There is only the joy of living as richly as you can, always feeling more, absorbing more, and, if you are by nature a teller of tales, the realization that by faking, trying to give people what they think they want, you are in danger of dulling and in the end quite destroying what may be your own road into life.

There will remain for you, to be sure, the matter of making a living, and I am sorry to say to you that in the solution of that problem, for you and other young writers, I am not interested. That, alas, is your own problem. I am interested only in what you may be able to contribute to the advancement of our mutual craft.

But why not call it an art? That is what it is.

Did you ever hear of an artist who had an easy road to travel in life?

TROUTDALE, VIRGINIA, *August 27, 1938*

TO GEORGE FREITAG.

Writing can be, like the practice of any other art, a way of life. It is what we all want, to find a way to live. There is this town, the people of the town or of a city street, trees along a street, familiar fields, old houses with children playing in the yard, a fat prosperous-looking man coming out of a big house set far back from the street. What is he like?

He is rich. He employs a chauffeur to drive his car. He cannot help wondering what his chauffeur thinks of him. Many of our rich people are a little frightened when they think of their wealth.

We live in a world in which most of the channels of public expression are ruled by the advertisers, and it is difficult to write of human life, giving yourself to the life immediately about you, without getting upon forbidden ground.

It can be done. Trick writing can be learned. It is a trade, not an art. It may be all right. Formerly I used to grow indignant because so many writers seemed to be selling out. Now I think it doesn't matter. I think every man writes as well as he can. Ordinary people need to be amused, taken away from thought. Life itself is too terribly real for them. We hear of great statesmen, scientists, etc., who spend their leisure hours reading detective stories. Why not? The statesman might begin thinking of how he got to where he is. The scientist had made some great discovery, but he is using

his knowledge for his own private ends. He is no better or worse than the rest of us. But above all things he doesn't want to think.

We live, you see, in a thin age. We can't take it. There may have been times, periods in the history of man, when man did face the moral obligation of living. In our age we can't do it. Don't blame us too much.

I have become a veteran among American writers. Where have the years gone? How little I have done.

Young writers, new men among writers, are always writing letters to me. They come to see me. "How can I write as I please and still make a living?" It is a question for which I have no answer. To tell the truth, I am not interested in how you make a living.

I am interested only in what you give me, in how much you extend my own knowledge of life. You came from a different environment. You were born in a rich or a well-to-do family, while I came from a poor one.

What was the tone of life in your house? How did you feel? What made you what you are?

There are a thousand questions I want to ask you. Tell me in your work. Tell me. Tell me. The tales you tell, the way you tell them, the tone, color, form, all of these should reveal yourself to me. Give me a little of yourself. Extend a little my own knowledge, my own capacity for feeling, for understanding. I am a lustful man. I want everything. I knew a painter once who said to me, "I want to make love to a thousand, a hundred thousand women." I understand him. He didn't really want to bed the women. He wanted to go into them, penetrate into the mystery of women. It was because of something he wanted in his art.

It seems to me that we shall have more and more writing. People, it seems to me, are becoming more conscious of thinness. Now[a]days I myself no longer hope or want to be a popular writer. I write for myself and for other writers. It doesn't matter to me now that I am often misunderstood. I have come to realize that I have dreadful limitations. Once I thought, I will write so well, so clearly, will tell my tales so clearly, with such verve and gusto that everyone must accept me, but now I do not care for such acceptance. If you are mine, I cannot lose you. If I am yours, I will remain yours.

It is a way of making love. It is a way of losing self. It must be that the painter, as he paints, becomes always more and more conscious of nature, its moods, of the strange beauty coming unexpectedly out of what seem to others commonplace scenes. Why should I care whether you, the young writer, have had your breakfast, whether or not you have money to pay your rent or buy a car? I care only that you may broaden my own vision, increase my own capacity to feel, add a little to my understanding of others.



WILLIAM ZECKENDORF, President of Webb & Knapp, is a two-fisted fighter in the struggle for survival between the high-taxed old cities and the low-taxed and ever-spreading suburbs. In a recent talk before The Economic Club of Detroit he reminded the chief beneficiaries of the automotive industry — the automobile manufacturers and representatives of the oil industry — that they have done little to solve the problem which they have foisted on every American community: the question of where to park the millions of cars. As an investor in every type of real estate — downtown, peripheral, and rural — this is what Zeckendorf himself would do.

PARKING IN THE SKY

by WILLIAM ZECKENDORF

THE automobile has probably done more to change the American way of life than any other single thing except electricity. Consider what has happened to the American scene — how both the geography and the economy of the nation have been altered by the highways necessitated by the automobile. But a point has been reached where Detroit's product has become a destructive force, and the automobile industry should furnish the leadership in solving the serious economic and social problems which the automobile has created in the nation's cities. Let me add that the oil industry should join with the automobile industry in finding the necessary solutions.

Now I am deeply interested in cities and suburbs and the struggle for existence going on between them. I can consider only one phase of the problem here: the effect of traffic and parking — or the lack of parking — on the central core of cities.

Let me quote from the current General Motors letter-writing contest in which GM is giving \$200,000 for essays on the subject of highways — with scarcely any mention of parking. They state that more than half of the road travel is in the cities. What about the cities? Are the city highways a way to get out? Are they a way to get in?

The existing congestion that makes parking facilities essential comes from the fact that you have vertical buildings packed full of human beings. You have tall buildings because the land economics dictate that they be tall — a low building cannot absorb the high land cost. The would-be parker demands convenience to his car; he will not park in a remote place. It has been discovered that the outer range, the extreme range of walking to the parking place, is about 1000 feet. A man would rather get a ticket for parking than walk farther.

I contend that you cannot solve this problem

horizontally in central city areas. You can get a palliative, a half solution to the problem, but the only real solution to the critical downtown parking problem in the central city is a vertical solution. And a vertical solution means a mechanized solution. It does not mean a ramp garage. A ramp garage is old-fashioned and illogical; the Pharaohs used it to build the Pyramids. I don't mean you cannot have ramp garages in special situations. But it is not the over-all solution to the downtown problem.

The genius available in Detroit for mechanical thinking, if turned on this problem, could figure a way in short order to store cars automatically in vertical buildings and recapture them without human labor — to take cars in and put them away very much as an IBM machine files cards and recaptures them. You will then find that the vertical garage can compete without subsidy for high-cost land, because the garage business is a very good business. The revenue potential of a garage is as high as in almost any investment known, including office buildings.

In Detroit, the greatest mechanically-minded city in the world, the municipal government has a ramp garage solution to a vertical problem. Why? General Motors stock earned over one billion dollars before taxes last year. What better investment could they have than a research project in mechanized automobile parking for the downtown area?

I am aware that it is always easy to talk about spending the other fellow's money. But I may say our firm, which doesn't compare in size with the mammoth concerns in Detroit, has spent in research on the mechanized parking problem more than \$500,000.

Briefly, our interests centered in two devices, one vertical, one horizontal. With the first, we got

as far as a one-ton operating model about nine feet high, six feet wide, and twelve feet long — fully automatic — in which you drove your car onto a dolly, which was then carried transversely to the elevator, pushed on, taken up, pulled off, and parked. In deparking, the car on its dolly was picked up and carried over the tops of cars parked bumper to bumper and fender to fender and taken down. The second device was British, and we had the rights to exploit it throughout the Western Hemisphere. This was a horizontal, full-scale device powered by ordinary motors you could get anywhere. We operated it with cars on it on the ground floor of one of our buildings. For various reasons these devices did not work out. But we keep trying.

It is high time that the inventive genius of Detroit should give to the parking of the automobile the same kind of thinking that was used in building the automobile. That is step one. Step two brings in the municipal government, the planners, the traffic engineers. The moment you have built a vertical garage that will take, let's say, 5000 automobiles and will discharge each car in a matter of minutes, you have created a traffic problem at the street level.

Everybody is purposely avoiding this aspect, for it seems too big to handle. We know subconsciously that it means a terrible job and a tremendous expenditure to redesign cities to take care of the problem. However, we have to make up our minds either to redesign the cities to cope with the situation, or to eliminate the use of cars in the cities — one or the other. It is just a question of which is the more expensive. If you do nothing, it is going to be very expensive because there is only one thing that happens by itself, and that is economic disaster.

We must redesign certain major central city areas. It means directing great highways into the mechanized parking facilities. It means an extension at the municipal level of the police power, the zoning power, the power to condemn and to cooperate with private enterprise for redevelopment. And you have to give more force, more encouragement, to that level of your city government so that it can condemn. It means the creation of great highways and thruways that will coincide with these garage developments and take care of concentrated deliveries and discharges of automobiles. It means you've got to change the street pattern — not completely, but at the critical points. If you don't, you're licked. In short, the final answer is not a garage under a park, but a complete new "look-see" at the city plant: the way you wish it to function and what you want it to look like in the future.

There are in existence about half a dozen automatic parking garage devices. There have been dozens of Rube Goldberg conceptions — all part of

the thing called growth. There is the Pigeonhole crane-elevator in Los Angeles and Phoenix, the Park-O-Mat in Washington, and the Akroll device in Houston. All are mechanical, the last being a means, applicable to existing types of elevators and cranes, of getting the car off and on the hoisting device in a matter of seconds — obviously a crucial part of any mechanized operation. The first two involve a building unit — a special building capable of parking cars on either side of the hoisting device.

I recently saw a very interesting new device that we are thinking of taking on ourselves. Our company is working closely with the Otis Elevator Company in the hope of being able to find a solution — we to handle the real estate and design and real-estate economics, they the lifting problem. Although there is no existing device that fully answers the problem, there are several that have made real strides, are actually paying, and are being franchised, but they are not nearly broad enough or big enough. As a matter of fact, if they were they would be almost useless at this moment because the streets couldn't handle them. It is not merely a question of how to get cars up and down fast. The cities must redesign themselves to take care of the peak loads of cars as they come and go.

We feel that it is perfectly sound financially to use land with high assessment value in the downtown areas of our cities for parking facilities. The economics of a garage that we now have on the drafting board — it is a 35-story affair — indicate that if the streets can take care of the traffic, this garage can compete with the highest productive improvement for the most expensive downtown land, and will justify paying the full price for it, without tax subsidy or any boondoggling or anything else. It doesn't matter whether the land is assessed at \$2000 a front foot, \$10,000 a front foot, or \$15,000 a front foot, because the very fact of the existence of those kinds of values indicates also the existence of that kind of demand for parking, and of customers. If you don't have the customers, you don't have those values. And if you don't have those values, you don't have the customers.

I positively believe these projects should be built and operated with private capital. I have said that I thought that there was a point of merger between the municipal government level and private capital; but the moment the municipal government has done the things that I have indicated, I think it should abandon the project to private capital operation and to private capital investment.

To summarize, let me say that I recommend taller buildings rather than more lot coverage; by the same token, vertical garages, not horizontal ones. And by vertical garages I mean mechanical garages. Mechanical garages demand high-speed streets. High-speed streets require a new type of city. A new type of city means the survival of the city against the suburb, without loss to either one.



Scholar and author, who was born in Michigan in 1892, HOWARD MUMFORD JONES took his B.A. at the University of Wisconsin in 1914 and his M.A. at the University of Chicago. He has been Professor of English at Harvard since 1936, and was dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences from 1943 to 1944, and President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences from 1944 to 1951. Throughout his teaching career Mr. Jones has been an ardent proponent of civil liberties, and this is the gist of a talk he gave recently at Wellesley College.

HOW MUCH ACADEMIC FREEDOM?

by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

1

UNIVERSITIES have been under attack for many reasons in many times. They have been attacked for religious heresy, for economic heresy, for political heresy, for moral heresy, and for philosophical heresy. Across the years they have been thought to be centers of atheism, free love, materialism, sectarianism, pedantry, and ignorance. The creative artist looks down upon the humanistic scholar, who seems to him to reduce art to learning and joy to dreary discipline. The businessman, stern, practical creature that he is, inclines to regard professors as dreamers, except on those occasions when he wants something from them, or when he discovers that they have led his son or his daughter into an independent intellectual life differing from his own. Religious persons are also frequently critical of the colleges — institutions, they think, where one loses one's faith; places which deny the possibility of belief; centers no longer dominated by theology and no longer dedicated to the service of the Lord. Mothers are fearful about the morals of their daughters, and fathers are fearful about the companions of their sons. In short, when one considers the variety of persons who find fault with the colleges, it is wonderful that these wicked institutions survive — not only survive, but increase in numbers and importance as the decades go by.

The kinds of faultfinding I have enumerated are familiar; and though they do occasionally seriously interfere with the life of the college, though the makers of these complaints have now and then managed to reduce legislative appropriations or diminish the gifts of alumni or hamper the trustees or even, on occasion, get professors fired, experienced administrators know how to deal with these patterns. The threat to the good life of an academic institution by the use of, or the withholding of, funds is something the colleges and universities

can, I think, manage on their own. When Mr. Frank B. Ober of Maryland wrote to President Conant of Harvard some four years ago that he would not subscribe to the Law School Fund unless Mr. Conant got rid of two members of the Harvard faculty Mr. Ober did not approve of, Mr. Grenville Clark, then a member of the Harvard Corporation, wrote a lengthy reply, from which I quote because it seems to most of us in the colleges the plain sense of the matter.

Said Mr. Clark: "I want to add a comment on your decision not to subscribe to the Law School Fund. As Mr. Conant wrote you, it has happened before that subscriptions have been withheld because of objections to the acts or opinions of professors or because of disapproval of University policy. This is natural and normal, I think; and it is certainly the right of anyone not to aid an institution with which he is as out of harmony as you now seem to be with Harvard. But it is also true, I am sure you will agree, that Harvard cannot be influenced at all to depart from her basic tradition of freedom by any fear that gifts will be withheld.

"An interesting test case on this point," continued Mr. Clark, "came up during the first World War. It related to Professor Hugo Münsterberg, who was a German and very pro-German, and is described in Professor Yeomans' biography of President Lowell. It appears that the press reported that a certain Harvard man had, in Professor Yeomans' words, 'threatened to annul a bequest to the University of \$10,000,000 unless Münsterberg was immediately deprived of his professorship.' Thereupon Professor Münsterberg wrote [a letter] to the Harvard Corporation offering to resign if the graduate would immediately remit \$5,000,000 to the Corporation. The Professor's letter was returned and the Corporation

issued, as Professor Yeomans puts it, 'one of its rare public pronouncements,' as follows: 'It is now officially stated that, at the instance of the authorities, Professor Münsterberg's resignation has been withdrawn, and that the University cannot tolerate any suggestion that it would be willing to accept money to abridge free speech, to remove a professor or to accept his resignation.'"

2

TODAY the colleges and universities are again under attack — a severe attack, extending over years and reaching from the University of Washington and the University of California on the Pacific coast to New York University and the New York municipal colleges on the Atlantic seaboard. The substance of the attack is nothing new. It is alleged or whispered or surmised that the colleges are the breeding places of radicalism; that many, or most, or some, or one of the professors is a Communist, or a proto-Communist, or a crypto-Communist, or a fellow traveler.

Proof, when it is offered, tends to be of three sorts. The first kind appears when the teacher confesses that he has been a member of the Communist Party — no one, I think, has so far admitted to being a member of the party now. The second is that a former Communist testifies that Professor So-and-so was, or is, a member of the party, or was, or is, sympathetic to its aims. The third is a little more difficult to state, but it arises from a series of inferences. From lists of organizations and names not commonly available to the public, it is inferred that Professor So-and-so now belongs, or has belonged, to one or more of the seven hundred organizations listed by the attorney-general of the nation as subversive — I take my figure from hearsay, and cannot be sure of the exact total except that it is too large to have meaning. Therefore Professor So-and-so is a radical.

Or else it is alleged that because Professor So-and-so by public utterance has declared, or seemed to declare, a likeness of view between his own opinions and the opinions or programs of these organizations, or of the Communist Party, he must therefore be either a secret member of the party, or tantamount to a member, or — a rather unflattering third alternative — a fool; that is, an impractical, dreamy person who doesn't know the facts of life and is drawn into subversive or allegedly subversive organizations innocently. There has always been a lurking suspicion that teachers, queer fellows that they are, are a radical group; and this suspicion has been confirmed in the minds of some observers by the fact that now and again, among the witnesses appearing before one or another investigating committee, teachers have appeared. I may say that inasmuch as Communism seems to find its best breeding ground in areas of economic in-

security, and since on the whole teachers are economically insecure, the surprising thing to me is not that there are a few teachers who are Communists, but that they are so few. I think it a great tribute to the patient patriotism of a much maligned profession that this is so.

A second observation seems to be pertinent. As nearly as I can make out from the figures of the Bureau of the Census, there were in 1952 about 1,200,000 teachers in the United States, not counting teachers in schools for the blind, reform schools, stenographic schools, and other schools not a part of our formal educational system. We do not know the present size of the American Communist Party, but I have seen estimates that allot it 40,000 members, which is high, and others of 20,000, which is low. In April the FBI estimated the membership of the party at 24,796. Let us say the number is 30,000. I think it a fair guess that the Communists would be happy if they could find 500 teachers among this number. I doubt that the number is that high, but I may of course be wrong. But even if 500 teachers in the United States were members of the Communist Party, they would amount to only one twenty-four hundredth of our total teaching staff. I cannot regard this as a very frightening situation.

But perhaps the situation is frightening. Perhaps teachers are trembling on the verge of becoming the radicals legend paints them as being. How likely is this?

I have been a college professor all my life. I have taught in about twelve states of the Union. I am also a member of various national organizations of teachers and scholars, so that I am reasonably well informed about American college professors. I think I can testify that the professors are very much like the rest of the population except in two particulars: their professional training and their rather conservative social views. I think there may be a connection between these two attributes. The training of scholars and scientists, by and large, tends to make them cautious in judgment; and though I do not say there are no radicals or neurotics or visionaries among them, they are not as a group any more visionary than are other Americans — for example, businessmen, some of whom have seriously consulted fortunetellers, or invested their money in Florida real estate, or suffered mental breakdowns, or run off with the stenographer, or argued seriously that you can simultaneously increase your trade with the rest of the world and also boost tariff barriers. I do not seem to read about college professors going to jail in the proportion in which I read about politicians or gamblers or — dare I say it? — businessmen going to jail. They do not customarily falsify their income tax returns. They do not usually go on binges with wild, wild women. When they have a vacation, they do not spend it on soapboxes in Colum-

bus Circle in New York City inciting laboring men to riot; they do not conceal bombs having time fuses in the local post office; despite their professional knowledge of chemistry; and they have not as yet taken to assassinating their opponents. They spend their free time in the Christmas recess soberly attending professional conventions almost as dull as the conventions of the national salesmen of this or that, and they commonly spend their summers teaching or writing a book.

It is true there is a vague, floating fear they have been indoctrinating somebody with something. I have not observed any large companies of little Republicans or little Democrats, little Communists or little Fascists, pouring out of anybody's classroom. Sometimes I think that what the profession needs is instruction in the technique of indoctrination — life would be simpler if teachers were more successful in getting their goods across the counter. Meanwhile I find it difficult to see that radicalism has in any dangerous way taken root in the profession.

3

THE other preliminary matter I wish to touch upon is this: that the investigating committees do not in theory wish to interfere with something they call academic freedom. I say "in theory" because some of the investigating committees, especially those set up by some of the state legislatures, seem to regard academic freedom as a false front erected by hypocritical professors. So-and-so is a Commie, isn't he? Away with him! The taxpayers are footing the bill, aren't they? They gotta right to hire and fire, haven't they? Off with his head! And I am extremely sorry to say that some boards of trustees and some college presidents have by their actions endorsed this summary proceeding.

Fortunately the present chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee has taken an opposite view. Whether as a result of public pressure (as some allege), or because he sees that you cannot possibly secure good teaching from an intimidated profession (as it is nobler to believe), he has been careful to make it clear that his committee does not desire to investigate classroom procedures. He does not want to damage academic freedom. And other members of the committee take the same position. In examining Professor Robert Gorham Davis, Congressman Clardy expressly stated this: ". . . we will at no time attack teachers as teachers, schools as schools, churches as such, nor any of the other groups."

It is, however, also — and regrettably — a matter of record that other chairmen and other members of committees, senatorial, congressional, or legislative, have not been thus scrupulous about academic freedom. Appearance before one of these committees is not a court procedure — the witness, as one of the members of Congressman

Velde's committee said, is not on trial — and the consequence has been in the past, at any rate, that the committee has done pretty much what it pleased. The tone and nature of its procedures inevitably vary from witness to witness and from session to session.

It was not so long ago that some notes were literally snatched out of the hands of a very distinguished scientist while he was testifying before such a committee. It is probably also true that legislative committees of investigation, of which we have had examples in Washington, California, Illinois, and other states, have not always shown the courtesy and intelligence of Congressman Velde and his associates. Some witnesses, it is true — including, I regret to say, teachers — have proved recalcitrant and roused the ire of the committee; and some committee members — including, I regret to say, Senators of the United States — have been rather unscrupulous, not only in their examination of witnesses, but also in subsequent statements to the press.

In most cases the friendly witness before an investigating committee seems not to have endangered his professional career. But the witness who, for whatever reason, refuses to answer any and every question put to him by some member of an investigating body is in a very different situation. If he attempts to draw around himself the protection of the Fifth Amendment, which says, among other things, that no one "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself," three things happen. In the first place he puts himself, so to speak, into the midst of a criminal proceeding, whether he intended to or not, by the very fact that he has claimed the protection of the amendment, a protection that mostly concerns the Federal courts. It is also to be noted that appeal to this amendment has not always protected the witness.

In the second place, despite the legal maxim that guilt is by no means to be inferred from appealing to the amendment, popular opinion does infer guilt, so that the witness sustains serious damage in the community.

And in the third place, and most important matter of all, many boards of trustees and many college presidents have now taken the view that the professor's plain duty is to answer the questions of the committee and that failure to do so is grounds for dismissal from the teaching post. They have, in other words, substituted their official consciences for the private conscience of the witness.

Now it is likely that there are cases wherein witnesses have taken refuge in the Fifth Amendment for hypocritical reasons, just as criminals have taken refuge in it for hypocritical reasons. But I am sure that other teachers called before investigating committees have suffered agonies of conscience in the effort to determine what is right and

what is wrong — that is, ethically right or wrong. Some have taken the line that, since they are no longer members of the Communist Party, they are justified not only in confessing their own past acts, but also in implicating others. Some have taken the line that although they were quite willing to answer questions concerning themselves, they had no moral right to implicate others, especially in view of the powerful emotions the charge of Communism evokes today. And some, after studying the history of these committees, the history of court cases growing out of testimony before such committees, and the confused state of legal opinion concerning the rights and duties of witnesses, have decided that the only safe thing for them to do, both with respect to themselves and with respect to their obligation to other persons, was to refuse to answer any question, or at the least any leading question, put to them by the committee. Such persons have usually been guided by the advice of counsel; and it should be said to the credit of the present congressional committee that its members have encouraged witnesses to consult counsel before answering important questions.

Unfortunately, the advice of counsel, however respectfully treated by the investigating committee, has had little effect upon trustees and presidents who have incontinently discharged professors or suspended them, despite the fact that they were following legal advice. Presidents and trustees who have done this have in fact said by their actions that they were wiser than counsel before the committee. This seems to me both a shocking and an arbitrary act. It means that the witness does not have even the protection extended him by the committee which has encouraged him to seek counsel and to follow it. Let me say flatly that I see no justification in law and none in ethics for such procedure.

Indeed, it is here, and not in the mere response of witnesses to the committee questions, that the true threat to academic freedom lies. This is, in fact, more than a threat to academic freedom. It goes deeper. I am alarmed by the common acceptance of a situation in which responsible and intelligent administrators not only place the morality of the state above the rights of private conscience, but go beyond the state in depriving witnesses both of their immediate jobs and of any prospect of future jobs in the profession for which they have been trained. Without prejudice to any witness who has appeared before any committee — and these witnesses may, indeed, have been speaking as much from conscience as those who refused to answer particular questions — the situation thus developed by administrators inevitably puts a premium upon the informer and penalizes him who does not believe it right to endanger the fortunes of other persons in the profession.

If the state were in any real danger because of the

infiltration by Communists into the teaching profession, there might be some pragmatic reason for insisting upon this rigid duty to the state. We are, fortunately, in no such dilemma. It is not pretended by the congressional committee, for example, that there is any real danger to American education. The committee members, or some of them, have expressly said the committee does not propose to investigate teachers as teachers. They have said that they do not intend to investigate schools as schools.

So far as my reading goes, no testimony yet elicited before any investigating committee has indicated that any attempt has been made to indoctrinate any body of pupils or students in the classroom. The investigations are understandably confined to discovering who the members of the Communist Party are and what they do, or have done, as party members. If there is any clear and present danger to education as such from the Communist Party, no investigator has made it clear that the danger is clear and present.

In saying this I do not deny that the American Communist Party would gladly seize the government if it could, but the immediate question does not concern this large issue; the immediate question is the relation of these investigations to academic freedom in the United States.

4

ACADEMIC freedom, it is agreed, is a precious possession. It is so precious a possession that the congressional committee wishes to protect it; so precious that the American Association of University Professors wishes to protect it; so precious that even presidents and boards of trustees deny they are violating it — and yet professors get fired or are suspended, even though they follow sound legal advice when they appear before the committee.

What is really alleged by administrators is not that the offending instructor is romantically a conspirator against the peace and dignity of the United States; what is usually now said is that, by virtue of being a member of the Communist Party, the offending instructor has a closed mind and is therefore no longer fit to teach.

This is very attractive doctrine. It carries considerable weight and immensely simplifies the administrative problem. It gives the administrator a great moral advantage, and takes every advantage, both moral and intellectual, away from the man who is fired. He has no possible retort. If you are classified as belonging to a category of citizens whose minds are closed, it is clear that you do not belong in the academic community, where minds are supposed to be open. But I strongly infer from my own experience and observation, after a lifetime of teaching, that the first criterion of an open mind is not to make absolute statements about men.

The one sure fact in the general uproar is that very few persons are going to admit to being Communists. What, then, is the administrator to do, if he is to avoid closed minds? There is, of course, the loyalty oath; but if anything is clear from experience with loyalty oaths, it is that they do not automatically produce loyalty. Or is the administrator to refer every teaching appointment to the FBI? I imagine the FBI would be the first to complain. Or shall he hire some private detective agency paid out of college funds donated by the alumni?

Moreover, it is not merely the known Communist (if you can discover him) who is to be denied appointment because he has a closed mind; it is the potential Communist who is not going to be hired — that is, anybody upon whom somebody else can, as we say, hang something. Even the conservative *New York Times*, in the articles on education which appear in its Sunday issues, recently noted how the intellectual life of our campuses has declined in vigor with the growth of investigations into education, government, science, and what not. Students, especially as they near the time they must go into the army or into employment, find it is a whole lot wiser not to express dangerous thoughts. Fear of being suspected of leanings towards the left has closed the mind and shut the lips of youth in our time. As a young friend of mine was told the other day by an older student: "Don't join anything — then they can't get you into trouble ten years from now."

The simple principle that you can, a priori and arbitrarily, distinguish a whole class of persons whose minds are permanently closed on all subjects, and set them apart from other persons, whose minds are not closed, seems to me so mischievous a principle, so laden with eventual disaster, that I vigorously dissent from it. Here, as in other areas, circumstances alter cases; here, as in any other crucial problem of academic life, the individual case must be studied; here, as in all matters of appointment and promotion, we must take into account the totality of components in the personal problem — professional training, teaching skill, personality, promise. It is this coming back to the individual and studying him in his professional context that has made the American college or university a great institution as compared with what it was when, for example, economic or theological orthodoxy was made the primary test for teaching in the universities.

How quickly we forget! As late as 1897 President Andrews of Brown was forced to resign because he had a closed mind on the gold standard. It is true, he was later reinstated, whereas Dr. Weinberg of the University of Minnesota, acquitted of perjury by a trial jury in March, has been informed that he will not be reinstated because he refused to coöperate with Federal authorities! What good is ac-

quittal in such cases if the academic world refuses to recognize the implication of law?

What *is* academic freedom? Whatever it is, we shall not nourish it, we shall not protect it, by laying down the rule that such and such persons are unemployable by reason of their past associations or their present interests. We shall neither nourish it nor protect it by exalting the morality of the state above the morality of the individual conscience. We shall not nourish it, we shall not protect it, by assuming that all members of a party we hate are wicked and evil persons. We shall not nourish it, we shall not protect it, by abandoning, even in this day of the cold war, the traditional wise doctrine of toleration for persons whose views we detest and whose practices are almost invariably wrong. Annoying as Communists are, baffling to the democratic process as their tactics have proved, right though it be to trace out and bring to publicity their devious ways, I for one rest defiantly upon the great paragraph of Mr. Justice Holmes in his dissenting opinion of 1918, when five Russian-born Communists were sentenced to imprisonment for distributing leaflets in New York City — leaflets which a majority of the Supreme Court found to be incentives to bring about a change of government by force and violence. Justices Brandeis and Holmes could not agree that there was any clear and present danger in this act, and Mr. Justice Holmes wrote these memorable words: —

"When men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas — that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. . . . I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country."

I am not persuaded by anything I have read or know that the presence of a few Communists among the teaching profession in this country constitutes an emergency; I cannot agree that the refusal to incriminate one's self before an investigating committee is *per se* proper ground for wrecking the professional life of a teacher, however foolish I may think he is; and I only regret that I cannot put my faith into more impressive words. Unless some unforeseen turn of events should alter the present posture of affairs, I believe that long-run wisdom in the United States is to leave reason free to combat error.



The letter which follows was addressed to a member of the Harvard Corporation, one of the six Fellows who with the President form the highest policy-making body of the University. It was written by JOSEPH ALSOP, the political columnist, news commentator, and author, who graduated magna cum laude in 1932 and who is today a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University.

WHAT IS ACADEMIC FREEDOM?

A Letter from an Alumnus

DEAR X: With your permission, I should like to give you my thoughts about the investigation of Communism in the universities that is currently being conducted by the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. I do so because I have watched these committees in action for a long time, and because I believe this investigation is in a sense a test case of whether Harvard is still Harvard.

Let me begin by saying that I have been profoundly and actively anti-Communist all my life. Those of us who have always understood the Communist Party and its purposes perhaps do not feel called upon to protest our hatred quite so hysterically as those on whom the truth has dawned more recently. But the feeling is as strong just the same. Nor do I stop at being anti-Communist. I have known only three or four men and women who have emerged from the experience of party membership as *well* people. With these rare exceptions ex-Communists seem to me suspect and repellent, whether they are professionally and loudly repentant or merely mumbling and regretful. I am sure that all the other members of the Harvard governing bodies feel just as I do.

Unfortunately, however, the question that confronts us is not how we feel about Communists and ex-Communists. The question is, rather, how we feel about the three great principles which have run, like threads of gold, through the long, proud Harvard story. These are the necessary rules of association, as it were, of every free intellectual community — of every university that still fulfills the university's function of extending the frontiers of human thought and human knowledge.

These rules are needful for a simple, practical reason. The frontiers of thought and knowledge are rarely pushed outwards without giving acute pain to those who are used to the frontiers where they are. People will always acquire a vested interest in the old boundaries. They will always feel, about any great extension, as our New England Federal-

ists felt about the westward course of American empire. Hence a university cannot do its vital job if what is novel and original and unconventional may be punished as being immoral or pernicious or wickedly unorthodox. From Roger Bacon to Darwin, from Cimabue to Picasso, the grand originators have always been attacked as sinister subverters of the established order. The fear of such attack is a dead hand. And any academic community will degenerate into a mere finishing school for mediocrities unless the members of that community feel free to think new thoughts and say new things.

Among the three principles of academic freedom, the first, then, is simply the freedom to make the personal choices, within the limits of the law.

Harvard's governing bodies may, of course, refuse to appoint a man because they do not like the tendency of his politics or even the cut of his coat. But if he is once appointed, and if he duly fulfills his academic contract, a member of our faculty is not to be penalized for any legal choice he may make, however eccentric or controversial. He may become a nudist or a Zoroastrian, imitate Origen or adopt the Pythagorean rules of diet. If called before a Congressional investigating committee, he may seek the protection of the Fifth Amendment, and refuse to testify on grounds of possible self-incrimination. However much we disapprove, we may not interfere.

I am aware that many people nowadays hold that any man who shelters behind the Fifth Amendment must by inference be criminally guilty. I myself believe that witnesses called before the Congressional investigating committees choose better when they testify fully and frankly, letting the chips fall where they may. But I am also quite certain that seeking the Fifth Amendment's protection is a permissible choice, within the limits of the principle I have laid down above.

In the first place, the procedures of these Congressional investigating committees are an outrage against the spirit of the Constitution, whether or no they remain within the letter of the Congressional

power, which I doubt. One of them — that headed by Senator McCarthy — is in effect engaged in the national dissemination of poison pen letters. Another — that headed by Senator Jenner — long cherished and flattered as its chief witness a man I myself have publicly accused as a probable perjurer, whose sworn testimony in the important case of John Carter Vincent has just been scornfully rejected by the present Secretary of State. Still another — that headed by Representative Velde — until lately employed in a key position on its staff a proven forger of evidence, who was only dismissed when caught, *in flagrante delicto*, in a second shameless fabrication.

Before these committees, a man may be charged with “pro-Communism” because he has irritated a neurotic subordinate by editing out a foolish repetition of the phrase “anti-Communist” in a single paragraph of a broadcast. If he seeks to answer the charge, the committee staff blackmails him with threats of rough treatment on the stand. If he still persists, he is barely allowed to make his halting explanation before he is overwhelmed with menacing irrelevancies — “Come now, was it five minutes before or five minutes after? — You’re under oath; was it Friday or Saturday? — Won’t you admit that this word ‘democratic,’ which you say you used, is a prime favorite of the Communists?” And in the end the damning charge of pro-Communism remains on his record, grossly false yet inexpugnable, to return to haunt him whenever he seeks a new job, or moves to a new neighborhood, or makes a new friend.

The foregoing actual case, which I can vouch for in detail, points all too clearly to the central fact. Both in procedure and in aim these committees differ altogether from the old House Un-American Activities Committee when Vice-President Richard Nixon was taking a leading part in its work. The real aim of these committees is not to bring persons guilty of crime before courts of law. It is to make political capital by incriminating their victims before the court of public opinion — to use the headlines to damage reputations beyond subsequent repair. Quite often, what is incriminating before these committees to the extent of ruining men’s lives would be rejected with indignation by any court in the country. The process is antilegal in its essence, and even doubtfully constitutional in its outward forms. In considering this process, it is ridiculously unrealistic to be guided by pure legal theory, in the manner of Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., and Professor Arthur Sutherland.

For these reasons, then, a Harvard faculty member called before these committees must be permitted to choose not to testify, either as protest against the prevailing procedures, or because he fears his simplest word will be ruthlessly twisted against him, or because he does not wish to play the part of an informer.

This last motive is an especially strong one. In the American academic community, there must be hundreds of unimpeachably loyal Americans who briefly wandered into the Communist Party during the united front nonsense of the thirties or the period of wartime silliness. In all too many of our universities nowadays, the mere revelation of these people’s former folly will cost them their posts. As I have said already, I think that in general the better course is full disclosure and let the chips fall where they may. But may not a man balk at ruining the lives of friends now loyal, who shared his own past error?

The witness who gives up the Fifth Amendment’s protection, tells his own story fully, yet refuses to inform on his friends, will certainly be cited for contempt of Congress. A jail term is the price of this seemingly more honorable course. Names and more names are what these committees want at this stage, and they will stop at nothing to get them. This is an essential part of their program for terrorizing the academic community.

I am fully conscious that a man who pleads possible self-incrimination in order to avoid playing informer without going to jail, is in fact taking advantage of a legal technicality. But even otherworldly legal theorists like Professors Sutherland and Chafee must admit that taking advantage of legal technicalities is common practice among respectable citizens. It is common practice, moreover, in the courts of law, where an accused man still enjoys his constitutional privilege of being assumed innocent until proven guilty. Think it over. I put it to you, whatever we may think ourselves, Harvard cannot say to members of the Harvard faculty, “Either you turn informer or you go to jail.”

As to the second principle of academic freedom, it is unrestricted freedom of thought.

Freedom of thought perforce includes the freedom to hold unpopular or pernicious political views, and even to belong to plainly pernicious political parties, so long as these parties are legal, as the Communist Party still is. I would not knowingly give a Communist a Harvard appointment, and I would be very suspicious of ex-Communists. But whether we like it or not, we cannot start disciplining a man for his political ideas after we have appointed him. The rule was well laid down by Senator Taft, who said he would not dismiss a professor just because he was a Communist, although he would do so if the man had broken his academic contract by teaching Communism on university time.

If I may, I shall illustrate the wisdom of this rule from my own experience. Immediately after the war, the American Communist Party was a serious threat. Infiltration had gone so far in the labor movement, for instance, that the Wisconsin CIO was actually Communist-controlled. The Wisconsin Communists were even able to swing the labor vote from Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., to Senator

Joseph R. McCarthy, thus giving Senator McCarthy his majority in the 1946 Republican primary. Senator McCarthy was then complacent, defending his tainted victory with the remark, "Well, Communists vote, don't they?" But at that time, as my writing will show, I was not complacent about the Communist threat, doing all in my power to expose and warn against this infiltration that Senator McCarthy benefited from.

Nowadays, while the menace of the Soviet Union has grown very greatly, the American Communist Party is an impotent wreck. But we are now faced with a new internal threat, from Senator McCarthy and his friends and followers of the neo-Fascist right. In my opinion, these people are also subversives in the literal sense, for they are seeking to subvert our most honored American institutions under the cloak of anti-Communism. If Communists are to be dismissed from Harvard, then it will also be my duty as an overseer to demand the rooting out of all McCarthyites and McCarthy fellow travelers.

It is precisely because any kind of purge opens the gate to all kinds of purge, that freedom of thought necessarily means the freedom to think bad thoughts as well as good.

It is Harvard's glory — it always has been Harvard's glory — to stand for unrestricted free trade in ideas. I am not impressed by the argument that Harvard should change her ancient ways, in order to give a safe answer to those who ask, "But are you going to let a Communist teach our boys?" Parents may choose from the wide variety of finishing schools for mediocrities if they think their boys are so soft-headed as to be led into Communism by an astronomer or theoretical physicist mournfully parroting the dreary intellectual stereotypes of the extreme left. Harvard is not for the softheads, but for those capable of education. And to cut off that free trade in ideas which is a vital element in the highest education is no safeguard of those who come to Harvard to be educated. It is a sin against them.

But, you may ask, what if one of these men called by the Congressional inquisitors has been or is criminally guilty? What if we are not dealing with a mere party front-man, useful as window dressing,

but with a conscious member of the Communist conspiracy? I am not such an innocent as to deny there may be such cases. Yet the third great principle of academic freedom is to leave such determinations to the due process of the law, of whose protection no American may be rightfully deprived.

There is no Harvard precedent for any other course. Dr. Webster (as I remember very well, for he was a relative of mine) murdered Professor Parkman and incinerated the body in the Harvard Physics Laboratory furnace. The Harvard President of those days testified as a character witness at Dr. Webster's trial; and the hangman, not the governing bodies, terminated Dr. Webster's appointment. I may be old-fashioned, but I still think homicide is as reprehensible as Communism; and I am contented to leave the discovery of conspirators to the police and the courts.

Nor can I forget, in this connection, the distinguished example set by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in the grave case of Alger Hiss. I need hardly remind you that when Hiss was charged with perjury, and by implication with treason, Secretary Dulles and his colleagues on the Carnegie Institution Board refused to dismiss Hiss from his high post until the wrongdoer had been fairly tried. I honor them for their courage and right thinking. It would be inexpressibly shocking if the governing bodies of Harvard, which in the past have been courageous, right-thinking, and worthy of honor, should now forget their traditions in favor of a cheap and self-defeating expediency.

Let me repeat, in these cases the individuals are nothing and the principles are everything. I dislike the individuals, I deplore their views, and I wish they held no Harvard appointments. But this is irrelevant to the central issue. That issue is simple. Harvard has been asked to be the judas goat, leading the whole American academic community to the slaughterhouse. Harvard cannot be untrue to her past, cast shame upon her present, and jeopardize her future, by accepting this plausible but sinister invitation.

I am, most sincerely yours,

JOSEPH ALSOP





The responsibilities of University presidents and faculties were freshly defined this spring by a committee of five, headed by Whitney Griswold, president of Yale University. Other members were Arthur H. Compton, chancellor of Washington University; Franklin D. Murphy, chancellor of the University of Kansas; John E. W. Sterling, president of Stanford University, and Henry W. Wriston, president of Brown. Their report was unanimously approved by the thirty-seven college heads who comprise the Association of American Universities.

THE PRESENT DANGER

A Report from the University Presidents

1

A UNIVERSITY is the institutional embodiment of an urge for knowledge that is basic in human nature and as old as the human race. It is inherent in every individual. The search that it inspires is an individual affair. Men vary in the intensity of their passion for the search for knowledge as well as in their competence to pursue it. History therefore presents us with a series of scholarly pioneers who advanced our knowledge from age to age and increased our ability to discover new knowledge. Great scholars and teachers drew students to them, and in the Middle Ages a few such groups organized themselves into the first universities.

Like its medieval prototype, the modern American university is an association of individual scholars. Their effectiveness, both as scholars and as teachers, requires the capitalizing of their individual passion for knowledge and their individual competence to pursue it and communicate it to others. They are united in loyalty to the ideal of learning, to the moral code, to the country, and to its form of government. They represent diversified fields of knowledge, they express many points of view. Even within the same department of instruction there are not only specialists in various phases of the subject, but men with widely differing interests and outlook.

Free enterprise is as essential to intellectual as to economic progress. A university must therefore be hospitable to an infinite variety of skills and viewpoints, relying upon open competition among them as the surest safeguard of truth. Its whole spirit requires investigation, criticism, and presentation of ideas in an atmosphere of freedom and mutual confidence. This is the real meaning of "academic" freedom. It is essential to the achievement of its ends that the faculty of a university be guaranteed this freedom by its governing board, and that the reasons for the guarantee be understood by the

public. To enjoin uniformity of outlook upon a university faculty would put a stop to learning at the source. To censor individual faculty members would put a stop to learning at its outlet.

For these reasons a university does not take an official position of its own either on disputed questions of scholarship or on political questions or on matters of public policy. It refrains from so doing not only in its own but in the public interest, to capitalize the search for knowledge for the benefit of society, to give the individuals pursuing that search the freest possible scope and the greatest possible encouragement in their efforts to preserve the learning of the past and advance learning in the present. The scholar who pursues the search on these terms does so at maximum advantage to society. So does the student. To the scholar lie open new discoveries in the whole field of knowledge, to the student the opportunity of sharing in those discoveries and at the same time developing his powers of rational thought, intelligent judgment, and an understanding use of acquired knowledge. Thus essential qualities of learning are combined with essential qualities of citizenship in a free society.

To fulfill their function the members of university faculties must continue to analyze, test, criticize, and reassess existing institutions and beliefs, approving when the evidence supports them and disapproving when the weight of evidence is on the other side. Such investigations cannot be confined to the physical world. The acknowledged fact that moral, social, and political progress have not kept pace with mastery of the physical world shows the need for more intensified research, fresh insights, vigorous criticism, and inventiveness. The scholar's mission requires the study and examination of unpopular ideas, of ideas considered abhorrent and even dangerous. For, just as in the case of deadly

disease or the military potential of an enemy, it is only by intense study and research that the nature and extent of the danger can be understood and defenses against it perfected.

Timidity must not lead the scholar to stand silent when he ought to speak, particularly in the field of his competence. In matters of conscience and when he has truth to proclaim, the scholar has no obligation to be silent in the face of popular disapproval. Some of the great passages in the history of truth have involved the open challenge of popular prejudice in times of tension such as those in which we live.

What applies to research applies equally to teaching. So long as an instructor's observations are scholarly and germane to his subject, his freedom of expression in his classroom should not be curbed. The university student should be exposed to competing opinions and beliefs in every field, so that he may learn to weigh them and gain maturity of judgment. Honest and skillful exposition of such opinions and beliefs is the duty of every instructor; and it is equally his privilege to express his own critical opinion and the reasons for holding it. In teaching, as in research, he is limited by the requirements of citizenship, of professional competence and good taste. Having met those standards, he is entitled to all the protection the full resources of the university can provide.

Whatever criticism is occasioned by these practices, the universities are committed to them by their very nature. To curb them, in the hope of avoiding criticism, would mean distorting the true process of learning and depriving society of its benefits. It would invite the fate of the German and Italian universities under Fascism and the Russian universities under Communism. It would deny our society one of its most fruitful sources of strength and welfare and represent a sinister change in our ideal of government.

2

WE MUST recognize the fact that honest men hold differing opinions. This fundamental truth underlies the assertion and definition of individual rights and freedom in our Bill of Rights. How does it apply to universities? In the eyes of the law, the university scholar has no more and no less freedom than his fellow citizens outside a university. Nonetheless, because of the vital importance of the university to civilization, membership in its society of scholars enhances the prestige of persons admitted to its fellowship after probation and upon the basis of achievement in research and teaching. The university supplies a distinctive forum and, in so doing, strengthens the scholar's voice. When his opinions challenge existing orthodox points of view, his freedom may be more in need of defense than that of men in other professions. The guar-

antee of tenure to professors of mature and proven scholarship is one such defense. As in the case of judges, tenure protects the scholar against undue economic or political pressures and ensures the continuity of the scholarly process.

There is a line at which "freedom" or "privilege" begins to be qualified by legal "duty" and "obligation." The determination of the line is the function of the legislature and the courts. The ultimate interpretation and application of the First and Fourteenth Amendments are the function of the United States Supreme Court; but every public official is bound by his oath of office to respect and preserve the liberties guaranteed therein. These are not to be determined arbitrarily or by public outcry. The line thus drawn can be changed by legislative and judicial action; it has varied in the past because of prevailing anxieties as well as by reason of "clear and present" danger. Its location is subject to, and should receive, criticism both popular and judicial. However much the location of the line may be criticized, it cannot be disregarded with impunity. Any member of a university who crosses the duly established line is not excused by the fact that he believes the line ill-drawn. When the speech, writing, or other actions of a member of a faculty exceed lawful limits, he is subject to the same penalties as other persons. In addition, he may lose his university status.

Historically the word "university" is a guarantee of standards. It implies endorsement not of its members' views but of their capability and integrity. Every scholar has an obligation to maintain this reputation. By ill-advised, though not illegal, public acts or utterances he may do serious harm to his profession, his university, to education, and to the general welfare. He bears a heavy responsibility to weigh the soundness of his opinions and the manner in which they are expressed. His effectiveness, both as scholar and teacher, is not reduced but enhanced if he has the humility and the wisdom to recognize the fallibility of his own judgment. He should remember that he is as much a layman as anyone else in all fields except those in which he has special competence. Others, both within and without the university, are as free to criticize his opinions as he is free to express them; "academic freedom" does not include freedom from criticism.

As in all acts of association, the professor accepts conventions which become morally binding. Above all, he owes his colleagues in the university complete candor and perfect integrity, precluding any kind of clandestine or conspiratorial activities. He owes equal candor to the public. If he is called upon to answer for his convictions it is his duty as a citizen to speak out. It is even more definitely his duty as a professor. Refusal to do so, on whatever legal grounds, cannot fail to reflect upon a profession that claims for itself the fullest freedom to speak

and the maximum protection of that freedom available in our society. In this respect, invocation of the Fifth Amendment places upon a professor a heavy burden of proof of his fitness to hold a teaching position and lays upon his university an obligation to re-examine his qualifications for membership in its society.

In all universities faculties exercise wide authority in internal affairs. The greater their autonomy, the greater their share of responsibility to the public. They must maintain the highest standards and exercise the utmost wisdom in appointments and promotions. They must accept their share of responsibility for the discipline of those who fall short in the discharge of their academic trust.

The universities owe their existence to legislative acts and public charters. A state university exists by constitutional and legislative acts, an endowed university enjoys its independence by franchise from the state and by custom. The state university is supported by public funds. The endowed university is benefited by tax exemptions. Such benefits are conferred upon the universities not as favors but in furtherance of the public interest. They carry with them public obligation of direct concern to the faculties of the universities as well as to the governing boards.

Legislative bodies from time to time may scrutinize these benefits and privileges. It is clearly the duty of universities and their members to cooperate in official inquiries directed to those ends. When the powers of legislative inquiry are abused, the remedy does not lie in noncooperation or defiance; it is to be sought through the normal channels of informed public opinion.

We have set forth the nature and function of the university. We have outlined its rights and responsibilities and those of its faculties. What are the implications for current anxiety over Russian Communism and the subversive activities connected with it?

We condemn Russian Communism as we condemn every form of totalitarianism. We share the profound concern of the American people at the existence of an international conspiracy whose goal is the destruction of our cherished institutions. The police state would be the death of our universities, as of our government. Three of its principles in particular are abhorrent to us: the fomenting of world-wide revolution as a step to seizing power; the use of falsehood and deceit as normal means of persuasion; thought control — the dictation of doctrines which must be accepted and taught by all party members. Under these principles, no scholar could adequately disseminate knowledge or pursue investigations in the effort to make further progress toward truth.

Appointment to a university position and retention after appointment require not only professional

competence but involve the affirmative obligation of being diligent and loyal in citizenship. Above all, a scholar must have integrity and independence. This renders impossible adherence to such a regime as that of Russia and its satellites. No person who accepts or advocates such principles and methods has any place in a university. Since present membership in the Communist Party requires the acceptance of these principles and methods, such membership extinguishes the right to a university position. Moreover, if an instructor follows communistic practice by becoming a propagandist for one opinion, adopting a "party line," silencing criticism or impairing freedom of thought and expression in his classroom, he forfeits not only all university support but his right to membership in the university.

"Academic freedom" is not a shield for those who break the law. Universities must cooperate fully with law-enforcement officers whose duty requires them to prosecute those charged with offenses. Under a well-established American principle their innocence is to be assumed until they have been convicted, under due process, in a court of proper jurisdiction.

Unless a faculty member violates a law, however, his discipline or discharge is a university responsibility and should not be assumed by political authority. Discipline on the basis of irresponsible accusations or suspicion can never be condoned. It is as damaging to the public welfare as it is to academic integrity. The university is competent to establish a tribunal to determine the facts and fairly judge the nature and degree of any trespass upon academic integrity, as well as to determine the penalty such trespass merits.

As the professor is entitled to no special privileges in law, so also he should be subject to no special discrimination. Universities are bound to deprecate special loyalty tests which are applied to their faculties but to which others are not subjected. Such discrimination does harm to the individual and even greater harm to his university and the whole cause of education by destroying faith in the ideals of university scholarship.

Finally, we assert that freedom of thought and speech is vital to the maintenance of the American system and is essential to the general welfare. Condemnation of Communism and its protagonists is not to be interpreted as readiness to curb social, political, or economic investigation and research. To insist upon complete conformity to current beliefs and practices would do infinite harm to the principle of freedom, which is the greatest, the central, American doctrine. Fidelity to that principle has made it possible for the universities of America to confer great benefits upon our society and our country. Adherence to that principle is the only guarantee that the nation may continue to enjoy those benefits.



An Atlantic Story



WARD DORRANCE, a Missourian by birth and a Southerner by heritage and sympathy, is now living in England. Before the war, he had four books published, one of which was written on a Guggenheim Fellowship. During the war he served in the Arctic as aide to Rear-Admiral E. G. Rose, USCG, and since then he has devoted himself exclusively to writing short stories. His work has appeared in both the O. Henry and Foley story collections.

A STOP ON THE WAY TO TEXAS

by WARD DORRANCE

THE white mares pulled the van into High Street and whinnied and shook their bells. Their driver sat up straight, and his gray eyes narrowed.

The ruts of High Street lay ahead of him in the melting snow. Women in poke bonnets and men in top hats were milling about among the farmers. All afternoon he had watched them stroll along the plank walks, nodding and smiling in the air's beady thaw. Now, just as the lamps were beginning to come on in the stores, and the people were about to return to their musty rooms, their eyes lit up to see the white team and the red wagon.

The driver reined the mares in until they pressed their chins to their breastbands. "Make it pretty!" he called to them, and when two lines of oval faces had gathered at the hitching rails, he laughed and gave the mares their heads.

They sprang forward in a trot. For all their grooved backs and big feet, they seemed to hang in the air an instant before they lit, sprinkling notes from the sleigh bells, and the stars on their blinkers and the knobs of their hames twinkled. The crowd laughed and yelled and tossed up hats, while the driver, pretending to dodge the children's snowballs, shook his whip. At the corner where the mares turned into a side street, he doffed his cap and showed his teeth in his dark beard.

"That was worth a dog fight," he said. He sat back on the box with a smile and let the team jog on through the empty street. At the end of it, where the road entered a cleft in the bluff and fell steeply to the river, he stopped and stood up on a hub. His eyes, which were as deep-set as a monkey's, darted into the drop below.

Three crows were flying between him and the depot and freight house, which lay down by the tracks along the river. One bird held itself apart, above the two beneath it, and their slow coasting flight made his knees tremble, as if, van and all, he were plunging into space. He ran his hand across his eyes and squinted downward, through his fingers. The frozen river looked narrow between its fringes of naked trees; and beyond it, the three miles of flat snow over to the bluffs on the other side seemed like a single field.

All day the whole town and the bluffs and the river had lain under clouds, and although the men back in High Street had said that it meant more snow, he noted that none had fallen. Instead, the air had mellowed, and dripping icicles had made holes in the drifts below the eaves. He looked back uncertainly into the cedars that grew on a ledge beside him, and grinned and felt of the air with his fingers.

At home the young leaves would be casting a shade. Frogs would be singing in the ditch water. But here, in this country, people ran out without their coats, looking up and wondering and chattering to one another at a little check in the cold. He bent down to get under the hood of the van, but halted halfway to glance back into the valley.

From both banks, a line of shallow fog was beginning to roll out on the ice. It twined within itself, idling, swelling out like pipe smoke, he thought, when a man takes a draw on the stem and leaves his mouth open. The crows wheeled over it, cawing.

He watched them until a cluster of lights came on, one by one, in a settlement across the river; then he nodded and picked up his reins.

The mares took the grade slowly. Limping, and halting while the single-trees pushed against their hocks, they made their way down through the wet brush that crowded into the trail. At the bottom, they turned left and trotted past a hut that sat against the base of the bluff.

The hut was small and its logs had settled. The door and the one window were squeezed out of shape, but the words, *Depot Saloon*, appeared in white on the stone above the roof. At the window, in a spot that had been rubbed in the steam on the pane, a hand was waving.

The driver touched his hat, but glanced away and shut one eye and scanned the river. Here by the tracks it looked its mile across. The band of clear ice between the rolls of fog had shrunk. If the two rolls met before he returned from taking the freight across to the settlement, it would be up to the mares. He would have to sit, poised to jump, while they remembered the snags and the air pockets. "That," he thought, "will be worth a dog fight, too." His eyes lit up; then he suddenly recalled the girl who had waved to him, and he moved to the side of the box and looked back.

She had come out of the saloon to watch him by. Dimly lit by a beam from the open door, she stood with her feet in the swirling ground fog, as if she were walking on water. He was not sure that she made him out, and he cracked his whip and would have called back something jolly, but the mares were already jolting the van across a spur of track into the freight yard.

They swept into a curve and stopped where he could back to the platform, and he hopped out and sat down on the splintered boards, with his shoulders to the freight house wall. A line of hogsheads, capped with sooty snow, stood along the fence rails. The fence stretched back to the bluff, and there the rock rose, black and dripping, like a prison wall. "It may be a thaw," he said, "but it's not much to look at."

At the sound of voices inside, he turned toward the lamp-lit window. "Two for town," a man was saying, "and one for over the river." A weight shook the floor and a second man repeated, "One for over the river." After a while he added, "Where is Johnnie Reb?"

The driver smiled, but he sat still and let them have their joke. The men were German, and in their accent they made of his name, John Webb, something that sounded like John Reb. It made them laugh. The civilian buttons on his butternut jacket were still new.

He watched the men through the dirty pane — Kurt with his pale blue eyes and his nose that had no bridge; Helmut, with his hair sticking out like straw from his leather cap. They were stooping and rising and squinting at labels, as grave as two old women cleaning a room. He yawned and looked back at the team.

The near mare was sniffing at the mist which crawled along the ground around her feet. She craned her head about when he whistled and, in the lamp light that fell from the window, walled her eyes at him, he thought, as she had done on the night he had met her.

Kurt and Helmut that night, leading the way to the stable with a lantern, had brought him past the van. It was long and bowed in the middle, and the canvas hood gleamed white. The polished bed — how well the civilians did themselves! — reflected their faces. He had supposed that a team which was fit to draw this must be stallions, but Kurt and Helmut, ahead of him, were talking about "them girls." "Tame as pigeons," Helmut said. "Them mares, they wouldn't hurt a baby."

At the box stall, John had stopped and let out a low whistle. "Where did you Yanks steal *them*?" he had asked. There the mares had stood; fat and white and matched, and as soft as glove leather; steaming, in the warm light, as if they had just broken out of the mold that had formed them. Each had looked around with hay between her lips and stared and, seeing the stranger, lowered her black lashes. They looked like very fat women, whose faces happened to be pretty, and he had thrown back his head and laughed to hear that their names were Violet and Maud.

"So now you take the job?" Kurt had asked. He had stood, rubbing his hands together, until John wiped his eyes and said, "Sure. You fellows've sold me a ticket."

Now, while Violet looked back, and pensively studied him where he sat on the platform, Kurt spoke up inside the freight house.

"I didn't hear Johnnie come up yet," he said.

"He's maybe hanging around Elsa at the saloon," Helmut suggested. He added something in German, and they both laughed. "But Elsa is a good girl, and smart," Kurt said sternly. "Wait and see what happens to her Pa's trade when she finds her man."

"Anyway," Helmut said, after a silence, "if that *dumkopf* goes over the ice this evening, a shot of whiskey won't do him no harm."

John looked at the mare. "Do you hear that, Vi?" he asked. "It's not a bad idea, is it?"

He jumped down from the platform and stopped beside her, and kneaded her plump, divided chest with his fingers. She swelled her nostrils and tried to lay her head across his shoulder, but he pushed her away and made off through the fog toward the lighted window of the saloon.

2

A ROUND-BELLIED stove stood glowing on the sanded floor, inside. An old man with no teeth and a young one, in a fur cap with ear flaps, looked up from their drinks at a table in the center of the room. Behind the bar, a young woman wearing a

black dress glanced back as she reached up to place a bottle on a shelf. "I thought you'd forgotten me," she said.

Her hair was cut into bangs above her startled blue eyes and drawn into a yellow knot at the back of her head. She turned around to face him, between the two lamps that shone to either side of the bar, and held out her hands. "Now what can I give you, Johnnie?" she asked.

He looked at her, pursing his lips, until she laughed. "I know," she said, and she whispered as she filled a shot glass, "Tell Mama hello."

He waved to a gray-haired woman who sat upright in a hard chair behind the bar. "Good evening, Mrs. Sensentaffer!" he called out, and she looked up from a piece of fancy work and nodded.

The girl was leaning on her elbows across from him, watching him drink. "You're not going out tonight," she said. "Kurt and Helmut say you shouldn't."

"Forget that," he told her. "Stand up and let me look at you."

She straightened up and threw her big shoulders back playfully. The blue stones in her earrings glittered. A gold crucifix, lying where her breasts came into a line above the yoke of her dress, lifted with her breath and caught the lamp light.

"You know what, Elsa," he said. "You're prettier than Vi."

They laughed, but they both jumped when the old woman spoke. She dropped her crocheting in her lap and wagged the square comb that stood high in her hair, and began a speech in German.

John stared at Elsa until she blushed. "I thought you told me she was hard of hearing," he said.

"A deaf woman can hear some things," Elsa protested. "She says a nice boy shouldn't talk like that. You shouldn't call me a horse; you should look at the bedspread she's making. A nice boy would like that."

The old woman watched him as Elsa spoke, and snatched up her work as if she were angry with it when he shook his head.

"They're all alike," he said softly. He held his glass up to the light and added, "Now, take my Ma . . ."

Elsa picked up a cloth and rubbed at the bar top. "You've got a mother, then," she asked.

"And a father," he said. "What did you think? They got me back out of the army, and right away they wanted to get me out to the field — and marry me off to the girl on the next place."

"I expect she was pretty," Elsa said.

"About like you. Yellow hair, but her eyes were brown. It wasn't her so much; it was my folks. They're all church and farm work." Elsa put her head to one side and watched him as he went on, "They had better luck with the older boys. The older boys were broke in before the War."

"Nice steady men," the old woman said in clear

English. She lifted her needles to the light and examined her stitches. "My Elsa will get a section," she added. "Every acre of it cleared."

Elsa looked away. "Mama knows a little bit of English," she said. Her lips trembled and her lashes blinked, as if she were going to weep; then suddenly jolly, she thrust her plump hands toward him and called out, "Toss!"

She caught his glass and returned it, full. "Is it true, like Kurt says," she asked, tracing a figure with her thumb on the bar, "that you rode around the Union lines one night?"

"With Stuart, sure!" His loud voice startled him, and he added meekly, "It was just a bunch of us boys out burning some hay ricks."

He bolted the whiskey and held the glass out again, but she did not take it. "Not if you're going across tonight," she said. "You've had enough."

Seeing tears in her eyes, he glanced at the old woman and whispered, "We caught the Feds with their pants down."

Elsa did not smile. "I know why you have the job you've got," she said, and her voice grew tense. "Oh, I know why!"

"So do I," Mrs. Sensentaffer said. "He likes the red wagon." She tilted her head back and gave him a good look at her square cheek bones and her pale gray eyes. "With little boys it should always be the Fourth of July. He would like fire crackers, too."

Elsa was slowly shaking her head at him. "Not fire crackers," she said. "Guns is what you want. You wish you were back with those Rebels."

He met her gaze soberly. "Listen, Elsa," he said, and he moved his hand up and down before him. "I've told you before; now I'll tell you again. I left home to get out to Texas."

"Texas," the old woman cried. "That's big enough to hide in."

"You're right!" He grinned at her and looked back at Elsa. "At Natchez, I had to get a job on a boat. At Saint Louis, I heard about this work up here in the State capital. This job" — he raised his voice and pounded on the bar — "is just a little something to keep a man alive till spring."

"That's not true," she said simply. She hid her face in her apron a moment, then dropped the apron. "You wanted that job," she spat out, "because you may break your neck at it!"

He laughed and put up an elbow before his face. "Hey, wait," he said. "You act like I was a drunk. Or took dope, maybe."

She backed away from the bar and looked at him, wide-eyed. "In a way you do," she said.

"All right then," he said, and he stood up to go. "You know how those boys act."

"I do," Mrs. Sensentaffer broke in. "They double the dose," and Elsa said, "Mama's right. Just look behind you."

The young man with the ear flaps on his cap had

gone. His old companion lay asleep, resting his head on the table. One of his eyes was partly open. His tongue protruded from his lips.

John turned away from the bar and strode past him to the door. "Much good may it do you," Mrs. Sensentaffer called, over Elsa's goodby. He did not answer them, but looked back with a smile at the threshold. Nobody saw him. The old mother had risen from her chair. The two women were walking past one another with their arms up-lifted, shrilly disputing, between the lamps. He grinned and shrugged his shoulders and stepped out into the dusk to face the river.

3

ALONG the bank, the fog lay level at the height of his knees. Seeing that it hid his trail across the ice, he put his elbows to his sides and jogged back, at a dogtrot, past the van and up the steps and into the room where the men were still sorting parcels.

Helmut looked at him silently. Kurt, who was tacking on a label, put his hammer down. "It's warm outside, Johnnie," he said. "The ice is maybe soft?"

"Why talk to *him*?" Helmut asked when John did not speak. "If you're so afraid for him, you should see the agent, Kurt."

"I did it already," Kurt said. "The agent does like this." Kurt held his shoulders up to his earlobes. "He says, 'When the ferry don't run, I hire a man to cross the ice.'"

John stood with his feet wide apart, frowning at them. "You boys scared of something?" he asked. They looked at him and at one another, and dropped their hands to their sides. "If that's the way you feel about it," Kurt said, "come help us load up, then. This load ain't feathers."

When the last crate was roped down in the van, the men walked with John to the left front wheel. They went silently, in step, and crowded so close to him that he stopped and laughed at them. "You fellows deputies?" he asked. "Are you taking me in?" He shook off the hand which Kurt laid on his arm and leapt up to the box. Leaning over, so that they would see his smile, he said, "You granies get back to your stove." He reached for the whip, and as the van lumbered over the rails toward the river, he yelled back, "Go knit me a bedspread!"

Then he slipped to the far side of the box, to be ready with a goodnight for Elsa; but when the van drew abreast of the hut, the place was dark. The lamps on the bar had been put out.

The mares slid down the muddy bank and halted on the ice. He shook the reins, and at his cluck they trotted on, holding their noses above the fog as if they had been swimming. He gave them their heads for a few hundred yards, then stopped them, and looked back to see the town.

Upstream, high on the bluff, he found the State capitol building by its little galaxy of lights. Downstream, tiny tier on tier of lights pricked out the cell blocks in the penitentiary, and between the two big buildings a lamp here and a lantern there, some of them moving, flickered in the woods that hid the streets. The combined glow lit up the clouds, and as the clouds parted, showing the white dome of the State House, the town appeared to be burning.

Involuntarily, he looked back to the spot where he knew the landing was, behind the fog. It was quiet. No band of horsemen was out to take him, but his heart was pounding. He put both hands to his chest, and when the clouds roiled up about the dome again and hid it, he bore down in his boots as if they had been stirrups. "Get the son of a bitch!" he yelled. "Get the raider!"

"Raider!" the stone of the bluff repeated, and the mares, as if they had been spoken to, moved on. He sat down, breathing through his mouth, and stared at their weaving heads.

A short way before them the rolls of fog, which had been moving out from either bank, now met. They mingled, and rose into a bluff much higher than the one he had left, but at the top a narrow slit through the mist and clouds revealed a bit of the outer sky. He lifted his face to its clear, sunset pink — wondering at it, as if it were a thing he had once known and now, in a rush, recalled — and let the mares walk on.

They entered the high fog and drew the van into it after them. Their heads rocked from side to side as they plodded forward, and their ears, he thought, seemed oddly far from the buckboard. Once when a wheel scraped the side of the wagon, he realized that they were making an unfamiliar turn, but he sat back in the half dark, listening to their bells, and allowed them to choose the way.

When they pulled up short and stopped, he sat up alert. And when they would not start again, he leaned out and tried to see the ice beneath the wheels. Was the van resting in its old ruts, he wondered, and did horse sense tell the mares that the ice in the ruts would have melted first? He spoke to them, but they stood fast, and by the rattle of the bells he knew they were trembling. He reached for the whip, but they backed delicately into the traces.

"Well," he said, "we'll soon fix that." He jumped down to the ice and scuffed about it with his boot. He could not find the trail, even though he dropped to his hands and knees, but he saw that Maud had got a leg out of her chains. She shuddered when he struck her, and made him lift her foot. Vi too, he saw, was shaking.

He walked around to her and pulled her head down by one ear, and kissed her warm skull. "What's the matter, girl?" he asked. "Did you lose the road?" He waited, but she kept her nose pointed tensely ahead. "I'll get you back on the

trail," he said. "You watch," and he set off alone in the fog.

After a dozen steps he lost the team, but he stumbled on with his arms out before him. A sludge covered the ice, and here and there the water lay in pools. He could not see. He stopped, and stood still until he felt his socks grow wet. "Hell," he said. "We'll have to give it up."

He made a complete turn and walked back, but the spot where the team should have been was vacant. They made no answer when he called. He thrust out his left hand and shuffled after it until a slight tinkle of bells drew him over to the right. Presently his fingers touched the end-gate and he felt his way along the van. At the front wheel, he forced himself to crawl up slowly. "Don't *you* get scared," he told himself. "They'll smell it on you."

He sat silent a while. "All in God's world we can do," he said finally, "is make a dash for it." He cut the air with the whip, but the mares did not budge and he let them wait. If they went on willingly, and at a walk, all the better. Still, they weighed two tons apiece. The van, loaded, would double that, and meanwhile here the whole rig sat. If they did not get on, and keep off of one spot, a line of cleavage might flick around them. They would stand on a wobbling cake of ice. The team would go wild when it felt the "give."

While he held the whip poised again, a muffled shot rang out and a long ripping sound followed it. Somewhere close, the ice was pulling away from a log that was frozen in it, and, though he saw that the mares had started off, his arm brought down the whip about their ears.

Their lunge knocked him down. His head struck the seat-back and he lay limp, smiling sleepily. The van hummed and swayed and whipped back into line. He listened to the spinning hubs and to the mares' feet, and he thought, "You got away one more time." After a while a second thought occurred, "You galloping a team on ice," and he got up. He braced himself and found the reins and worked his wrists downward, alternately, upon the leather until they ached. But the mares ran on.

"A common runaway," he thought. He let the reins slip through his fingers and forced himself to sit down. "Let them tire themselves a bit," he said. "There is time to turn them before we hit the bank."

But when a rear wheel bounced and shook the load, and the rope that held the crates in the van behind him snapped, he sprang up and jerked back with all his might upon the reins.

One of the mares screamed, but they both galloped on. They had come out of the high fog into a ground mist near a bank. In a wide curve, they were making for a row of lights that floated above a wall on the shore to the right. He gazed at the lights, open-mouthed. "There are too many of

them," he said. He stood swaying as he counted them and added weakly, "They're on the wrong bank."

The mares' legs were moving like shuttles in the thinning mist, and he knew by their level pull on the bits that they would not stop. Meanwhile the shore line grew higher and darker. He watched the black rocks that jutted from it and thought, "This is it."

He grasped the buckboard and sank on his knees to leap — then looked around. At the sight of the two white necks, fending the mist that rose from the ground fog, he drew back and sat down slowly. "I'm going to give you one more chance," he said.

It was Vi, on the outside of the curve, that he would have to turn. He sorted out her left rein, and lifted it and drew in a breath, then glanced out ahead of the team and yelled.

Fifty feet away, a log thrust its muzzle at the mares, pointing the blunt end up, like a mortar, out of the ice. They never saw it. It passed between them and missed the tongue, but splintered along the belly of the van and lifted it, knocking the load from side to side, and as if it had fired off a charge, it split the rear axle.

He was down on the ice, spinning forward on his chest. Maud was gone, but Vi was sliding on her back, ahead. A wheel tottered and fell against her and he heard her cry out, then turned his eyes to the van. It was skidding, without its rear wheels, toward a ridge of ice that rose up before it. The ridge rolled onward a moment, rolled higher and stood like a fold of skin, and shot up in chunks when the tongue pierced it.

He fell into the pool where the van had sunk, and turned over. His head emerged, but when he tried to make for the solid ice, his arms would not move. He went under and slowly rode downward, sucking in his lips. For a long while the dark and the stillness, even the cold, made him drowsy, until finally his feet landed on the hood of the van, and his mind cleared. He felt his knees flex; his torso descended as if it were about to sit down. Then his hair, which had been erect, lay back. He was rising, in an updraft of bubbles from the van.

The bubbles seemed to draw him up, and to help them he forced himself to raise an arm. It, too, appeared to lift him faster, and he held it high until his hand struck an object above him and darted back, with a force that roused him.

The thing was cold and tough, and whatever it belonged to was making the water whirr about his head. He jack-knifed to dive, but as he thought, "That was old Vi's bag!" a rush of air from his mouth pulled him back.

She had lowered her feet around him. She was humping her back and wrenching herself from side to side; and the thing to do, he thought, was to feel along her to one end, and if he could miss her hooves, get out.

His hands on her stomach made her crazy. She twisted wildly and went limp and dropped her weight upon him. It bent his head down. The air in his gullet fought for room. He hiccupped and let a stream of bubbles escape his lips. But he opened his eyes and blinked them as he thought, "I am under a horse!"

He said it again, and the thought so numbed his mind that the mare's shoe, when it hit his temple, did not hurt. It made his jaws spread slowly open, like a snake's. The cold water filled his throat and he was only conscious of a loud humming.

4

THE humming went on as he slept, and dreamed that he lay under a blanket. The board beneath him felt like a table top, and now and then it seemed that the humming was trying to tell him something. He moaned and stirred, and after a while he asked, "Did somebody speak?"

"Do you hear me now, young man?" a voice answered.

He opened his eyes. Lanterns, in a wide, low room, were standing about on packing boxes, lighting up a wall that was made of bread-loaf stones and wet with seepage water. "It smells like tadpoles in here," he said, and a second voice, as kind as an old negro's, whispered at his ear. "Don't you study about no frogs. You just listen."

He tried to remember the negroes on the place, but gave it up. "Ask Pa to get the arnica," he told the man. "I think I'm hurt."

"That boy's ravin', Doc," a third voice said. "He thinks he's home." The voice was wheedling. It would belong to a white man, he thought, but to a thin one, with a weasel face. He lay still, and rolled his eyes toward a stout man in black, who had moved into view.

The lamp light caught the man's blond beard, and his blue eyes and yellow lashes, as he leaned down to speak. "Young man," he said, "you mistook our lights for those across the river. You were headed downstream, not across. These men are convicts. With my permission, they went out." He hesitated, and made as if to brush something back from John's brow, and John asked, "Did they get my team?"

"One of 'em's in. She's the off mare, by what's left of the harness." It was the man with the

fawning voice who had answered, and John felt his eyes grow wet. "I scared her to death," he said. "Poor Vi."

His chest shook as he heard the man in black go on, "You are in the cellar of the State penitentiary, my boy. We must do what we can for you here. You cannot be moved."

The voice trailed off. The doctor had turned around, and was lifting an instrument from a satchel by one of the lanterns. It flashed as he wiped it with a rag, and John sat up. He had time to see the two men in striped clothes — the big negro with gray hair, and the little white man with the long nose and small eyes, who smiled and drew back against the negro. Before they could pull him back, he put up a hand and felt a section of skin that hung down above his eye.

"Jesus Christ!" he said. "Is it the bone, too, mister?"

"Takin' the Lord's name!" the negro whispered. His breath was hot on John's ear as he said, "Watch out!" Then he stood aside, with his head bowed, while the doctor strode up to the table.

"Jace!" the doctor said, "did you let him up?"

"He was cussin', Doc," the other convict said. "He ain't got time."

John widened his eyes at him. "Some pickpockets," he tried to get out, "have got a lot to say." But his lips grew stiff. A film, that seemed to rise from a gust in his lungs, spread between him and the man, and he could not see.

The doctor shook the negro by the arm. "Jace, you fool," he began, but he halted and for a long moment looked at the form beneath the blanket. Then he wheeled about and threw his scalpel into the bag and wiped his hands upon the cloth. "All right, Jace," he said. "It's your turn now."

The negro dropped to his knees. He wagged his white head from side to side, nosing his face into his palms and talking hoarsely to himself.

The ferret-faced man glanced around, from lantern to lantern, about the room, and back at the ridge of toes under the blanket. Hearing the clasp of the satchel snap, he put a finger into his mouth and whimpered, and as if it hurt him, he got down to his knees, too. He did not move his lips, but he clasped his hands before his chest and stared at the wall, rapt, as if a fair shape were moving through its sweaty stones, outward, into the pure night air.



SAILOR, WHAT OF THE ISLES

To Millicent Huddleston Rogers

by EDITH SITWELL

"Sailor, what of the isles —
The green worlds grown
From a little seed? What of the islands known and those unknown?"

"I have returned over the long and lonely sea,
And only human need
For the world of men is mine; I have forgot Immensity.

The rustling sea was a green world of leaves;
The isle of Hispaniola in its form
Was like the leaf of a chestnut tree in June.
And there is the gold region — the gold falls like rain with a long and leafy tune.

An old man bore us lumps of gold . . . the small,
Like walnuts husked with earth; the great,
As large as oranges; and leafy earth
Still clung to them. And when you thought that fireflies lit the night,
These were but nuggets, lying on the dark earth, burning bright."

"Sailor, what of the maps of the known world?" "The old Chinese,
Whose talk was like the sound of June leaves drinking rain,
Constructed maps of the known world — the few
Islands and the two countries that they knew.

They thought the heavens were round,
The earth square, and their empire at the centre . . . Just as you
And I believe we are the world's centre and the stars
Are grown from us as the bright seas in a rind of gold
Are grown from the smooth stem of the orange-tree."

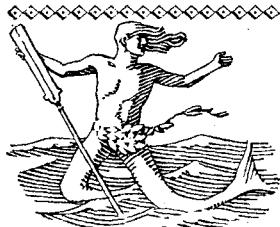
"Sailor, what of the maps of skies? Is that Orion?" "No, the sight
Is of a far island. What you see,
Is where they are gathering carbuncles, garnets, diamonds bright
As fireflies with a gardener's rake under the spice-trees and the orange-trees."

"Sailor, what do you know of this world, my Self . . . a child
Standing before you? — Or an isle
To which no sail has crossed over the long and lonely sea?
What do you know of this island, of the soil
In which all sainthood or insanity, murder or mocking grows, — a leafy tree?"

"No more than the gardeners and astronomers who make
Their catalogue of stars for heavens and seeds for garden beds
Know of their green worlds; or the soil, of the great beasts
Whose skin shines like gold fire or fireflies, and whose nostrils snort great stars —

The beasts — huge flowers grown from the stem of the green darkness. Each beast holds
The entire world of plants,
All elements and all the planetary system in
Itself (while the flower holds only the plant-world)
And is freed from its stem by light, like the flowers in air —

No more than the father knows of the child, or the sailor of chartless isles."



The Atlantic Serial



PETER MAYNE is an Englishman, now in his thirty-fifth year, who has been living in Morocco and who has taken up an antique life where time does not exist, in the alleys of Marrakesh. Because he wanted to write, he stopped trying to be a businessman. He was in Kashmir when the British moved out, and the Pakistanis, whom he had come to admire, invited him to serve them in their newly set up government. For two years he worked without stint in the Ministry of Refugees and Rehabilitation. Then, as the tension eased off, he decided that he would retire to another portion of the Muslim world and invite his thoughts. This is what happened.

THE ALLEYS OF MARRAKESH

by PETER MAYNE

7

DERB ESH-SHEMS — the alley of the sun — is not a very smart address, but I wanted my own front door. Without it I felt I did not belong in this city, and I have need of even synthetic roots. The house has no water, though it seems to have electricity. I fetch the water every morning in two buckets and do my best to make this quantity last for twenty-four hours. The public water-point is in a main road that runs at right angles to our alley. The pump is generally surrounded by neighbors' womenfolk, Berbers mostly, wives and daughters.

It is good water, this municipal supply, and drinkable. Fetching it takes about fifteen minutes, if you allow for waiting at the pump for your turn and for the actual return journey, with something in hand for the lengthy exchange of greetings when you meet neighbors on the way. Being new, and the only European hereabouts, everyone is interested in me. I have a great many neighbors, all of them with time on their hands and many who are still ignorant of who I am and why I have come to stay in their street. They don't like to ask direct questions all at once, so it takes time.

I was a little dismayed when I first saw the house. Idrees, the *simsar* or real-estate agent, who likes to please if he can, had not described it very accurately, and I risked taking it without first having a look. But now that I am in it I like it very much. I begin to feel that I have a stake in the city. I like my front door. The key is gigantic, incidentally — far too big to go into my pocket, and this

in itself has produced a mild embarrassment. It seems that to carry a key in the hand — as I must, for where else can I put it? — indicates that I am searching for someone to carry home to bed with me. "I have a room and this is the key to it!" the situation proclaims.

I have no furniture yet, except a mattress and bedding, two buckets, and sufficient in the way of kitchen things to cook my food. A suitcase has to serve me as bedside table. I have a room with undulating *dès* floors, white-plastered walls and ceiling, and a window in the front overlooking the alley. *Dès*, by the way, is an alabasterlike surface made with quicklime and something, and pounded hard as stone. It has a wonderful creamy patina and when it cracks (which it does as a rule quite soon) it becomes veined as if it were a real alabaster or marble. There is a very small landing open to the sky outside my room, and this serves as a kitchen, being provided with a plaster skirt over the place for the brazier. The plaster skirt keeps the rain out of the pot and also draws the smoke and cooking-smells up through a chimney to the heavens.

Stairs lead down to the entrance vestibule, and under the staircase is a lavatory of a very rudimentary nature. It is no more than a little hole in the ground with a brick on each side chipped into the shape of feet. I am already quite accustomed to it. As a matter of fact I have to back into it, my head bowed to avoid the undersides of the staircase. Underneath my room is a tiny shop which belongs

to a charcoal seller. Quite convenient, I think.

Living in this house is very much like camping, but a good deal more pleasant because it is warm and dry (except in the kitchen) and there are no ants. There are also no mice, as a result of my assaults on them during the past few nights. I have blocked their holes, too.

It is a poor quarter, certainly, but it does not smell at all; or, if it smells, it smells much as I do and so I don't notice it — like everyone eating garlic and enjoying it. The only really serious problem that has presented itself is how to use my typewriter. Lying back on my mattress with a fat pillow to support my shoulders, I can manage to write in longhand. But typing remains awkward. I have tried using the suitcase as a typing table, but this does not solve the problem of where to dispose my legs. Stretched out on either side of the machine they protest, and ache. A proper chair and table are more or less out of the question in a room so low. The proportions of the room are designed, of course, for living on the floor and for feeding off a table of about footstool height (the suitcase again); moreover, the floors in this city are seldom true enough to carry a four-legged table securely. This is certainly why Moorish tables are so often three-legged. Three legs find their own balance, four don't, and wedges of paper are at best a miserable palliative. Apart from these little inconveniences I am very content, and I shall learn to cook.

8

I STILL come each morning to the Café de France for a bit. My way now leads me across the Djema'a el-Fna with the sun in my eyes. I reach it by way of a side entry, so that this is not the formal approach with its public gardens and post office and the Banque d'État du Maroc. I come in past the handcarts and what will later in the day be transformed into a secondhand clothes market. But in the morning as I pass by on my way the handcart men are squatting between the shafts of their *charettes* drinking tea, because they have not long been awake. Some of them are still asleep, curled up on their *charette* platforms. There is quite a crowd round them, but they are not customers. They are waiting their turn at the public washhouse behind. These are obviously people with no established homes of their own in the city: in from the *bled* — which is the word for countryside — stopping in *fondouks* and doss houses where washing arrangements are inadequate. Later there will be another kind of crowd here, grouped around men who make a living with a species of three-card trick.

Beyond the handcart men and the washhouses stretches the Djema'a el-Fna. It is the quietest moment of its whole day. At this hour the only attractions as a rule are snake charmers (who need

sun for their performance), one or two storytellers, and singers in the Egyptian style.

Two days ago, as I sat in the Café de France, I became aware that someone was making a “*ssss . . . ssss*” from the roadway. I looked up from my scribbling. I had no reason to suppose the signal was intended for me, but it was such an urgent, unignorable noise that I looked up automatically. Everyone else in the café was looking for the source of the noise too. The source was Moulay 'Abdullah: he is my landlord at Derb esh-Shems No. 4, and rather a nice little person as far as I can judge from a single meeting. I waved to him and he came over to join me at my table, all smiles and good humor. I don't think he wanted anything in particular.

“*Lā bās?*” he inquired of me — “No harm?” — and I answered in the proper way. When we had completed the full exchange I suggested that I order him a coffee and he said no, that he was just passing by and saw me; and then he started on his inquiries after my health again, with me responding again as well as I could. Then he left me with a handshake and a courteous bow.

“*Ti connais* Moulay 'Abdullah?” The *garçon* was standing beside me.

“*Mais oui!* He is my landlord.”

“Ah! You have rented a *bureau*?”

“*Bureau?*”

“Yes. *Bureau*. You have rented it?”

I didn't quite follow. We were speaking in French and I understood perfectly what he was saying, but not what he meant.

“Where you write,” he explained.

“But I write here. Don't you see me writing every day?”

“*Oui, mais. . .* If people want you to write things, you must have a *bureau* where they come and you write for them. No one comes here for you to write for them. I was thinking that Moulay 'Abdullah had come for a letter. I was saying in my head, ‘He commences to succeed!’”

“But I am writing a book.”

“A book?” He looked earnestly at me and wagged his head.

“Yes. A book. A *roman* — a novel. It is a book about . . .” I didn't know how to explain what a novel is. “It is like the stories they tell on the Djema'a el-Fna, but not quite like. My book is about things that come out of my head, not things that my father has told me. I am *inventing* my story.”

“Ah,” he said. “*Je comprends*,” and he looked over my shoulder at my notebook, shaking his head sadly. “I cannot read that. Will you please tell me the story?”

I said, “It is really a very silly story. Let us forget about it.” I shut the notebook.

“Long and silly,” he said. “Will you please give me a cigarette?”

I gave him one. He smiled and went off.

The conversation with the *garçon-de-café* was two days ago, but since then I get the impression that Moulay 'Abdullah's public display of friendship and the now known fact that I have rented a little house from him have broken the ice, and that the "regulars" at the café are thawing. They cannot yet quite place me, perhaps, but my association with the Moulay — who by virtue of being a descendant of the Prophet Mohammed is regarded as a superior person — helps enormously. I have already had indications of the change. Before luncheon, for example, one of the old regulars threaded his way between the tables to mine and sat himself down beside me. He held out his hand. I took it and looked inquiringly at him. He was behaving exactly as if we had known each other for years.

"Write, please," he said in Arabic, bringing a checkbook out of his pocket and laying it on the table. I was a little surprised but I filled in a check form to his dictation. He watched me writing, then grabbed the check form and pen, and signed in very wiggly Arabic script. Smiling happily but with no more than a suggestion of thanks, he got up and went back to his friends. I saw him showing them his check. After he had gone a man near-by in denims leaned over and said in French, "That man is very, very notable. You know him? He is . . ." and he said a name I neither recognized nor now remember.

Can it be that I have arrived?

9

AMONGST my neighbors in the *derb* is a middle-aged Berber woman who tells me that she was at one time servant to a French bachelor. This explains her speaking French with such remarkable fluency. She is known as 'Aysha, though she says this is not her real name, and she is the one who told me about the significance of a big key swinging on one's finger. She is often at her door — just over the way from mine — and is much liked in the *quartier*. She has been helpful to me as a newcomer, telling me where to buy this and that, what to pay, offering her services if I am in trouble or need of them. She has also warned me very emphatically against the charcoal seller whose shop is under my room. "False weights," she says darkly. But in this matter it is already clear that she has questionable motives. She wants me to transfer my custom to another charcoal seller, who has a shop at the end of the *derb*. I have said I will, but I don't think I will, for 'Abdeslem (the first-named charcoal seller) seems perfectly honest to me and has been able to explain 'Aysha's real purpose. This he has done in a mixture of Arabic and French. He has also told me a good deal about 'Aysha herself.

According to 'Abdeslem, 'Aysha re-entered and subsequently retired from a whorehouse after she left the French bachelor. She had put by a com-

petence and is now able to live contentedly and alone, and to choose her partners instead of having to take what comes. She has presented the world at large with two children, possibly even three, though there is doubt about the third. Of the two known children, one is a boy and the other a girl. Both are now old enough to be on their own. The boy is said to be handsome, but the girl is not, and though 'Aysha's influence has secured her a post at her old "house" in the *quartier réservé*, people say that she is not allowed to do more than swab down the floors. Anyway, whatever the situation, her children visit her from time to time with little contributions of food or money.

Even now that 'Aysha's professional life is behind her, she helps to supply a warm, bosomy sense of womanhood to life in our *derb*. There are plenty of other women, of course, but they all seem to be other people's wives or marriageable daughters and so on, and they hurry past with their *hâiks* pulled over their faces so that they amount to not much more than an untidy reminder that they exist if only they were attainable.

'Aysha pesters no one: she pays — or is paid — at market rates as 'Abdeslem admits, and it seems that she has developed a powerful feeling for this handsome young man. He *is* rather handsome in the manner here appreciated: square and bold-looking, with features somewhat negroid though of the color of burlap sacking. He has large teeth, two of them gold, the rest a brilliant white, and a very friendly smile which reveals them all. 'Aysha has probably been very pretty herself: she has a round face, bright eyes with a mark tattooed between them. She also has a tattoo mark which runs from the center of her lower lip and down over her chin. She still seems to keep a very good figure, but her charm lies in the vivacity of her expression.

'Abdeslem has no objection to 'Aysha's feeling for him — on the contrary, it was rather convenient to begin with, since she lives just across the road. He has no objection to aphrodisiacs either, though he hotly denies that they were ever necessary. What he does object to is that as soon as she learned that he was bestowing his favors elsewhere as well, she changed her tactics. She began giving him magic possets which had the negative effect. He has ceased feeding at her table but the results of her possets persist, he admits. He is justifiably annoyed, and has charged me with secrecy on the subject. He sits moping at his door, and it must be a great mortification to him to see 'Aysha rocking with laughter at hers.

"Must this go on forever?" he cries rhetorically. "Must I sell my dear little shop and go?"

I have counseled him to go back to 'Aysha, adding as comfort that she will eventually grow tired of him and will meantime have removed the magic. But my well-intentioned advice has hurt him deeply. His *amour-propre* is affronted to think that anyone

should tire of him. Moreover, 'Aysha herself has recently been seen giving love potions to the public ovenman — everyone knows those little pink cakes she prepares. The ovenman has a new shirt. 'Abdeslem has not had a new shirt for a very long time.

Perhaps I had better speak to 'Aysha. Because of her dear-friendliness with the French bachelor she regards herself as linked with all Europeans and may therefore listen to me. I shall tell her that she is breaking 'Abdeslem's heart — or in any case that she seems to have gone further than necessary to teach him a lesson.

10

AYSHA sent her daughter round this morning with a message. I supposed it was the girl employed at 'Aysha's alma mater, and when she had delivered the message I asked her if she worked.

"*Iyyeh*," she said, nodding.

"Where?" I asked vaguely, pretending that it really didn't matter at all to me, though I longed to know. She looked so small to be working, even if she isn't allowed to do much more than the menial tasks of the household.

"*Ed-dar el-merhba*," she said. The house of the Bienvenu. 'Abdeslem was peeping out of his charcoal booth and called to her:—

"You're getting quite big, aren't you?" and the girl nodded seriously. "Why have you come here?"

I was glad of this question because I hadn't followed exactly what it was all about. The girl repeated what she had presumably told me and 'Abdeslem looked at me in inquiry, as if to ask if I had understood.

"'Aysha is giving a *dyafa* tonight. She asks you to come too."

A *dyafa* is a party. "A proper *dyafa*? With dancers?"

"Very proper. You will come? I will tell the girl you will come, *yak*?"

"Of course I will come."

The child was following all this and directly she heard that I was coming too, *Insha'Allah*, she said something softly and quickly to 'Abdeslem. 'Abdeslem nodded and turned back to me.

"What will you bring?" he asked.

"I shall bring . . . well, what *shall* I bring? Wine?"

"Not wine," he said in the voice of one who has caught another out in a social *gaffe*. "Not *wine*. You had better bring chickens." He swung round to the girl, asking: "Chickens?"

'Abdeslem was taking so keen an interest in 'Aysha's *dyafa* that I wondered whether there had been a reconciliation between him and the hostess. I had heard nothing to that effect.

"Have you been reconciled to 'Aysha, then?" I whispered to him behind my hand. I have noticed that this is the polite way of exchanging a confidence

in the presence of others who ought not to be allowed to hear.

'Abdeslem took up the pan from his charcoal scales to whisper behind and said, "I shall come too, *Insha'Allah*. But don't tell them. I don't want her to make anything *spécial*. *Ti vois*?"

I said to the child, "Thank you very much, and may the blessing of God be upon you, my little love. I will come, if God wills, and I will bring for you two chickens. Tell your noble mother that I ask God to bless her."

She smiled, pretended to kiss my hand, started forward as if to kiss 'Abdeslem's and then didn't after all (so perhaps the reconciliation is still incomplete), and left us. I think I saw 'Aysha's headscarf — the one with pictures of the Sultan printed on it in full color — whisk back into her door as the girl went in. So probably 'Aysha had been watching the conversation. She generally watches everything that goes on in our *derb*, but I had the impression that this was important, because of 'Abdeslem.

"Who else is coming to the party?" I asked 'Abdeslem.

"I do not know. But I think there will certainly be the gentleman from the Postes et Télégraphes — the one who brings the letters. And his fiancée" ("fiancée" is usually said in French, and means something less, and yet something more, than in French) "and also perhaps Sidi Bou Djem'a. And others whom 'Aysha has known. Will you wear the *costume gris*? Yes? I do not consider that the *cravate marronne rayée verte* is quite good for that *costume*. I was seeing you two days ago so dressed and I was thinking, '*Tiens! What dommage! That cravate does not at all go with that costume.*'"

"Do you want to wear the *cravate marronne rayée verte* then?"

He had started to make a little pyramid of charcoal and now popped a big piece on top as a sort of cairn.

"*B-el-haqq*, I had not considered yet. But yes, if you wish. With my *veste en velours vert*? Is it that you propose?"

"I think *that* is what we had in mind, isn't it?"

It was the first time I had entered 'Aysha's house, and I was surprised to find how completely equipped it is for a party such as this. Of course she may have borrowed things too. The walls of the principal room were hung with *hâitis*, and wherever there was space on the little tables she had put vases filled with paper flowers. She had also made paper shades for the electric-light bulbs, of which there were two in the room and a third which came in on the end of a long flex from the patio and was hooked over a picture frame.

When I got there I found 'Abdeslem already seated on one of the divans. The tea things had been placed before him, which most certainly meant

that he was back in favor. The senior guest is traditionally given the honor of making and pouring out the mint tea. He was busy preparing the first brew, but he found time to look up and make me a dignified bow from the waist.

'Aysha was rapturous, in a succession of muslin dresses, each with its embroidered blazon of flowers. She also wore her gold-braid cordage and belts, and a good deal of golden jewelry on her arms and neck and ears and forehead, and some on the breast too. I had never seen her before like this and I thought she looked lovely. I told her so and she pinched me on the behind and said, "*Mā shūfti shāy!*" by which I suppose she meant "Just wait! You haven't seen a thing!" Then she introduced me to Si Fulan (Postes et Télégraphes) and his fiancée, a girl named Zwina who was behaving very demurely and didn't want to take off her veil till 'Aysha insisted. She was not very pretty when she took it off. There were two or three other men as well, one of them a big Negro dressed in a black-and-white striped *djellaba*. He said his name was Bou Djem'a.

Everyone was very welcoming and nice, and 'Abdeslem was by now starting to serve the tea. He had already tasted the brew in the special tasting glass, nodded approvingly, poured what remained in the glass back into the teapot, and looked round at us. A dozen little glasses of about the size and shape of the small tumblers used for claret in nineteenth-century England stood in front of him. They had rims decorated in various colors. 'Aysha came round with a plate of biscuits.

I dare say that parties of this kind always start very formally. Each talked to his neighbors, and I did the best I could with mine — the big Negro Bou Djem'a on one side, the fiancée Zwina on the other. They were very patient with my Arabic, and spoke slowly and clearly — at least Bou Djem'a did — so that I might understand; or perhaps this is the way he ordinarily talks. More people came in and sat down, but 'Aysha did not always introduce newcomers. I think that some of them were not considered up to much socially. I thought I saw the water-carrier, for example, but when I looked again he had gone. Perhaps I was mistaken. 'Aysha's two children were acting as servitors and I expect there was some slaveling outside in the little patio to keep the braziers going and help serve.

For the dinner we had to group ourselves round two or three circular tables drawn up to the divans, managing as best we might. I could see that with all the will in the world my two chickens could not feed the party, and when food came it proved to be a sort of *tajīn* — beef stewed with black olives and *poivrons*. Not bad, but I wondered about my chickens. A second dish arrived after the *tajīn*, and this time it was my chickens, stewed with rounds of lemon. The other tables were being given something else, which I could not clearly see. Finally couscous. I have eaten couscous in Paris and been told that it

would be much better in North Africa. Now I have eaten it in Morocco and I think that it must probably be much better in Algeria or somewhere else. It seems to me that semolina is always less good than rice, even indifferent rice, and the meat accompaniment was unremarkable. We finished the dish all the same.

Then sweets: big, black slabs like fudge, and a *gâteau* very similar to *mille-feuilles* but oozing with honey. The sweets were really the best part of the meal, I think, and I took more of the fudge, to Bou Djem'a's amusement.

"*Meziān oula la?*" he asked. It was good, and I said so. "But I prefer when it is more sugared," he went on. "When you come to my house you shall see. My woman makes *nīmero wāhad*." Number one: first class! 'Abdeslem caught my eye from the next table, nodding as 'Aysha offered me still more. But there is a limit after all, and I said, "No, thank you. Later perhaps." They were bringing round a ewer and a basin with towels and soap and we all cleaned ourselves up, for we had eaten with our fingers in the ordinary way, the fingers of the right hand.

11

EVEN before they served the next glass of mint tea, someone had taken out a stringed instrument and was tuning it. Nobody had asked him to play as far as I know, but it was reasonable that he should. It was a little two-stringed instrument, both strings tuned to the same note. The body was pendant-shaped, wood probably, covered with coarse hide. Si Fulan's fiancée leaned across me to say something confidential to Bou Djem'a and in doing so stamped on my foot. I moved it, and she stamped again, so I wondered if after all she had meant it the first time. Bou Djem'a whispered back to her and everyone looked their way. But Si Fulan seemed quite unperturbed about it. The musician had started to sing meanwhile.

It was less a song than a story, and the music was less music than an intermittent twanging to mark pauses between stanzas, or simply when the singer wanted a rest, as on the Djema'a el-Fna. Tea was on its way round again. Everybody sipped it with a great intake of breath, partly because it was so hot and partly because it is considered better taken this way — just a few drops at a time and a great deal of air.

In the middle of the song and the tea-drinking some more guests arrived, amongst them the night watchman of our *derb* and a girl who, on taking off her *hāik*, was so pretty that we all stopped sipping to look. The fiancée gave a tiny little snort. Even the singer stopped. Bou Djem'a quite frankly said, "Ah-h . . . !" very loudly indeed, followed by some kissing noises.

"*Halwa? Zid, jbed shuwīya,*" the fiancée said softly, holding out the plate of sweetmeats. "*Hādak.*"

El-kähla." She picked up a piece of the black fudge and gave it to me, smiling. I took it and thanked her. The singer had started a new song and Si Fulan stretched across the fiancée saying, "*C'est une autre chanson. Une nouvelle.* I will tell you what he is singing." And off he went, a sentence or so behind the singer.

"From a city of the cities of el-Moghreb a voyager set out on his way to Marrakesh. He was poor but vigorous, and he walked all day across plains and little hills with no thought for beasts or robbers because of the singing in his belly . . ."

"Do you like Si Fulan's fiancée?" Bou Djem'a whispered to me.

"No. Not much."

"Neither do I. She is too thin. Look at her!"

"I don't want to look at her." I was looking at the new girl, as a matter of fact, and Bou Djem'a noticed this.

"That is the good one. *Meziāna! Hādak meziāna*," and he made more kissing noises. I tried to stop him, but he paid no attention, and Si Fulan was prodding at me across the fiancée. "Listen," he was saying:—

" . . . But by eventide when the sun left the world and all became darkness the voyager was weary and perhaps frightened too . . ."

'Abdeslem had left the room a moment before and now returned, but instead of going back to his seat he shamelessly wedged himself in between the new girl and the night watchman. I could see that 'Aysha was not pleased.

" . . . lamplight flowing from a window," continued Si Fulan, raising his voice slightly to drown the very indecent noises that Bou Djem'a was now aiming across to the far divan. "The voyager entered. 'I wish of God and of you,' said he to the widow woman, 'to eat and to drink and to rest for the night, for I have voyaged all day without sustenance.'"

"Give me a *halwa*," Bou Djem'a hissed at me but without looking. I stretched for the plate and he took two. One he popped straight into his own mouth and the second he thrust vaguely in the direction of mine, still without looking. I ate it out of politeness and then turned back to Si Fulan in answer to his tweaking. He seemed mildly annoyed at my divided attention and allowed it to show in his voice, though it did not at all suit the context:—

"'Alas, I have nought but these chickens that you see,' replied the widow woman, pointing about the hut, 'and the three boiled eggs that even now complete their cooking upon the fire.' '*Merci beaucoup*,' remarked the voyager, and he took and ate the three eggs."

I saw with interest that 'Aysha had beckoned away the night watchman and that he now came back to the divan, smacked the new girl on the leg, and quickly slipped into the space beside her in the moment that she recoiled under the blow. It was

stuffy in the room, but I was very content. In fact I felt wonderful, and I thought the new girl looked wonderful too, warm, and such big brown eyes—would they be brown? I was uncertain at that distance—big, anyway. I think I started to tell Bou Djem'a about it. I wanted to make some sort of plan, but Si Fulan was really being tiresomely exacting:—

"You must listen."

"He does not wish to listen," the fiancée said coldly to him. "He is watching that little *qahba*."

"*Qahba*," murmured Bou Djem'a contentedly.

"Next day the voyager thanked the widow woman, made his farewell, and left on his journey to Marrakesh and after several years he became rich and important, whereas the widow woman remained poor."

"Good," I said, without thinking.

"Good? What can you mean?" Si Fulan was indignant.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I meant 'Bad'; I'm very sorry." I didn't know what had come over me. I felt that I was likely to start laughing soon and I searched my brain for the funny circumstance that was responsible. "I can't think," I said, or something of the sort.

"You have only to listen," Si Fulan said sternly. "You have eaten too much *halwa*."

My brain was getting clearer and clearer. I saw exactly what sort of plan I had to make. I think I squeezed the fiancée a little in order to console her for being so thin and plain when the new girl was so beautiful; and, momentarily inattentive, I did not notice that Bou Djem'a had slipped away on hands and knees. It was only when I turned to outline my plan to him that I found him gone. He was several yards distant by now and my blood was up. Treachery! I jumped up, flew across the room, and brought him back. I was of course very powerful at the time.

"He is crying," the fiancée said morosely, nodding towards Bou Djem'a, and it was true. "I tire of these tears. Men," she said. "*Men*. Even a little piece of *halwa* is stronger than a man."

Si Fulan had been droning on all this time and suddenly realized that I had not heard. He was very angry.

"You are missing the fine part!" he cried. "Have you heard how an enemy of the voyager-now-rich goes to the widow and causes her to complain to the Pasha? Have you heard?"

"No. I'm sorry. I seem to have been very busy lately. But what had she to complain of? And what have *you* to complain of, Si Fulan?" My voice sounded very loud.

"Hush," he said placatingly. "Nothing for me. But *she* had. The enemy of the now-rich voyager makes her to complain to the Pasha in this way: 'O sir, think of my riches gone! Think of my three little eggs from which would have emerged chicks,

and think of the eggs they too were waiting to lay, and the more chicks, and this throughout the years that this rich man is being rich in Marrakesh and me poor in my hovel. Think!"

"The fine part is now coming," said the fiancée.

"Good," I said politely. The new girl seemed to be looking up sideways at 'Abdeslem across the night watchman, and 'Abdeslem's arm was stretched across the night watchman's shoulders quite as far as her neck, which I was certain could mean no good for anyone. "You had better tell 'Aysha," I whispered to Bou Djem'a, but unfortunately Bou Djem'a was now sleeping. We did not like to disturb him.

"... 'Where is the defendant?' cried the Pasha." Si Fulan was making a glorious effort. "... 'But where is the defendant?' A man stepped forward very neat and said, 'By your leave, I am sent by the defendant to say he is unable to come today.' 'And why?' asked the Pasha. 'Because he is gone to his fields,' the neat man replied. 'What does he in those fields?' 'I think, monsieur, that he is at planting out boiled beans so that he may reap a rich harvest in the years to come — richer even than from boiled eggs!' Thereupon the Pasha laughed heartily and dismissed the case."

Bou Djem'a had woken and said, "*Halwa*."

"Do not give," the fiancée muttered. "Already he is useless with *halwa*."

Si Fulan was beaming at me through the mist that had come up in the last few minutes. "Now tell me how you enjoyed the story, monsieur," he said, but somehow, nice as he was, I had no wish to speak with him. I wished to speak to the new girl. I don't exactly remember the sequence of events, whether perhaps it was now that I danced a slow romantic valse in the costume of a Hussar; there was certainly a horse somewhere, and flashes of fire — from the horse's nostrils, probably. And Bou Djem'a behaved rather badly in some way that I now forget, something to do with the fiancée, I fancy, though possibly that was later, and not Bou Djem'a at all. Much later. I am uncertain of the time.

12

I AWOKE late this morning, fresh as a daisy but disorientated. I am sorry to say that the fiancée was there, and that actually it was she who woke me. I don't really like her very much and I cannot think how it came about that she was in my house at all, but she was, and when she brought me my mint tea she gave me a smacking kiss and said, "*Min dāba kull sbah nesaub-lek atay, yak?*" — which means that henceforth this fiancée whom I don't in the least care about intended to wake me each morning with a pot of mint tea. I looked round for Si Fulan but he did not seem to be there.

"Where is Si Fulan?" I asked her reprovingly.

"*Ikūn f-id-dar dyāl-uh*. . . . He must be in his house. I am *your* fiancée now."

She looks awful in the light of day — but then I dare say that I do too. I didn't quite know what to do about it. I had to consult with 'Aysha quietly, perhaps with 'Abdeslem too. Between them they would know how to deal with such a situation. What had happened to the "new girl," incidentally?

"Give me money and I will buy *svenj*," the fiancée was saying. *Svenj* are little *beignets* in rings and I cannot say how much I disliked the thought of them. But I thought too that if once she were out of the house perhaps it would be easier. So I gave her money.

"The *svenj* I prefer are to be purchased from a stall opposite the *tabac* on the Djema'a el-Fna," I told her. Somehow my tongue did not seem to get round the Arabic words as well as it ought. Last night there had been no difficulty with it at all.

She had the effrontery to pout. "What a long way . . ."

"Never mind, my little love," I said. "You have good strong legs." She has, too. She had hitched up her overskirts, for housework I suppose, and I could see them. She took the money and went.

Directly I heard the front door shut, I hurried out of bed and ran downstairs. Bou Djem'a was lying asleep in the vestibule. On the floor. I went into the alley. 'Abdeslem's charcoal shop was shuttered. 'Aysha's door was closed too, but I crossed and knocked on it. Neighbors were passing and smiled at me, and one of them laughed outright. Then 'Aysha came to her door.

Thank God for 'Aysha! She is wonderful. She said that I might leave the fiancée to her — and Bou Djem'a too, and that would be the end of it, but . . . Her lips tightened.

"You know about 'Abdeslem? And that little *putain* who came with the night watchman?"

"How should I know?"

"That girl is already with the Pasha's police because she is entirely without authority and must be punished. And 'Abdeslem is . . . well, 'Abdeslem . . . I have had to give him some little possets. You are aware of these possets? Yes, I thought you would know. Possets, and some rather particular powders and . . . A Berber lady helped and advised. It was necessary to hold 'Abdeslem down like a chicken that is to be filled. Friends very kindly assisted. If you require charcoal today, *cher Monsieur Peter*, I must ask you to go to the *brave homme* at the end of our *derb*. It seems that 'Abdeslem's *boutique* is locked from the outside." Slowly she wiggled a key on the end of a string. "You enjoyed the *dyafa*, yes? Bou Djem'a also makes good *halwa* — he uses the hashish from his *bled*: he pretends it is better. But mine also is good, yes?"

(To be concluded)



When the Editor of the Atlantic was in Santa Barbara last year, he spent a delightful afternoon in the garden of DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE listening to Mr. Peattie's account of his more famous rosebushes and of others, long planted, which today defy identification. Mr. Peattie, one of our most articulate naturalists, has recently completed his monumental book, The Natural History of Western Trees, published by Houghton Mifflin.

ROSES

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

I

By the garden gate blooms the flower loved by men more and longer than any other on earth. Old as India, old as China, the rose has gone westward and north and south to the Antipodes, borne in the hand of civilization. The earliest descriptions are of the double flower; wild roses are single, so it is clear that the double or garden rose must have been bred and loved by mankind from times more ancient than history. The newest hybrid in your garden is but the living generation of a flower whose history tangles with that of long-gone kings and lovely queens and bold explorers. Its perfume and form and color have carried it across the widest gulfs of language and culture.

I saw what it had come to mean to people whose ancestors knew nothing of it as I stood by the roadside in Mexico one day and watched approach a small, sad group bearing a child's coffin. Before them walked an old woman, scattering rose petals from her brown Indian fingers, staring straight ahead of her and treading upon the petals with bare feet. When, hat in hand, I had seen the little procession pass, I stooped to pick up a few, and recognized with wonder from what rose they had been plucked. By their globed form, their rose-jar odor, I knew them for the old Centifolia, the hundred-leaved, called by Herodotus the "sixty-leaved rose" when he saw it growing in the garden of Midas — has it in thirty centuries gained forty petals? It is the rose whose petals were mingled with the ashes of the dead in burial urns of ancient Greece. They were thrown, too, after the bride in Roman days. Their odor, says the author of *The Scented Garden*, "is more than a scent; it is the beauty of life itself, of its sorrows as well as its joys." That antique breath, still fresh today, has perfumed the history of the Western world.

Centifolia with its symbolism of fleeting beauty and of thorns for pain was dedicated to Venus and

her son Cupid. The troubadours of the Middle Ages carried it and sang of it, and the blazing rose windows set in the great cathedrals glowed with its pattern and colors. It is the rose of Mary, mother of Christ, put in her hand as symbol of purity by painters of the past, or ardently scattered at her feet. And here, brought from Spain with the Conquest, it sweetened the dust to which a child of the ancient Aztecs now returned.

Whether you ask for it as Centifolia or Provence Rose or Cabbage Rose, Unique or Old Red or Fragrance, you will have little luck in finding it in most commercial nurseries. I tried to, and was met with such a stare as might have been expected had I gone to the White House and asked for Martha Washington. But in the garden of Mary Washington, mother of George, where my honeymoon was spent, at Fredericksburg in Virginia, Centifolias were gathered by our hostess as a farewell to my bride, for this ancient flower is treasured still in villages and country dooryards and on old plantations. In such places a prized bush will have, like a member of the family, a name of its own. It is called "Grandfather's rose" or the "June rose" or the "wedding rose" — all for reasons now perhaps forgotten. In a sleepy gold-mining town of California one family bush bore the name of "Round the Horn rose," telling its own story. Again, when its green sepals are all fringed and crested and fuzzy, you will hear it called the Moss rose, and prized the more. When a Centifolia opens its soft heart to early summer, it is as though there dwelt among us one of our own ancestors, but young and fresh as a girl still.

If you cannot find these beauties of the past in your nurseryman's beds, it is because almost all his roses belong to the wonderful modern class called the Hybrid Teas. They are the fairy queens of Rosedom, pedigreed like race horses, which win the prizes at shows and are named for the great of

earth. In 1890 there were fewer Hybrid Teas than fingers on your hand; today there are so many that already prize-winners of twenty-five years ago are forgotten and unobtainable. Yet in their green veins runs the sweet blood of Centifolia and many another of the European species of long ago. The prize-winning roses of today are not spontaneous productions of nature; they are now planned inventions, some even patented, many of them secret with their breeders, who sometimes hand down their knowledge with their gift, from father to son.

2

YET before the fall of man Nature had scattered the roses of this world with a liberal hand all around the north temperate zone. There are about 250 wild species, all single, all five-petaled, or rarely four. In this country we have the Prairie rose, a natural climber related to the garden ramblers, and the Arkansas rose, the Virginia rose, the California rose; even Alaska has its Nootka rose, and in the desolate Panamint Mountains that overlook Death Valley there blooms for its brief hour the Mojave rose. In Europe there is a center of many wild roses in the valleys of the Alps, and the English poets are full of praise for the Eglantine, whose leaves are so fragrant after rain, for the spiny Scotch rose, the Dog rose of every hedge-row, and "the coming musk-rose full of dewy wine." The richest store of all is found in China and India, but these marvelous Oriental roses were unknown to the Greeks and Romans and the men of the Middle Ages. They bloomed — the Bengal and China Monthly, the Tea and the Himalayan Musk, the Banksia and Multiflora — on the other side of the world.

The old queens who reigned before them in Europe up to the year 1790 were four. One was Centifolia; another Gallica, the French rose with blooms less round, whose perfume develops more in the dried petals of the rose jar than when fresh. A third was Alba, the white rose, now never seen save in cottage gardens or, where I found it, at the cellar hole of a vanished ranch house; whoever planted that bush may have called it Maiden's Blush. And last, there was the Damask rose, named for Damascus, whence, says tradition, it was brought by the Crusaders. This is today the national flower of Persia, the source of the rose water with which the mosques of the Moslem world are sprinkled. Omar Khayyám grew it in his garden at Khorasan; it is planted on his grave, yet blooms forever freshest all through his *Rubáiyát*.

Of these four sisters, two stood once for enemies. As Alba was the white rose of York, so the Damask is said to have been the red rose of Lancaster in the Wars of the Roses of the fifteenth century. These ended when, after thirty years of bloodshed, England's King Henry VII, of the House of Lan-

caster, in 1486 married Elizabeth, heiress of the House of York, and so founded the Tudor line. And the Tudor rose, part-colored red and white, became the badge of England's royal family.

In time, all four queen roses became crossed one with another — not by design, for no one then understood the nature of pollen, or even that flowers have sex, but by the wiser bees. So that several score of varieties were known in the days of powdered wigs and patches, when Queen Marie Antoinette sent for the great rose painter Redouté to make portraits of the beauties in her garden. It was in early summer that he must have come, for only then did all these roses bloom. Redouté, the Belgian gardener's boy with the courtly manners and the stubby hands that could make a painted flower all but breathe forth scent, saw hundreds of his paintings blown away in the storm of the French Revolution. Yet he lived to become the drawing teacher of the Empress Josephine, and in the treasury of rare new plants that was her fabulous garden at Malmaison, he painted rose heads newly crowned with fame.

Some had come from afar. Napoleon let Josephine spend fortunes on these importations for her garden. And there were floral jewel boxes newly opened for her to rifle. For the first contact of European trade with the Orient brought back something, to a rosarian, more precious than silk or tea, ginger or camphor or petal-thin porcelain. As early as 1789, the first of the Far Eastern roses, the crimson Chinese Monthly, found its way to Western shores. It lacked the sweetness of many a rose, but it bloomed over and over the year through. And this fidelity had been in Europe the one virtue lacking to make the rose supreme. So, crossed with the old once-blooming roses, this bright Oriental made the first of the Hybrid Perpetuals — that grand new dynasty which now kept rose gardens flowering the summer long.

In 1793 England sent Lord Macartney to knock on the palace gates of the Chinese Emperor, asking that the Flowery Kingdom open to British trade. He bore home with him the Macartney rose, which my mother used to grow for its waxen white flowers and glittering evergreen foliage. From China, too, came the first Rambler, in 1804, ancestor of the Seven Sisters that grew with the Macartney along the south fence of my boyhood home. Indeed, if anyone looks back, he is likely to remember that many of these historic roses flowered through his personal history.

As merchants and explorers penetrated ever more deeply into China's vast unknown, quiet gardens at home bloomed with new faces. One named for Lady Banks, the great collector's wife, astonished all by smelling not of rose but of sweet violet. It is a climber, earliest of them to flower. It was March when I knew the Banksia first, spilling in milk-white showers from the tallest pine in my

Riviera garden. And I found it again in Tombstone, in the courtyard of the Rosetree Inn on Toughnut Street, where the boast is that this is the biggest Rambler in the world. I wouldn't argue, for by measurement that single trunk is 42 inches around, and the spreading arms have to be supported on thirty-two posts, for they shade no less than 2000 square feet of dusty Arizona. How it came here to bloom is less mysterious than how the Banksia traveled first from its native soil — in the Yangtze gorges, perhaps, where it trails in windy festoons from the awful cliffs. By junk spun desperately in those yellow rapids, by swaying caravan, by clipper ship under bellying white canvas, this violet-breathing vine must have come, to announce spring in gardens where the winter is mild.

3

DID they grow Gold of Ophir in your old home garden? Robert Fortune found that rose on his first journey to China in 1843. Disguising himself as a coolie to enter the forbidden city of Soochow, haggling endlessly with politely bowing, wily growers, fighting off river pirates from his embattled junk, he got for us our forsythias, white wisterias, camellias, chrysanthemums, pompon daisies, peonies, autumn anemones, and this burning-hearted rose.

Gold of Ophir was a yellow Tea rose, one of the very first to reach Europe but by no means the last. Yellow and pink, red and white, Tea roses were slipping in, half-unnoticed, all but unappreciated, while for eighty years Europe and America went mad over the Hybrid Perpetuals — that blend of the pre-Josephine roses with the China Monthly. By the eighties of the last century, the great rose breeders felt that they had gone about as far as they could go in the creation of new roses. And indeed, when you consider such Hybrid Perpetuals as American Beauty on this side of the water and Her Majesty in England, it seems to us nowadays that the height of flamboyance had been reached. But here and there breeders had been crossing the Teas with the Hybrid Perpetuals, and by 1890 they realized that a whole new race of roses had been born — the Hybrid Teas.

It is the Tea rose that gives to the prize-winners of today their aristocratic, long, furled buds, the green sepals that flare so airily backward from the high-centered open blossom, the petals thick and satiny and curling back to show some subtle difference in shade. Above all, the Tea strain brought in a new fragrance, named, it is said, for a resemblance to fresh leaves on the growing tea bush in the lands from which these roses came.

The chemists tell us that many esters, alcohols, aldehydes, and acetates go to make up the perfume of the Tea rose. And these are combined in different degrees in the many varieties, so that the

specialists identify traces of clove, lemon, orrisroot, violet, raspberry, marigold, and pine, in one variety or another. To most city folk today the sophisticated odors of the Teas are the scent of the rose. Only those of us who love old roses too know the "true" rose odor, out of which attar of roses is made for the great perfumeries in France. When I lived there, in the heart of the flower country, I used to see the peasant women gathering the petals of the *rose de mai* — a Centifolia — into their aprons; sacks of them filled great trucks that left a trail of overwhelming sweetness upon a mile of air.

New roses of the Hybrid Teas are created, of course, by the pollination of one variety by another. One breeder says that out of a thousand seeds raised from one such crossing, all but 120 proved worthless. One by one these chosen few came to bloom, displayed their charms and their defects, were winterkilled or fell victims to disease; and after years of work, a single bush remained in the lists as a champion. Such a successful rose must, of course, be propagated by cuttings, since new pollinations, even with the same parents, would present entirely new results, so complex is the heredity hidden in these multiple hybrids. Thus it is that if fashion turns whimsically away from a rose, and its original stock is lost, its like cannot be produced again at will.

So, as lovely faces come, others vanish. Yet in your rose garden you may have belles of all eras, as I have in mine. Indeed, I chose my house in Santa Barbara, with its long-neglected garden, for the old roses that I found growing there. When first I walked the paths, long suckering shoots ruddy with thorns detained me; the arbors and the weathered fences, burdened with a scented freight of unpruned roses, looked to me, aslant under the weight, as if for help. Rose brambles hung upon the old stone walls; their green arcs roofed the lichened benches; ramblers had climbed even high in the boughs of the great live oaks, to let their blossoms fall like fountain spray. Old as these roses were, they were new to me then, but now I know them and their ancestry. That high-climbing pink Rambler is Cécile Brunner, created out of the Chinese Multifloras by a descendant of one of Empress Josephine's gardeners. The great soft pink heads that nod above a trellis are Belle of Portugal; her father was an Oriental giant, *Rosa gigantea* of India, and her mother was a queen among the earliest Teas, Reine Marie Henriette. Along the fence runs Maman Cochet, one of the pure Tea roses out of a great French house of breeders, and above my window Rêve d'or drops sleepy petals in a golden dream of her great days almost a century ago.

One more there is, the horticultural love of my life. This climber smothers an arbor in a glitter of fine foliage and of exquisite blooms larger than a Rambler's, more flat than globed, deeper pink at

the heart of the many crumpled petals that smell as sweetly tart as an apple. That apple-skin scent, the tiny leaves, the shortness of the joints, the flatness of the flower, bespeak the blood of the briars — that vast host of wild roses clambering over the world. Yet under my dissecting microscope I could see, by the deploy of the tiny stamens and pistils, the unmistakable signature of the Teas. None of my books showed anything like this hybrid; in vain I searched all the way back to the old herbals, bound in parchment, that the librarians surrendered to my hands with looks of anxiety.

I could not find anyone to ask whence came this gnarled vine that with each spring bewitched me. The old couple who in their last years made my garden are long since dead; their only child had died before them. The town's rose specialist and

its landscape gardener have come and shaken puzzled heads. I sent my mystery rose to experts in southern California; they could not name it. I sent it north to a famous grower of rare old roses; she did not know it. But she advised that I send it to the country's greatest authority on roses, in Massachusetts. June was gone by then, and I had to wait another year for bloom; when my specimens arrived, the great authority was dead. His colleagues at the Arnold Arboretum opined that mine might be some rose long lost to cultivation, a treasure casually unearthed each spring in my old garden, when the pink sprays lift again to the light. So be it. My nameless rose is but one lingerer among the multitude of those that have come, had their bright hour, and gone, leaving the human heart stirred by their fragrance.



BON VOYAGE

by LIONEL WIGGAM

WRITE me and tell me how the English shires
Are gold and dappled green again, and rolling;
Send me a snapshot of the Scottish weirs,
Replete with waterfalls and young love strolling.

Evoke the snows of Berne; from Strasbourg praise
The ultimate and unutterable cadenza;
Tell how Milano wears its visible glaze,
And how the David soars above Firenze.

Extol the fountains of the Tuileries,
The chandeliers exploding on Vienna,
The thrushes singing by the Candian Sea,
And underfoot the flowers that pave Siena.

And say the drains are poor, the girls beguiling,
The service cynical from Spain to Scapa,
The old as crusty and the young as smiling,
And sign it, "Yes, the land stays bright. Europa."



Engineer and inventor, graduate of Syracuse, FRED S. GIBBS is directing experimental research in the new methods and equipment to alleviate stream pollution caused by industrial wastes. Born in a small village in the foothills of the Adirondacks, he was fishing as soon as he could walk — first for trout and then, in his maturity, for salmon in New Brunswick rivers and in Newfoundland and Labrador.

THE SALMON OF LABRADOR

by FRED S. GIBBS

I

AS TIME is reckoned, it isn't so very long ago that great schools of salmon heralded the coming of summer throughout hundreds of miles of New England coastline. Rivers large and small provided healthy housekeeping facilities for millions of salmon following their compelling urge to seek the waters of their birth and propagate the species. But the spreading tentacles of a growing civilization stripped the land of its forest cover, dammed some of the coastal streams, and fouled the waters with sewage offal and industrial wastes.

There are coastal rivers on our North American continent that still meet the specifications of the migrating salmon — rivers born in watersheds far from human habitation, whose cold tumbling waters are unimpeded in their race to the sea. These perfect salmon waters abound in the most easterly triangular strip of mainland, which until recently was politically a dependency of Newfoundland and is known as "The Labrador."

The Strait of Belle Isle separates the northern tip of Newfoundland from the southern boundary of Labrador. To the east, north, and northwest, Labrador's rugged coastline is continuously carved with fiords and bays that mark the mouths of beautiful salmon rivers.

The coming of the short Labrador summer is greeted with huge schools of magnificent salmon working their way through the cold waters of the iceberg-strewn Labrador Current to the rivers of their birth. And the rivers coöperate with ideal flow conditions that are dependably maintained by the melting of the deep snow cover in the Arctic interior. Here is a fishing paradise that is beyond the imagination of most anglers.

My introduction to the salmon of Labrador was by accident, not by design. Four of us were spending two weeks in July, 1950, fly-fishing the coastal rivers of northwest Newfoundland. We cruised the coast from Rocky Harbor on the *Madelyn Rose*, a

fifty-foot fishing boat built and skippered by Captain Alexander ("Sandy") Parsons. A combination of indifferent Newfoundland fishing and unusually calm weather induced Sandy to suggest that we chance the run across the Strait of Belle Isle and try one of the Labrador rivers. His idea met with instant and unanimous agreement. We put in at Flower's Cove for gas, oil, and bread, spending as little time as necessary there before heading out into the fast currents of the Strait. By nightfall we were securely anchored in Labrador's FORTEAU Bay near Buckle's Point, with four huge anchors spread-eagled to hold the *Madelyn Rose* safely away from gigantic rocks hidden under the powerful tides and currents.

The next morning our skipper warned us that our Labrador fishing would have to be confined to just a few hours, because the barometer was falling and we would have to cross the Strait that afternoon or risk being stormbound in Labrador for days. We made the most of our time, fishing several of the FORTEAU River pools near tidewater. The fishing was superior to any that we had enjoyed in Newfoundland. Newfoundland salmon are marvelous fighters — leader-breaking, dynamite-loaded, slashing wildcats; but the Labrador salmon had all that and more. The pools were well populated with magnificent fish fresh from the sea, and many fine salmon rose to our flies. The morning passed too quickly and noontime found us most reluctant to leave such a glorious salmon river. We were determined to plan the next year's trip so as to spend a full week on the FORTEAU.

Through the long winter months I indulged in many a reverie in which the FORTEAU River and its salmon held the stage. And always the river was in perfect condition; the magnificent salmon coöperated in rising to my flies and gave me many a terrific battle with their tremendous leaps and powerful rushes. My anticipation had been built

up beyond any reasonable achievement, but such is the stuff that makes a fly-fisherman.

Exactly a year after our Newfoundland trip, four of us flew north from Boston to Gander and Port Saunders and again crossed the Strait to the mouth of the Forteau. I shall never forget my first cast on this return to Labrador. It was in the first pool above tidewater. The river, as in my winter dreams, was flowing bank high with clear cold water. I remembered my winter preoccupations, comparing my oft-repeated mental pictures with the actual beauty of this untamed stream.

I studied the water to determine whether I could actually see any of the salmon that were so evident in my winter imagination. It takes a little time for one's eyes to become accustomed to looking through the mirror of a water surface to see what is beneath. You cannot, of course, see clearly, but you can determine what is there by observation and deduction. As I peered intently into the flowing water, some shapes took substance. I was standing knee-deep in the water near the tail end of the pool, and my observations were limited to an area of possibly forty or fifty square yards. Yet, in that comparatively small area, I could see three salmon as they moved slightly to hold their positions in the powerful currents. Two of the fish were lying in about four feet of water and were parallel with each other on either side of a deeper channel with a gravel bottom. As I watched them, their slight movements would cause their silver sides momentarily to reflect light, and further watching brought out more details of their shape and size.

About fifteen to eighteen feet downstream was a large round boulder that nearly broke the water surface. Current eddies boiled around each side of the rock, and the water bulged somewhat in front. As I studied the water, lost in my thoughts of dreams versus reality, a glimpse of silver directed my attention to a spot in front of the boulder. The silver flash repeated itself several times and I was sure that a restless salmon was swinging with the currents upstream of the boulder, and this salmon appeared larger than the other two.

Three days before, I had bought some English-made flies at Goodyear's Store in Gander. I selected a No. 8 Black Silver Tip and tied it to one of my home-tied nylon filament tapered leaders. Two or three false casts and the Black Silver Tip dropped into the water a few feet upstream of the large boulder. The fly swung with the current just in front of the salmon's nose. Nothing happened, but I saw the salmon turn from his stand and follow the fly a foot or two. I lengthened the next cast to drop the fly a yard or so upstream of the first cast. This time the fly swung into the current more sharply and achieved that mysterious action that either provokes or entices a salmon into a smashing strike. This salmon hit so quickly and so viciously that I hardly knew what had happened.

One who has not experienced the strike and fight of a Labrador salmon will have some difficulty in understanding how any fish could possibly have such tremendous energy and power. This salmon struck "going away," and he kept right on going with a phenomenal speed, weaving his frenzied path upstream between the boulders in the pool. About thirty or forty yards from where he struck the fly (and but the slightest fraction of a second later) he came tearing out of the water in an arching twisting leap that ended in a crash landing in the pool inlet rapids. That was it and I had had it! My line had fouled or caught on one of the boulders, so that when the fish leaped he jumped against a tight line and the little No. 8 hook pulled out. In this minor detail, reality differed from my dreams.

2

I SPENT the ensuing seven days fishing and exploring the Forteau River, and learning a little about this interesting country and the fine people who make it their home. Strangers in a strange land, we were dependent on the help and guidance of the Labrador natives in our fishing and exploring. The natives are the descendants of white settlers who, several generations ago, came to Labrador for the exceptional cod fishing in the icy Labrador Current. In Forteau Bay there are three settlements: Forteau Village, Buckle's Point, and Eastern Point. Our native guides were recruited from these scattered groups. I believe that it was the first time that they had ever worked as "guides" for sport fishermen. I do know that they thought that it was the height of foolishness for anyone to try to catch salmon with a light bamboo rod, silken leader, and tiny fly. They are deep-sea fishermen who must earn their year's income in a concentrated six or seven weeks of cod fishing, and sport fishing is an unheard-of luxury.

That week on the Forteau was all that we had hoped for. The river flow conditions were ideal and the innumerable pools were well populated with salmon. We explored and fished the river to Outside Pond and went on upstream to the big falls and Middle Pond, finding choice pools all the way.

The inlet pool, which we now call the Lady's Pool because it can be fished readily from a boat, is approximately three hundred yards long and about fifty yards wide, with a water depth of from three to six feet. The water surface is broken here and there with swirls where underwater boulders disturb the smooth flow of the current. One third of the way down the pool, boulders narrow the stream to twenty or twenty-five yards, making a large pool within a pool. The entire length, and most of the width, of the Lady's Pool affords beautiful water for resting salmon gathering their strength for their ordeal in the swift waters upstream. At times the surface of this pool is ruptured by dozens

of jumping salmon. It is the culmination of a fly-fisherman's dream.

A short distance above the Lady's Pool is another smooth-surfaced fast water, sixty yards in length. I first fished this pool from one of the large rocks at the head. Then I discovered an underwater flat-topped boulder some fifteen yards downstream, located off the edge of the salmon water but requiring some precarious wading to reach it. I crossed the slippery rocks and strong currents and found myself on the boulder joyfully casting a dry fly to the most promising part of the pool. Business-like rises were frequent, and soon I had hooked a fat silver speed demon. The battle had not progressed more than two or three jumps when the enraged salmon took off for the rapids below the pool. The reel handle whirled like an electric fan, the fly line out and the backing fast disappearing.

My only chance was to get into shallow water or ashore and follow the salmon in his downstream rush, hoping meanwhile that the boulders in the rapids would not foul the line and that all the line would not run off the reel before I could catch up with the fish. I took a backward step feeling for the bottom with my boot toe. The bottom was not there. I lost my balance and fell backward into the icy river. By the time I was pulled out, my salmon was well on his way to Forteau Bay, a brown Bi-Visible with a few inches of leader hanging on his lip. Victor, our guide, suggested that since I had made such a big hole in the water back there, we should call it the "Gibbs Pool."

Before our week was out, we were making plans for the next year. Sandy suggested the possibility of building a camp on the Forteau. With such a camp we could fly directly from Gander to either Outside Pond or Forteau Bay, thus eliminating the uncertain boat crossing of the Strait and giving ourselves more days in Labrador. His ideas were enthusiastically accepted, and he was given the job of getting a Labrador camp ready by the next July. He had his troubles. A lesser man would have given up. But Sandy came through against seemingly insurmountable odds.

Labrador could furnish the camp site on the Forteau and some rocks for the foundation, but nothing more. When the fishing season was over, Sandy purchased in Newfoundland all the necessary items for building a camp: lumber, windows, doors, roofing, furniture, stoves, and so forth. When everything was assembled early in October, he chartered a schooner, loaded the material, and made the stormy run from Rocky Harbor to Flower's Cove and across the Strait of Belle Isle to Forteau Village. He unloaded the schooner at Raymond Flynn's stage and made the return trip to Rocky Harbor without incident. His plan was to have Raymond Flynn arrange for natives with dog teams to haul the material to the camp site later on in the winter. Up to this time, everything had

proceeded according to plan, and Sandy relaxed confidently by his fireside in Rocky Harbor.

On December 16 unusually high tides struck Rocky Harbor but no damage was done. A few days later the bush pilot air mail service of the North brought Sandy a letter from Raymond Flynn. The high tides at Rocky Harbor were coincident with disastrous tidal waves that beat against the Labrador coast, and Raymond Flynn's letter succinctly describes the terror of the berserk seas.

FORTEAU BAY, Dec. 17 inst.

DEAR SANDY,

I must try and write you a few lines but hardly know how to get at it, of course you have heard about the wonderful storm or tidal wave we had here, and it sweep Forteau and just about clean up everybody's things, and am sorry to say it took my stage and everything with it all of your lumber is practically gone I manage to get a thousand or fifteen hundred, out of it, I lost everything I was owner of trying to save that much, I never had a chance to save a thing of my fishing gear all my salt dogs food barrels punches all my brothers lumber everything was in that stage because it was a big stage and was there for a hundreded years everysince my grandfather fished there and never a sea came up there before, I tell you I don't feel to dam good today over it the sea just sweep in taking everything as it came it took my dory from up on a bank were we had our flakes, and all our flakes, but your boats is alright they are in my store up on the hill. the sea took nine stages the same sea I am sure nobody in the world seen the like, there was people here thought they had to leaves there houses the sea came up to there windows, I had to write and tell you today, but I don't feel much like writeing I tel you, hope you don't take this to serious, because I really could have saved some of my own stuff but was trying so hard to get what lumber I could it was sloup and sea together I tell you it was a wonderful sight, everyman here help me that could get there well I must close hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours tryly,

/s/ RAYMOND FLYNN

Sandy's fall work had gone for naught, and the Labrador camp was still only an idea. The bitter cold of winter had descended and the northern seas were frozen. He could duplicate his purchases of materials but the transportation of them had to wait for the spring, when the lumber and miscellaneous supplies and furnishings were delivered again at Forteau. But this time their transportation to the camp site could not be achieved with dog teams. Sandy recruited strong and willing natives to slog the camp components piece by piece on their backs through the marshy barrens.

3

ON JULY 7, two Eastern Provincial planes flew over the Strait and circled the Forteau River from tide-water to the first pond. Six pairs of eyes anxiously

scanned the terrain looking for the new camp and there it was, on a low bluff overlooking the tide-water pool. We landed on the first pond, where we were met by Sandy and a group of native artisans who had helped him to complete the camp but an hour or so before our arrival. Sandy triumphantly led our little procession from the pond to the new camp, and we were soon installed comfortably in luxury uncommon in Labrador.

For the next four weeks we enjoyed the finest salmon fishing that our North American continent can offer. During the entire time the river flow conditions were consistently excellent, and countless magnificent salmon were ever present in the beautiful pools from tidewater to the big falls.

The weather was typically Labrador: good, bad, dry, wet, hot, and cold, as low as 40°, as high as 90° — which is exceptional. Either the Labrador winds whistled down the river valley, making it difficult to cast a fly without endangering the back of your neck, or the black flies and mosquitoes descended (or ascended) in swarms to test the savor of your favorite insect repellent. When the wind dropped we had no choice but to scramble ashore and build a smudge. But no matter what, the salmon fishing was superb.

The salmon of the Forteau do not follow any specific pattern of weight range or of sequence of grilse runs. Throughout our stay the salmon population seemed to be consistent. A single fisherman in any one day would see hundreds of fish, and it would not matter particularly what section of the river received his attention. He would see fish of all sizes, from fat saucy five-pound grilse, making their first return visit, to broad veterans of thirty-five to forty pounds. Occasionally one of these silvery monsters would find the artificial fly enticing and you would be treated to an aerial acrobatic exhibition that belied the bulk of the hooked fish. Fish of from eight to twenty pounds abounded and they were more commonly hooked and, with luck, captured. In a month of fishing, my largest salmon in hand was eighteen pounds, but many much larger fish combined their fighting frenzy with the powerful currents of the rushing stream to defeat my best efforts.

It would be unfair to create the impression that the Labrador salmon can be had by the simple expedient of casting just any old fly in a careless manner on one of the Forteau pools. You will respect these salmon for their discrimination as well as their fighting abilities — and the latter will not be experienced very often unless you use good judgment in the fly selection and care in its presentation. These are wild salmon, but they are surprisingly hard to please.

We soon learned that the smaller artificial fly, fished on a relatively long tapered leader with a terminal test of two to four pounds, would bring many strikes. The larger flies and heavy leaders made more sense from the standpoint of landing a hooked fish in the fast water, but a strike is the prerequisite. Either dry flies (fished to float on the water surface) in sizes Nos. 8, 10, and 12 or wet flies in the same sizes proved most productive. A fighting heavy salmon successfully landed with such gear is no mean accomplishment; and win or lose, the thrill of the battle is beyond compare.

One day I waded through fast deep water to a good casting position on the Ledge Rock Pool and soon was hooked to a small salmon. I didn't care to risk the fast water wading back to shore for beaching or tailing the salmon, so I decided to try an experiment. I had read in one of Lee Wulff's books that, once hooked, a salmon would not try to free himself if the line were slackened. This salmon had made several wild jumps and was dogging it across the current and building up to another jump. I dropped the rod tip and pulled a few yards of line from the reel, lighted a cigarette, and made some notes in my notebook. Nothing happened. The slack line floated downstream in a broad loop. The salmon didn't move. When the cigarette was finished and the notebook back in my pocket, I reeled in the slack and found myself fast to the salmon, and the fish was full of renewed energy. Several times in different pools I tried the same experiment. Each time the salmon stopped moving when the line tension on the hook was eased, and the hook did not come out. The Forteau is particularly conducive to this type of experimental foolishness because you do not worry about losing a few salmon. There are more!

It is possible to breakfast early in New York City or Boston and before nightfall be fighting a Labrador salmon. A commercial transatlantic flight to Gander, Newfoundland, and an Eastern Provincial Airline charter flight to Labrador will have you there in less than twelve hours. The alternative is to drive or take the train to Sidney, Nova Scotia, overnight ferry to Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland, and the narrow-gauge Newfoundland railway to Corner Brook; there you catch a coastal steamer, the S.S. *Springdale*, which visits several Labrador ports, including Forteau. In all, you had better allow a week for this route. The costs of transportation are compensated for by the fact that the Labrador rivers are open waters and Sandy Parsons's charges are reasonable: the flight and Sandy's bill for two full weeks amount to about \$750 a rod. The salmon will be in residence throughout July and August, and I know they will coöperate.

Adolescents

Rebellion in a household, while admittedly unpleasant to live with, disturbs Dr. J. ROSWELL GALLAGHER less than too much dependence or excessive conformity. In the paper which follows he reaffirms his belief that adolescents need to develop their own personalities, their independence, and a regard for others' rights. Dr. Gallagher is the author of Understanding Your Son's Adolescence, a book which parents and teachers have found most helpful. He is now Chief of the new Adolescent Unit at the Children's Medical Center in Boston, a pioneer venture into the too-long-neglected field of the care of the medical and emotional needs of this group.

WHY THEY REBEL

by J. ROSWELL GALLAGHER, M.D.

1

YOU must have heard a parent say, "I just can't manage Bill. He pays no attention to me; he's positively defiant. Sometimes he just doesn't answer and sulks; other times he slams the door and goes out. You'd think at sixteen he'd have better manners. I don't know what's gotten into him; he didn't used to be this way."

Rebellion rears its head when youth's natural trend toward the development of independence meets with consistent opposition. Parents want young people to grow up and to become independent, but are not always willing to let them try. We forget that by our continuing to help, we rob them of opportunities to learn to do for themselves. When they rebel, their defiance baffles or infuriates us; we forget that rebellion is more praiseworthy than is a desire to remain dependent.

Bill caused his parents very little trouble or anxiety in his first fifteen years. Then, during his second year of high school, things began to change, and a few months later his frantic mother sought help. "I can't figure Bill out. He ignores me; he acts as if he thinks I'm stupid, sometimes as if he hates me. I can't understand what's gotten into him. We do everything for him — we get him anything he wants. We try to help him with his schoolwork; we're careful what friends he makes; we don't let him wear himself out doing jobs after school. He used to tell me everything; now, if I ask him where he's going, all he says is 'Out'; and if I try to find out whom he's been with, all he answers is 'The gang.' I tried for months to get him to have his teeth attended to before I finally gave up. Just last week we got a bill from the dentist: Bill had gone to him by himself and had never said a word to us. He's going around with some girl. I guess she's all right, but he won't bring her home."

That's adolescent rebellion, but to name it neither makes it more pleasant to live with nor contributes much to understanding it.

Bill started out totally dependent — literally tied to his mother, figuratively dependent on his father; and as he grew he gradually strove for more and more independence. When he first tried to walk, it was with his hand in theirs; but slowly he broke away until he could walk by himself. The first evidence of his being able to do for himself made his parents very happy. They would have been upset if he had not walked as early as Aunt Gertrude's boy, and they welcomed and applauded his early steps even though they were very awkward and even though he frequently fell.

Later, an adolescent with the size and strength to do a man's work, if necessity demanded, he wanted to be treated like a man; he wanted to do his own schoolwork, to choose his own friends, to earn his own spending money, to develop his own interests, to have his own ideas — and his parents feared to have him try. They doubted his ability, his responsibility, and his judgment, and they believed it better for him to rely on theirs than to trust and to develop his own. They feared he would make mistakes; they feared he would make the same mistakes they had once made; and they dreaded the thought of his growing up and needing them no more. They forgot that his own awkward efforts would do him more good in the long run than the perfect things he could do with their help. They forgot that a transition from dependence to independence is normal and natural, and something very much to be fostered. So they thwarted him — and he rebelled.

Rebellion is neither to be tossed off as "just adolescence," to be laughed at, to be resented, or to be cried over. It certainly is not to be met with stiff resistance. It needs to be understood as unpleasant evidence that a natural desire to grow up, to develop one's own identity, to become a self-sustaining individual, is being achieved in a very awkward fashion. It is important to understand what is

behind it, what it is heading toward, and why you feel about it as you do. Parents have an essential role in the production of these young people. We understand that, and we realize that children need our love and protection and should be made to feel that they are wanted and that they are secure against inevitable threats. But as these young people change and grow up, parents' roles change too. We must relax our protection and give them ever-increasing opportunities to do for themselves. Our real job is to produce an adult, not a child.

We must also occasionally assess the part our emotions play in our attitudes toward our children, and try to discover what is behind our wishes and our plans for them. Is it our own fears which force us always to think of the dangers which threaten our growing son or daughter? Are our restrictions and restraints deeply colored by our own anxiety and insecurity? Are these the bases for our secretly wishing that our children would not grow up? We complain that they no longer confide in us; but how often does our own embarrassment prevent us from talking to them about really important matters? During our children's adolescence, when we are being alternately renounced and sought by them — when our children awkwardly strive for independence and yet fear to accept it — it is hardly strange that we alternately try to push them into maturity and then, fearing they are not ready to accept responsibility, refuse to let them try.

The female is indeed the gentler, less aggressive sex, but girls also need to develop their individuality and to gain independence. A spirited girl can upset a home as completely as her brother can. When Mary was fifteen, a year after her father had died, she and her mother were at swords' points. Dresses her mother bought her hung untouched in her closet; when questioned she would offer a limp excuse for not wearing them. She refused to help with the housework when her mother asked her to; but occasionally, when the mother would go off for a holiday, she would return to find that Mary had cleaned the house from top to bottom. The neighbors couldn't believe that Mary refused her mother's request for help, that she was disobedient and impertinent and that she never talked to her mother about her friends and her activities. She chattered endlessly to some of these neighbors and frequently helped them with their household chores. Mary's telephone calls and her going off on dates without permission caused the most violent scenes. Sometimes, when a boy would telephone Mary, her mother would fly into a rage and snatch the receiver from her.

Mary became more and more surly and evasive and stayed away from home more and more frequently, until finally her mother became desperate. "I do everything for her. I buy her clothes, I try to teach her how to do things properly, but she resents every suggestion I make. I try to protect

her and she flies into a rage, screaming that she is no longer a baby. The only time she is fit to live with is when she has her own way."

Mary didn't need all this protection, all those suggestions. She had grown up more than her mother, still feeling acutely the loss of her husband, could bear to believe. And Mary, needing and wanting her independence, failed to understand the deep emotion which made her mother try to hold her so close.

When understood as a manifestation of thwarted attempts at independence, adolescent rebellion is easier to tolerate. You also find it easier to sit by and see mistakes being made when you know that mistakes today mean fewer in the future. The errors in choice of friends, the poor planning, the low grades in subjects you could have helped your children with, are hard to take — much harder to take than the falls that accompanied those first halting steps. But even as they learned to walk smoothly by being allowed to try, so will they become mature only if you let them do for themselves.

It does not always require restraint to produce signs of rebellion. These young people are less confident than they care to admit; their show of defiance is balanced precariously. Angrily protesting that they are no longer babies, they fear independence and may tomorrow seek the very help they reject today. Small wonder that, being confused and anxious, they behave childishly at times.

Ironically, those adolescents who find the leaving of their parents and the acquisition of independence most difficult may treat their parents the most cruelly. The more the breaking away disturbs them, the more fierce and childish will be their outbursts.

2

SO MUCH for understanding what rebellion can mean. The extreme instances of rebellion are the unhappy incidents which follow when parents rely on authority to produce the respect which can only grow out of years of affectionate relationship; when parents thwart every attempt at growing up; when parents refuse to let their children go. Because they are afraid that their children will be hurt, or because they do not appreciate the importance of independence, or simply because they need their children, parents will sometimes squelch all efforts at growing up.

But rebellion really is desirable. Suppose it never happened. Suppose an adolescent never had the desire to do for himself. What sort of future would then be in store for him? Fortunate and happy the home where maturity and independence are approached gracefully; but it is better to have slammed doors and monosyllables than that a boy or girl never should want to stand alone. It is obviously independence, not rebellion, which deserves approval; but when youth's natural striving toward

independence is thwarted, rebellion is more praiseworthy than deference. Fear of responsibility and failure to struggle against too tight reins are more disheartening than defiance. Few of us can view complacently the prospect of the spiritless boy or girl who today accepts a parent's oversolicitude and tomorrow may relinquish his independence to the blandishments of demagogues.

Phil's mother couldn't understand that. And later she couldn't understand his failure in his senior year in high school. She had "done everything for him." That, of course, was exactly it. Not being allowed to do for himself, it was inevitable that either he would remain totally dependent or he would become resentful. Phil's marks were terrible. He was fed up with school, but he had no thought of doing anything but dragging along. During his grade school years he had done very well, and there was no reason to doubt his ability. He talked freely about his mother — of her boundless energy and the efficient way in which she handled things both at home and in his father's business. Phil had always been told exactly what to do, exactly what to wear, exactly where to go. He had never tried to make plans for himself, his mother always planned things so very well. She bought his clothes, arranged for his summers, told him what girl to take out, what college to try for.

It was not her domination and overprotection which bothered me — though those were certainly not commendable; it was Phil's failure to rebel that I found disturbing. Dependent and irresponsible by nature, neither independence nor responsibility was being fostered by others or sought by the boy himself. He was "such a nice boy" that his school thought him "perhaps a little lazy, but he'll grow out of it. And he's no real trouble at all — not like some of our boys." He would play a little football, but never hard enough to make the team; smaller, less able boys would beat him out. "Too eager" he called them. He wrote well, but he'd never take the pains to polish his themes — "If you do well, then they always expect you to." He was an expert swimmer but he wouldn't take a lifeguard job in the summer — "I'd rather let somebody else worry." Never leading, always hanging back; sensitive and not seeking the knowledge and prestige which would bring him responsibility — there he was, a beautiful machine, carefully wrapped in cellophane.

Bill and Mary, who rebelled against overprotection, needed more opportunities to develop the independence they so badly wanted. But what can one do for a Phil? It is not easy to instill a desire to grow up, to eradicate complacency, to make a helmsman out of a drifter. Phil had to be made to see himself for what he was; he had to be helped

to develop an interest and faith in himself; and then he had to learn to assert his individuality over anyone who threatened to dominate him.

Such a rebuilding is not easy, but in adolescents it is not an impossible task. Encouraged to put into words long-suppressed feelings of resentment toward the smothering authority of a dominating parent, or given a strong adult whom they deeply admire and wish to emulate, adolescents can slowly develop a wish to grow up and to be independent. Some, seeing then that success in school may later be a means of avoiding further domination, begin to show a real interest in their studies.

The career a boy chooses can be of less significance than that he have ideas about it, that it be his own choice. He can, and should, be guided, but a poor choice of his own is better than for him to have no ideas of his own and blindly to follow someone else. Their own latchkey, their own bank account, a job, buying and caring for their own things, sharing in the family's problems, doing for others, buying their own clothes — all these develop a sense of responsibility and independence and make boys and girls feel that they are trusted and thought of as people who are trying to become adults. There is everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by efforts to help them to grow up. It may be painful to watch them try to become mature, but it should not be half as disturbing as to find that they don't want to do so.

Adolescents thrive on responsibility — the more you give them, the better they learn to handle it. It is only when they are given too much too soon, when without any preparation too much is expected of them, or when it is too long withheld and then thrown at them all at once, that they come a cropper. Rebellion is a straining at the bit; it is solved by loosening, not by tightening, the reins.

If young people are to develop into mature, independent, self-reliant men and women capable of respect for authority and for the rights and needs of others, they must be given ever-increasing opportunities to venture on their own. They need to put meaning into that personality which love and security gave so fine an early start. As boys and girls grow, they must learn to protect themselves, to develop their own attitudes and interests, their own personalities. Free and independent themselves, they will have more respect for the rights and the opinions of others. To continue to run their lives, to continue to protect them, is to leave them without protection. The affection and security given adolescents in childhood will have been an empty gift if later they are not allowed to build on it — if they are not allowed to temper and to test their mettle.



Books and Men



*"I am not a painter of the absurd, and
I do not believe in the literature of*

despair." So replies ALBERT CAMUS to those who have labeled him Existentialist and to those who would wish him to be. Essayist, playwright, journalist, Albert Camus's highest distinction has been as a novelist, and in *The Stranger* and *The Plague* he has proven himself as one of France's leading writers. His eloquence and vigor have been faithfully rendered in this translation by Patricia Blake.

WHAT A WRITER SEEKS

by ALBERT CAMUS

IT is difficult today to have the appearance of what one is. But it is sometimes impossible to be what one appears. In my case, I feel acutely helpless and I should like to apologize, without fuss or false shame.

Before being known, a writer in our time must accept having a small number of readers. A healthy condition. But from the moment his reputation begins to boom, when he becomes material for a newspaper article, then he has every prospect of becoming known to a great number of people who will never read him. Then he will be known, not for what he is, but according to the image created by a hurried but infallible reporter. The image will be false or ridiculous — or both — as the case may be. The fact is that to make a name in literature today, it is not absolutely necessary to write books. It is enough to be said to have written one which the evening papers have reviewed, and on which one may henceforth sleep. But the man who actually aspires to writing real books must resign himself either to remaining anonymous or to accepting the gift of a name not his own.

I might add that if this condition is unhealthy, it is none the less edifying. Doctors know that certain diseases are desirable: those which compensate in some way for functional disorders which might otherwise upset the equilibrium of the organism. There exist auspicious constipation and providential arthritis. The deluge of words and hasty judgments which today submerges all public activity in a sea of frivolity has not been without value, however. In a nation where his craft is given such disproportionate importance, the French writer has learned a lesson in modesty. Seeing one's name in certain papers and magazines is such an ordeal that the soul is bound to profit thereby. Thus Wilde began to learn humility and his true destiny when, having exchanged the dandy's necktie for the prisoner's sackcloth, he was forced to live among the scoundrels and the unlucky. Blessed be the society

which, at so little expense to itself, teaches us daily, by its very acts of tribute, that the grandeurs it worships are nothing. Our press is like the fires of gun-wad which Alexander the Sixth often prepared as a reminder that the glories of this world are but smoke and ash.

But these considerations are much too solemn for my subject. It is enough to say that the writer must be resigned, with good humor if possible, to the distorted image of himself that litters the waiting room and the beauty parlor. Thus Sartre is supposed to preside each night at smoky bacchanals, where nymphs have flowing hair, and fauns funereal fingernails. Where does he find the time to fill whole shelves with his collected works? In reality this writer, like many of his colleagues, sleeps at night in order to be able to spend long hours at his desk every day, and drinks mineral water to spare his liver. Despite this, the average Frenchman, whose Saharan sobriety and fierce cleanliness are notorious, is indignant at the thought that one of our most famous writers teaches that one must get drunk and not wash. Other examples are not lacking. I myself can furnish an excellent recipe for acquiring a reputation for austerity with a minimum of effort. In fact, I bear the weight of this reputation — a great joke among my friends. A good beginning, for example, is to decline the honor of accepting a dinner invitation from a newspaper editor one does not respect. That this might be an act of common decency is inconceivable. Your refusal suggests a tortuous infirmity of the soul. Who could guess that you refuse to dine with the editor simply because you have no respect for him — or because you fear boredom more than anything on earth? And what is more boring than a typically Parisian dinner party?

One must therefore be resigned. But when talking in honest company, one can at least try to settle some misunderstandings. In my case, it is a good thing to repeat now and then that I am not a painter

of the absurd, and I do not believe in the literature of despair. Of course, I did write an essay about what I called the notion of the absurd. But, after all, one can write about incest without feeling the need to assault one's poor sister. I have never heard that Sophocles murdered his father or dishonored his mother. The childish idea that every author writes necessarily about himself is one of the relics of Romanticism. A writer may be primarily concerned with others, or with his period, or with familiar myths. Even if he happens to put himself on stage, it is unusual to hear him speak of what he really is. A man's work often retraces the history of his nostalgias or his temptations — almost never his own history — especially if the work pretends to be autobiographical.

If I were to allow myself an opinion about my work, I think I would say that I am an objective writer. By objective I mean a writer who never allows himself to become the subject of his work. But the contemporary fashion to mistake the subject for the author does not allow the writer this relative freedom. Hence, I have become the prophet of the absurd. But what else have I done but reflect on an idea I found current in the streets? That I nourished this idea, like the rest of my generation, goes without saying. But I have kept my distance in order to treat it and determine its logic. If my books were to be read, they would suffice to prove it. However, to be up to date, it is convenient to exploit the formula rather than the nuance. The formula having been chosen, I am as absurd as ever.

It would take too long to explain that, given the kind of experience which interests me and about which I happen to write, the absurd cannot be assumed as a starting position, just as (keeping a due sense of proportion) Cartesian doubt, being methodical, did not suffice to make Descartes a skeptic. Simply stated, it is frivolous to attribute to me the notion that nothing has meaning, and that one must despair of everything. Without going any further, I might add that just as there can be no absolute materialism because the very formulation of these words indicates the existence of more than matter, so there can be no total nihilism. To say that everything is meaningless is to express something which has meaning. Rejecting all meaning in the world amounts to rejecting all value judgments. But to be alive and, for example, to nourish oneself are in themselves value judgments. One chooses to go on living the moment one does not allow oneself to die, and in that choice one must recognize that life has value, however relative.

What, after all, does "literature of despair" mean? Despair is silent. And even silence has a

meaning if the eyes speak. True despair is failure, agony, death. If despair speaks, if it reasons, and above all, if it writes, then from that moment on, we are not alone, nature is justified, love is born. "Literature of despair" is a contradiction in terms.

Of course I am not a certain kind of optimist. I grew up to the drumbeat of the First World War, and since then our history has been murder, injustice, and violence. But true pessimism, the kind that is common today, consists in exploiting all the cruelty and infamy of our time. I, for one, have never ceased to struggle against this degradation, and I hate only the cruel. In the lower depths of our nihilism, I have searched only for reasons to transcend it. Not out of virtue, or because I am blessed with rare loftiness of spirit, but because of an instinctive fidelity to the light which shines at our birth, and which, for thousands of years, has taught men to hail life, even in suffering. Aeschylus is often despairing, yet he radiates warmth and light. At the center of his universe we do not find a thin meaninglessness, but an enigma — a meaning so dazzling that we can hardly decipher it. Thus our charred history must be intolerable to those unworthy, yet stubbornly faithful, sons of Greece who subsist somehow in this lean century. Yet they have come to endure it, because they want to understand it. There exist a few men at the center of whose work, however dark, burns an indomitable sun. I am far now from the country which first showed me that light, yet I am faithful still; its rays have found and nourished me even in the city of shadows, where fate holds me.

Let Alexander's fires burn. What does it matter how we appear? What we are and what we are to be — that is enough to fill our lives and spend our strength. Paris is a cave where men seeing their own shadows move restlessly on the wall take them for reality. But far from Paris we have learned of the light that shines at our backs. We have learned that we must turn around, breaking our bonds, to face it, and that it is our task on earth to learn its name. Once the bonds are broken, the rest, all the rest, comes untied. Surely every writer is searching for his own truth. If he is great, each work brings him closer to it, or at least gravitates nearer to this center, the hidden sun, where all things must one day be consumed. If he is mediocre, each work carries him away and the center is everywhere, the light diffused.

Only those who love the writer can help him in his obstinate search; and then, too, those who by loving or creating, themselves, find in their passion the measure of all passion, and hence may judge. The others, those who speak every day, have nothing to teach him.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

JUNE is the month when more Americans emote than at any other time of year. I do not refer to June brides and grooms, though of course they help to swell the total; I mean the more elderly gentlemen in blue suits who, having achieved prestige and a fortune, are invited to address the Commencements of our schools and colleges. Since these men of distinction have almost never disciplined themselves to speak in public, they rise to the occasion by reading a script prepared for them by their public relations counsel, and under the strain they emote.

When I graduated from school we were emoted to by Mr. Clarence Mackay, in striped pants and cut-away. He began by likening us to "little ships sailing forth upon the sea of life," and having launched out on this original simile he couldn't stop. "Some of you under full sail will ride the Seven Seas like the clipper ships of old; some of you will luff and be left in the doldrums far astern; some, not heeding the warning of lighthouse and bell buoy, will pile up on the Reef of Norman's Woe; some of you will jibe and yaw"—on and on until our parents were yawning and we Seniors were sick of the whole business.

Another figure of speech overworked at Commencements is that of "Climbing the Mountain. . . . Getting to the top *slowly* . . . at last the Great View, the Broad Horizon, the Promised Land. . . . This is not the End but the Beginning." Graduating classes, being dressed and subdued for this kind of thing, are much too polite to give such performances the raspberry. They know that any humor will be unpremeditated and any truth a lucky gleam. They conceal their boredom by not looking at the speaker and by fidgeting quietly.

Any humor will be unpremeditated. I recall a school commencement where the leading Seniors had been encouraged, a few of them, to speak parts

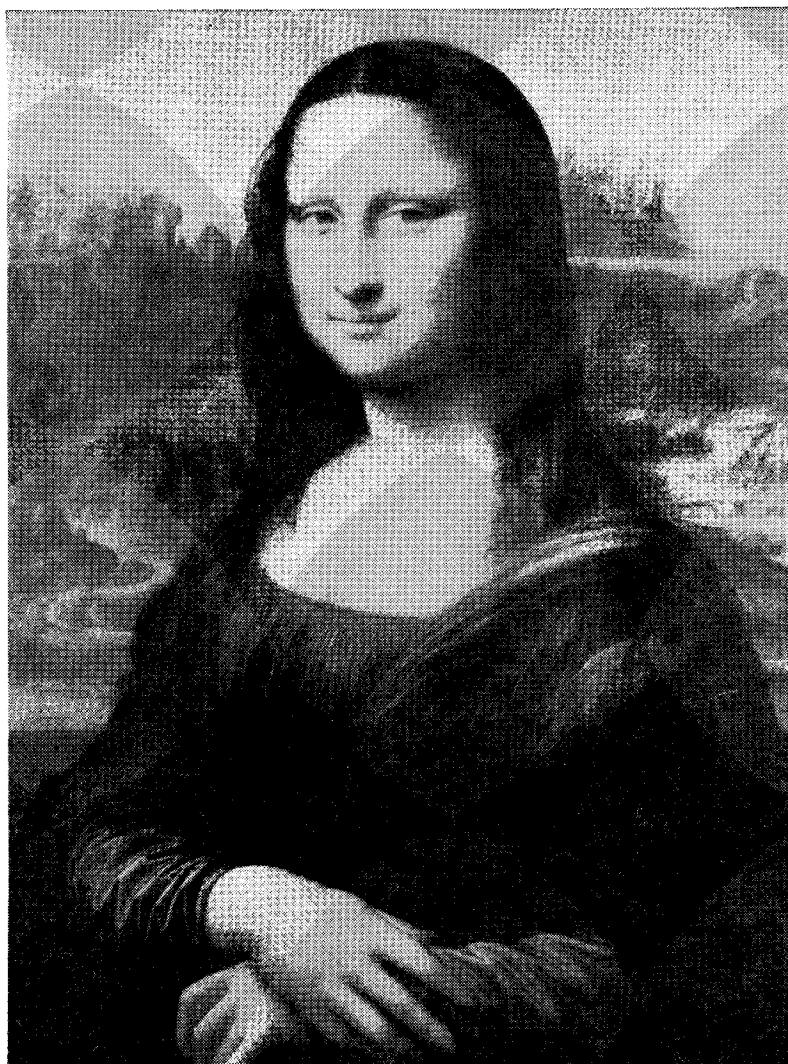
which they had written. One of them, a cousin in whom I was interested, chose for his subject, "The Sewerage System of New York City," and when his turn came he rose, cleared his throat, and suffered a dreadful pause. It was evident that he had forgotten his beginning, and in desperation he reached for the nearest line. "And so," he said solemnly, "all the dishwater, all the bath water, and all the rain water of New York City flows down to the East River, never to return again." That was all of his speech he could remember; he repeated it three times, and brought down the house. But parents seldom have a treat like that.

Too often the day is roasting hot, the collapsible chairs unyielding, and the oratory tedious. Rarely does the unexpected happen. It occurred at Southborough when the old Rector of Groton, Mr. Peabody, the first of several visiting dignitaries, let fly for thirty minutes at Divorce. He gave it both barrels, and since a good many in that fashionable audience had changed partners at least once, this was a case where the parents were squirming quite as noticeably as the Seniors.

Back in 1939 when I was invited to do my first radio program, I turned to Alexander Woolcott for advice. "Aleck," I said, "N.B.C. wants me to do a half-hour program on Tuesday evening. What do you think?" "I can't imagine why any network would be fool enough to ask you," he said, "but since they have, surely you won't be fool enough to refuse?" "All right," I said, "but is there any handbook to tell me what to do?" "No," he said, "there isn't. Every man learns for himself. There are just two pieces of advice I can give you. Dictate your talks, so that you can hear the sound of them. Never write them. Secondly, avoid consonants as if they were a rattlesnake. The *s*'s and *ch*'s will blur the moment your throat is dry. Use short words with plenty of vowels. Radio is speaking; and in speaking, the vowels have a bite and a music no one can miss."

These truths are just as applicable to a Commencement speaker. He should rehearse his remarks aloud to a critical listener before he tries them in public. He should remember that the classic prescription for any speaker is to begin lightly. I have seen a famous banker win his audience in twenty seconds by confessing at the outset that he too had a dreadful time passing his math. The great Commencement addresses, the talks that are really remembered, are candid, a blend of humor and experience, and evoke a feeling that the speaker

*Is her hair
black,
brown, or
red?*



The most famous lady in all painting has appeared in print thousands of times since Leonardo da Vinci laid down his brush. In some color reproductions, she looks pale and flat. In others, with a profusion of printing ink that would have shocked da Vinci, she appears highly “made up.”

Everyone who has attempted to prepare color plates of *Mona Lisa* has had problems. But nowhere will you find them more beautifully solved than in the portrait of her that appears in the “Painting” article in World Book Encyclopedia.

To prepare it, a color photograph was made of the original in the Louvre at Paris. Proofs of

plates made from the color photo were diligently compared with the original, and color-corrected by the curator of the museum.

To guarantee color fidelity, the final plate was printed in *six colors* instead of the conventional four. If you check the finished plate, you’ll find Mona Lisa’s hair is a soft red-brown, just as it is in Leonardo’s masterpiece—and the rest of the painting is reproduced as faithfully as is possible with modern, scientific methods.

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is dedicated to something bigger than personal success. When I say this I think of Lewis Perry, the former headmaster of Exeter; of J. Edgar Park, the former president of Wheaton; of Vivian Pomeroy, the Unitarian minister of Milton; of George F. Kennan, formerly of the State Department; and of Thornton Wilder, whose talk at the Commencement of 1951 was one of the most luminous in Harvard's history. Commencement addresses should be good, brief, and to the point this year, especially in the men's colleges, where 90 per cent of the Seniors will be going straight into uniform.

Butterfly with a sting

The Man Whistler by Hesketh Pearson (Harper, \$3.75) is a witty and perceptive book alive with the color and conflict which James McNeill Whistler imparted to almost everything he did. It is attractively printed and a delight to read, the format such as the artist himself would have enjoyed and the illustrations pointing up the high moments in his career.

The wit is Whistler's own, spontaneous, with rapier thrusts, laughable or cruel. His sallies made him one of the most spectacular of the Victorians; and in this book his wit comes to us not as epigrams under glass but as the natural result of a provocative event — the table talk at one of Jimmy's famous breakfasts, or the exchange at the opening of an exhibition, or the retort to insufferable criticism.

In his perception of Whistler as man and artist, Mr. Pearson, the biographer, has himself achieved a succession of portraits. We first see Jimmy as an American boy without roots: his father was a West Pointer, an engineer who resigned from the Army and went to St. Petersburg to build roads for the Czar, and who died there at the age of forty-eight. The widow with her two sons drifted through Europe and eventually back to Pomfret, Connecticut, where the boys went to school. At the age of seventeen Jimmy entered West Point, the head of which was then Colonel Robert E. Lee. The cadets called him "Curly" because of his thick black hair; he was full of fun, good at cooking, a failure in chemistry, and insubordinate, and they bounced him in June of 1854. He was head of his drawing class at the Point. After attempting to make him an engineer, it gradually dawned on his mother that he was an artist or nothing.

Whistler's student years in Paris, the dimmest phase of his career, marked him as a gamecock — he was five feet four — audacious, always in debt, a born talker, and a spry man with the girls. It was not until he turned to London in the late fifties that he began to make a name for himself: there his etchings of the Thames and his paintings of Jo, his Irish model and mistress, with her lovely red-gold hair, brought him to the attention of the Royal Academy. For ten years Jo acted as his housekeeper, caring for his natural son (not hers), selling his pictures,

keeping his creditors at bay; and she only left his roof to make way for his mother, who came to live with him at the outbreak of the Civil War.

It was Whistler who introduced to England the decorative qualities of Japanese painting and who, working through his association with Rossetti and C. A. Howell, developed the craze for Chinese porcelains and Japanese prints, for pastel shades, and for the "greenery-yallery" tints which W. S. Gilbert made fun of in *Patience*. Whistler's white rooms and his famous "blue and white" porcelain were laughed at and thought to be as eccentric as his portraits, which he insisted on calling Nocturnes. The critics encouraged the public to laugh. Whistler hit back and so began the feud which was to occupy him to the end of his life — a feud which led to his famous libel suit against Ruskin, embittered friendship after friendship, and eventually exiled him from the place he held most dear.

Mr. Pearson makes a deft reference to Whistler's "permanent black eye . . . he always felt that other people were trying to hit him"; he shows how Jimmy's sensitivity increased until he "lived in a constant itch of irritation whenever he was not lost in his work." He perceives Jimmy's aversion to reality in art, and traces it to the loneliness of an artist who had disowned the place of his birth.

I feel there is authority in his interpretation of Whistler's painting, and in the sketched profiles of those who touched Jimmy's life: the friendly impostor, C. A. Howell; Frederick Layland, the wealthy shipowner and the subject of one of the greatest portraits; the Greaves brothers, the boatmen who became Whistler's assistants; Ruskin, the antagonist; Jo, and Maud, and Mrs. Whistler. "I have hardly a warm personal enemy left," said Whistler at the close of his life, but what warmth, gaiety, adoration, and anger he consumed before he reached that isolation!

A horsy family

The Boyds of Black River by Walter D. Edmonds (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00) is a refreshing chronicle out of the past, a series of related stories about the black Boyds of upstate New York who trained trotting horses for the Grand Circuit, went shooting or fishing according to the season, and relished the family feuds, the country meals, and the Kentucky bourbon which was ready to hand in their sprawling house on the bank of the Black River Canal.

We see the Boyds through the eyes of Teddy Armond, a nephew of the family. Teddy is hotly loyal, quick to defend the clan against slur or stranger, essentially modest, and with the fresh senses of a boy of twelve. Big things are happening to him for the first time, and because he is plucky and straight as a string the elders admit him by degrees to their confidence and shared experience. Teddy's hero worship of Doone Boyd, the lean, black-haired young bachelor, his unbounded ad-

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miration of Doone's handling of Blue Dandy, who is to prove the champion of the stable; his protective affection for Kathy O'Chelrie, the New York actress who comes to visit and who stays to marry Doone; Teddy's pride in Leonidas, his beautiful white bull terrier, the best fighter in the county — these are the leads to a pleasurable book, of a serene and innocent age when Americans could live unto themselves and did so with gusto.

The vale of Kashmir

Take *Three Tenses*, *A Candle for St. Jude*, and *The River*, the novels of **Rumer Godden** I like best, are each of them a guidebook to an emotional experience — the first in wartime London, the second in a ballet studio, and the third in India. Miss Godden does her writing with a rich palette; like Kipling, she spent her most impressionable years in India and is happiest when depicting the conflict and color of that baffling place.

Sophie Barrington Ward, the heroine of her new book, *Kingfishers Catch Fire* (Viking, \$3.00), is an English widow, an attractive romantic who with the best intentions succeeds in doing almost everything wrong. She and her husband were living precariously in Kashmir when, on his sudden death, she was left with a desk full of debts, a minute pension, and the drafty security of a houseboat in Srinagar. As the winter comes on she is pulled down by typhoid and pneumonia, and with her young daughter Teresa and her small son Moo she is carted off to the English Mission. On her convalescence, had Sophie been sensible she would have thrown in the sponge, returning to England to the care of her aunts and the protestations of her old suitor Toby. But Sophie is a fool, impulsive and improvident. While still unsteady on her feet she takes a five-year lease on Dhilkusha, a remote summer house on the mountain: here she and the children will live "as peasants," cultivating the garden and dealing generously and intuitively with the Hindu and Mohammedan villagers who, though she seems not to notice it, are as predacious as hawks.

Teresa sees trouble coming and tries to block her mother with hard little impacts of truth, but Sophie is having too much fun decorating her new home and purchasing little extravagances from Profit David, the rug merchant. She won't even heed the sharper warnings of Nabir, the caretaker, and the only real man on her side. Misgivings proliferate, her baby is stolen by the herd children, and Sophie is fed some of her own herb medicine, not to her advantage.

It is a tribute to Miss Godden's skill that we can follow the escapades of such a ninny with the feeling that all this is inevitable and true to life. The natives; Sultan, the houseboy; Pundit Pramatha Kaul, the wise landlord; Profit David, and Nabir are wonderfully well drawn. Indeed, it is they who carry the story — they and the beauty of Kashmir.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Travel

BLUE TROUT AND BLACK TRUFFLES by *Joseph Wechsberg*. (Knopf, \$3.75.) This book bounces amusingly from wine list to menu, covering the travels of an epicure who began as the sort of brat that refuses to eat anything but cream puffs and has become a writer who can all but drive his readers wild with hunger.

FABULOUS SPAIN by *James Reynolds*. (Putnam, \$7.50.) Mr. Reynolds paints his way through Spain in the fine old romantic fashion, collecting vistas, architectural glories, comic episodes, and picturesque history, and compiles a most beguiling book.

THE WORLD REVISITED by *Stephen Longstreet*. (Holt, \$3.75.) Shooting background for a movie that never was made took Mr. Longstreet across Europe, stranded him in China, sidetracked him to Africa, and brought him home, miraculously solvent, via Hawaii. His observations en route are disillusioned and satirical, but vivid and continually interesting.

Fiction

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN by *James Baldwin*. (Knopf, \$3.50.) In working up to a Negro boy's first, and very violent, religious experience, the author reveals the lives and characters of his family with great skill and in a remarkably powerful prose.

THE PLANTATION by *Ovid Williams Pierce*. (Doubleday, \$3.00.) The troubles of the female relatives that Mr. Ed inherited along with the plantation consumed his entire life. The novel describes his lady-ridden career gently, sympathetically, with a fine sense of family complication and interdependence.

ZORBA THE GREEK by *Nikos Kazantzakis*. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50.) There's a plot of sorts here, having to do with the anonymous narrator's mine, but the book is carried by Zorba himself, an indomitable old ruffian who remains eternally young, inventive, humorous, cruel, loyal, and irresponsible. He's a truly epic creation.

Lives and Comments

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANDRÉ GIDE by *Roger Martin du Gard*. (Viking, \$2.75.) As an old friend, Mr. du Gard could enjoy Gide the eccentric with no loss of respect for Gide the genius. Sharp, amused, affectionate, his memoir of the great man is delightful.

THE HILLS ARE STRONG by *Rollo Walter Brown*. (Beacon Press, \$3.50.) Memories of childhood in a mining town, of Harvard, of teaching, lecturing, and travel, are here woven into a pleasant chronicle of the past sixty years of American life.

THREE GREAT IRISHMEN: SHAW, YEATS, JOYCE by *Arland Ussher*. (Devin-Adair, \$3.00.) With no set thesis to prove, the author comments wittily and arbitrarily on his great countrymen, underlining some unusual points.

ROBERT BROWNING by *Betty Miller*. (Scribner's, \$5.00.) An accomplished, well-written biography which produces impressive evidence that Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, not in a spirit of bustling knight-errantry, but because the limitations of his own nature made her necessary to him.

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Choice*

BY

PHOEBE ADAMS

Raymond Radiguet called *Count d'Orgel* (Grove Press, \$3.00), his second and last novel, "a romance in which it is the psychology that is romantic." This is an exact description of a book which seems packed with incident, although in fact very little happens that would normally come under the heading.

The action of the novel is almost all interior, subjective, with the effect of objective, exterior event. Radiguet describes states of mind as if they were campaigns. He does not use the stream-of-consciousness technique or attempt to draw the reader into his imaginary world and make him participate in the feelings of the inhabitants. Instead he displays the imaginary world in such a blaze of clarity that it fills the eye and obliterates all other considerations.

The novel is set in Paris at the close of the First World War and concerns the collapse of a marriage and the start of a love affair. Yet the setting is no more than an occasional precise, impressionistic line; both the collapse of the marriage and the start of the love affair take place beyond the canvas. The action of the novel is the states of mind and the processes of feeling that lead up to these events.

Mahaut d'Orgel is a charming girl with a strict code of behavior and much in love with her husband. The count, twelve years older than she, is one of those shallow, rather silly people who pass for sound characters if no strain is put on them. He returns his wife's devotion with "much gratitude and the warmest friendship which he himself took for love."

D'Orgel has a habit of striking up acquaintances on the spur of the moment, because it seems to him socially adventurous. At the circus he discovers a young man called François de Sérèuse and becomes firm friends with him. It is characteristic of d'Orgel that de Sérèuse is actually of his own class, although part of a slightly different set, and that they might quite reasonably have met at a dinner party instead of in the Fratellinis' dressing room.

De Sérèuse falls in love with the countess at once, admires her for her devotion to d'Orgel, and worries over his own hypocritical position as friend of the family. Presently Mahaut falls in love with de Sérèuse and is dismayed by her own disloyalty as well as his apparent indifference. They both behave with complete propriety and neither understands the other's feelings. It is d'Orgel himself who unbalances the delicate situation by playing the fool. When the crisis finally comes, he refuses to face it and retreats into plans for what is clearly destined to be one of the most disastrous costume balls in history.

In outline, the story is simple, but it is told with such economy, precision, and penetration that it has a force out of all proportion to the visible ingredients. A fine novel by any standards, it is staggering when one recalls that Radiguet wrote *Count d'Orgel*, *Devil in the Flesh*, and a volume of poems before he died at the age of twenty.

Violet Schiff's translation of *Count d'Orgel* is not all it might be. It is on the gawky side much of the time and includes at least one outright impossibility, but Radiguet's accomplishment survives in spite of these conditions.

There is nothing awkward about the translation of *Chéri* and *The Last of Chéri* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50), the two novels which make up the second volume of a projected complete English edition of the work of Colette. The style is suitably light, flexible and ironic. If Roger Senhouse's decision to put slang into British idiom gets too many countries into the act, the American equivalent of "lawks" or "tupenny-ha'penny tart" wouldn't clear up the congestion.

Together, the novels cover the whole career of Chéri, who begins as a pampered Edwardian gigolo and drifts to a dismal end in the autumn of 1919, defeated by a world in which he no longer fits. It's not quite fair, perhaps, to call him a gigolo, since money is not an issue. Chéri's mother, an amusingly dreadful woman, has been well provided for by a series of lovers. He gets little attention from anybody, except as a piece of ornamental and frequently infuriating bric-a-brac. At the age of eighteen, he is scooped up by his mother's friend Léa, a charming creature who acts

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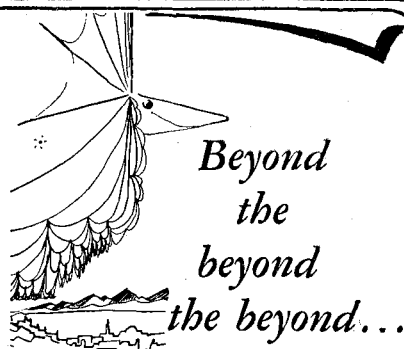
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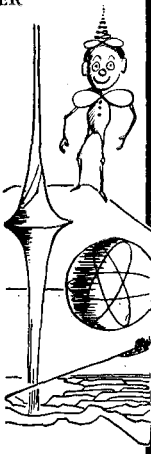
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simultaneously as mistress, friend, and mother, and does all of these parts to perfection, having had plenty of practice beforehand. After six years of Léa's spoiling, Chéri, who never was overburdened with brains or enterprise, is about as well fitted for the world as a Chihuahua lost in Alaska.

The portraits of Chéri and Léa are done with enormous skill. Nothing happens predictably—indeed, the story is full of surprises—but every move they make is right and every emotion convinces. Léa gives way to old age with the theatrical finality of anger, bundles herself in tweeds, and talks like a cross between an Oscar Wilde dowager and Gertrude Stein. Chéri, normally resentful of inelegant people, visits by the hour with a disheveled former trollop who remembers Léa in her youth. Even this old bat has unexpected resources. She goes off to her mother's funeral and the reader is as thunderstruck as Chéri.

The tragicomedy of the boy who will not grow up and the woman who cannot stay young is worked out with wit, a fine assortment of supporting characters, perfectly chosen detail, and a detachment that has in it an almost feline quality. Madame Colette is really a wonder.

An Indian views Red China

Frank Moraes was one of a group of Indian journalists and officials invited by the Chinese to examine the achievements of Communism at first hand. In *Report on Mao's China* (Macmillan, \$4.00) he describes what he saw north of the Himalayas, making no pretense to have seen everything.

Since India has studiously maintained civil relations with Communist China, Mr. Moraes saw a great deal, in the long run, and heard even more. He reports in detail, discounting some claims, elaborating others, reserving judgment where he feels himself unqualified to form a useful opinion. There is no hate or hysteria in the book, but an undercurrent of dry disapproval is detectable on every page; and when Mr. Moraes confirms his suspicion that the Chinese are bluffing about their output of certain machines, he is frankly gleeful.

Parts of the book necessarily read like the same old Communist story (organization of youth groups, for instance, involves astronomical figures in the usual totalitarian formula) but most of the information has

a distinctively local twist. Chinese Communism, begun as a movement of land-hungry peasants rather than a rising of the industrial proletariat, is basically unorthodox from a formal Marxian point of view. This circumstance has led the Chinese into extemporization in their land reform program, the establishment of collective farming here and the preservation of "rich peasants" there. Mr. Moraes has some lively speculations on the future of this program, and how far it can be carried without infuriating those who have already benefited by it.

Mr. Moraes has packed his book with information on everything going, from how to run a parade (rules straight from Moscow) to an elaborate listing of Mao's assistants, a who's who good at least until a major purge. In between come flood control, economic plans which Mr. Moraes believes will create a thoroughly unbalanced state, education, industrialization, executions, trials, the virtual extinction of the press, and the plight of British businessmen who can neither trade in China nor cut their losses and leave the country.

Mr. Moraes had visited China before and admired the Chinese for quick wit and stimulating intelligence. This time he found a pall of gloom over once-gay cities and the monotony of official party-line opinions everywhere. The apparent change in national intellect depressed him, and he writes dismal vignettes of once-witty friends reduced to conversation out of a Russian primer.

To the questions, Could Chiang Kai-shek recover the Chinese mainland given some help? and Is Mao a possible second Tito? Mr. Moraes answers flatly no, with formidable arguments based on what he has seen of the characters and convictions of the two men. It is interesting that while he dislikes Communism, Mr. Moraes respects Mao as an honest devotee. Chiang he does not respect, on the grounds that the general acted beneath his own capabilities, and he acknowledges that in some matters the Communists are running China better than Chiang ever did.

Report on Mao's China is fast and lucid, the work of a good journalist with no delusions of his own infallibility. Because Mr. Moraes writes as an Indian, the book has unexpectedly enlightening moments. Chinese proceedings are compared with those in India, Mao contrasted with Gandhi

and Nehru. The effect is sometimes startling, for his style lures one into thinking of Mr. Moraes as a Westerner, but the difference in perspective ultimately adds to the sharpness of his observations.

From Tangipahoa to Greenville

Where Main Street Meets the River (Rinehart, \$4.00) is partly the autobiography of **Hodding Carter** and partly a celebration of the New South, with its increasing ingenuity and prosperity. Perhaps for this reason the book is uneven, not too orderly, and not devoid of corn. Its defects are minor, however, by comparison with its virtues as the record of a newspaper editor who has always been either on the right side or trying honestly to settle the dust so that the right side could be identified.

Mr. Carter wastes no time on his childhood but plunges at once into the newspaper business. He had been a reporter for three years when the Associated Press in New Orleans fired him for insubordination and because it believed he'd never make a newspaperman. He retreated to his home town, Hammond in Tangipahoa Parish, population 6000, decided the place needed a daily paper (it already had a perfectly decent weekly), and on indignation, the encouragement of his bride, and practically no money at all, forthwith founded the *Hammond Daily Courier*.

This was in 1932, when Huey Long was abroad in Louisiana and depression hung over the whole country. No time to start a paper, it would seem, but the *Courier* survived, although merchants paid for advertising with kind instead of cash and the editor once met his pay roll only by courtesy of a lucky crap game. It even thrived on its shoestring finances and a policy of lambasting the kingfish in every issue, for Hammond was an anti-Long stronghold and appreciated the young editor's stand if Huey did not.

Looking back, Mr. Carter admits to some astonishment that his editorials never drew violent reprisals. They drew pressure, threats, broken windows, and the removal of the senior Carter as trustee of the college that he had helped to found in Hammond. They also got Mr. Carter a Pulitzer award and a series of offers for the paper.

While Long lived, Mr. Carter stuck to his post, but after the assassination he sold the *Courier* and went to

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AS NINETEENTH-CENTURY LIBERALISM dims in its appeal, modern readers turn with increasing attention to the writings of Burke, Coleridge, Newman, Disraeli, John Adams, Tocqueville, Calhoun, Babbitt, and Santayana. *The Conservative Mind* is a basic introduction to the literature and main ideas of these defenders of truth and freedom.

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Greenville, Mississippi, as editor and part owner of the *Delta Democrat-Times*. The *Courier* was bought by some Long henchmen since no one else would have dared to buy it, the name was changed on Mr. Carter's insistence, and a fine paper disappeared for good. Mr. Carter got in a splendid parting shot at the new owners, though.

The *Democrat-Times* was backed by Will Percy, that great and public-spirited gentleman whose own autobiography, *Lanterns on the Levee*, is a memorable record of Southern life. There was money in the till and the support of intelligent, progressive citizens. The local problems did not run to small-bore fascism and feuding in the main streets, but were of that encouraging type which can be ameliorated by the application of good

sense and good will. Greenville, in short, was a far cry from Bloody Tangipahoa, and Mr. Carter loved it at sight and still does.

The later sections of *Where Main Street Meets the River* are largely a chronicle of successes. Mr. Carter had a brief fling with *PM* and a scrambled military career in the late war, but his main interest is in his own family life in Greenville and the changing values of the South, on which his comments are knowledgeable and loving.

It's a pity, but inevitable under the circumstances, that nothing in the book's more reflective later pages has quite the impact of the opening chapters. Not that life in Greenville is ever dull, for it ranges from Mr. Carter's mixed reactions to his son's first hunting trip, to the race, ar-

ranged by the *Democrat-Times*, between relays of mules and the Illinois Central's one daily train, a moldering relic unlovingly nicknamed Old Reluctant. All this is good lively Americana, readable and pleasant, but the days when Mr. Carter ran the *Daily Courier* on luck and barter, sniped at Long in print with a revolver in the desk drawer, put anything he pleased on the front page and wondered where the next stray bullet from a Tangipahoean feud might light, were something more than Americana. Hammond in the early thirties condensed a hundred and fifty years of history, creating a tension and interest that the orderly progress of Greenville cannot match.

Life in a pajama factory

There is a boy-gets-girl plot in *7½ Cents* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50) but it is no more than an excuse for **Richard Bissell** to wander into a few bars and bedrooms while describing the inner workings of the Sleep Tite pajama factory in Junction City, Iowa. The story rattles along at high speed, for it seems that life in the garment trade is just one thing after another, all of them funny and disastrous, with a strike (over that 7½ cents) coming up like thunder in case normal troubles should ever slack off.

The man who gets the full benefit of chaos with Sleep Tite, the Pajama for Men of Bedroom Discrimination, is Mr. Bissell's narrator, Sid Sorokin, a bright lad but misguided. "I had gone off my nut" is the way he puts it, "and taken a job as superintendent. . . ." A plant superintendent has no friends. Everything that happens is his fault, including the blowing out of a boiler that Mabel the office girl says "was put in the day after President Harding was killed. For a boiler that's not old." "It's no newcomer," says Sid, and sets her straight on Harding.

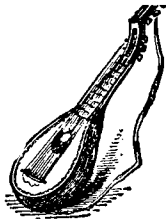
Breakdowns, slowdowns, missing shipments, temperamental operators, and the horrible Mr. Hasler, vice president in charge of production, all get left on Sid's doorstep. He's a busy man. When he isn't chasing through the plant to see what's holding up the Lovers-On-Parade number, he is chasing after Babe Williams, the beautiful sewing machine girl. Junction City is too small to provide privacy for anybody. "Well," says Mabel, jumping suddenly from the drinking habits of the previous superintendent's surviv-



Ophicleide

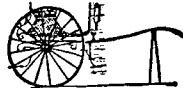


Clarion

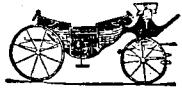


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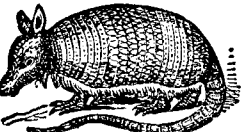
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ing relatives, "I hope you and Miss Williams had a nice time Friday night, Otto Paneratz told Bert he seen you two over at the Sixty-Six just more than hitting it off."

While it's impossible to worry over Mr. Bissell's strike-crossed lovers, it's equally impossible to resist the amusing detail with which he surrounds them. He has a gift for parody, an ear for absurd conversation, and an eye for the commonplace idiocies which generally slide by unnoticed. Mabel's explanation of why she is going to the funeral of somebody she never knew alive is a little masterpiece. Bits of chatter drift in from the operators: —

"Well, Myrna's baby died!" screams one, feeding elastic into the automatic short-length cutter.

"Pre-matoor, wasn't it?" screams the other.

"No, I din't hear that."

"I heard it was pre-matoor."

"It was only five months."

"Yeah, I heard it was pre-matoor."

"No, five months."

When it comes to the morning mail and the Sleep Tite Flash, the weekly bulletin to the salesmen, Mr. Bissell has a wonderful time and so does the reader. The Flash is full of cunning exhortations to remember flannelettes and Nite-Shirts, compliments to salesmen in South Dakota, elephantine humor, and rambling, ungrammatical explanations of why some store did or did not stock the Lovers-On-Parade number. Letters come in "from the territory." "Please send me the names of any insane customers who buy number 760 at \$72.00 as I have some gold mine stock of my grandfathers which they would no doubt take off my hands in a minute. Anybody who would pay \$72.00 doz. for that lousy number would give me a nice price I imagine. Have you all gone nuts in there?" Well, not quite, but close enough to be very lively company.

Potpourri

MAN OF FIRE: J. C. OROZCO by MacKinley Helm. Harcourt, Brace, \$7.50.

Since it is impossible to say with any certainty what makes a painter or why he paints as he does, Mr. Helm has wisely confined his "interpretative memoir" of the great Mexican muralist to the influences that can be easily detected in Orozco's work or that the painter himself acknowledged. These provide a workable rule of thumb and an interesting book, with sidelights on other Mexican paint-

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Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

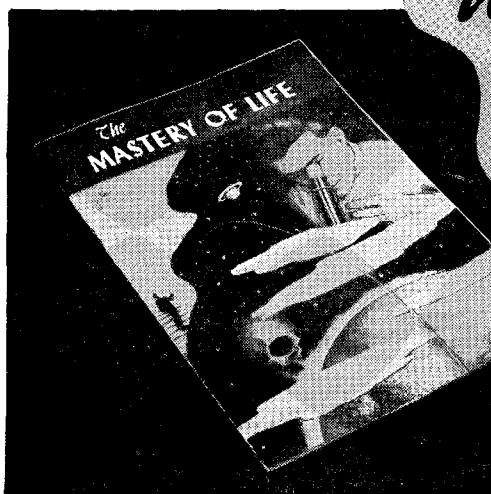
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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ers, politics, revolutions, and the technique of mural painting. Mr. Helm's style is strange in one respect. He can convey the quality of a painting quite clearly, which is not an easy thing to do, but he is inclined to tackle simple facts of time and place the hard way, making them a real problem in comprehension for the reader. The book includes a large number of plates, several in color, calculated to make anyone with a taste for murals in the grand style go out and buy a ticket to Mexico at once.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT by Christopher Burney. Coward-McCann, \$2.75.

The Germans arrested Christopher Burney while he was in France on special service in 1942 and kept him for eighteen months in solitary confinement. Locked in a prison near Paris, he invented games to pass the time, figured out a sun clock from the angles of buildings, philosophized and debated with himself about religion. He discovered no great truths and came to no fixed conclusions, but his speculations warded off hysteria and loneliness.

Although the book concentrates on the means by which Mr. Burney dealt with his mental isolation and has little to say about his physical circumstances, bits of prison life do turn up and there are a couple of chilly interviews with the German authorities, illustrating the art of lying at its best. Altogether an impressive record of resourcefulness and adaptability.

THE FINANCIAL EXPERT by R. K. Narayan. Michigan State College Press, \$3.00.

This Indian novel describes the rise and fall of Margayya, who starts by dispensing financial advice under a tree, becomes a rich man by publishing a pornographic book, sets up a thoroughly crooked bank, and retires, broke, to the same tree where he began. In spite of his unsavory career, Margayya is no scoundrel, but a pathetic little man trying to get on in the world and acting largely by impulse or in response to outside pressure. There is naturally much Oriental detail, but the book is in no sense exotic. Margayya's reasons for wanting money are entirely familiar. He quarrels with his son in Indian terms, but the bewilderment of a man confronted with the result of his own poor judgment as a parent is instantly comprehensible. Vivid, sympathetic, wryly amusing, the novel creates a world with beguiling characters.

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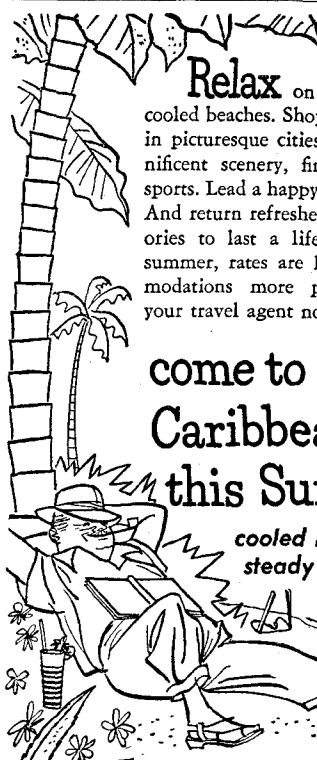
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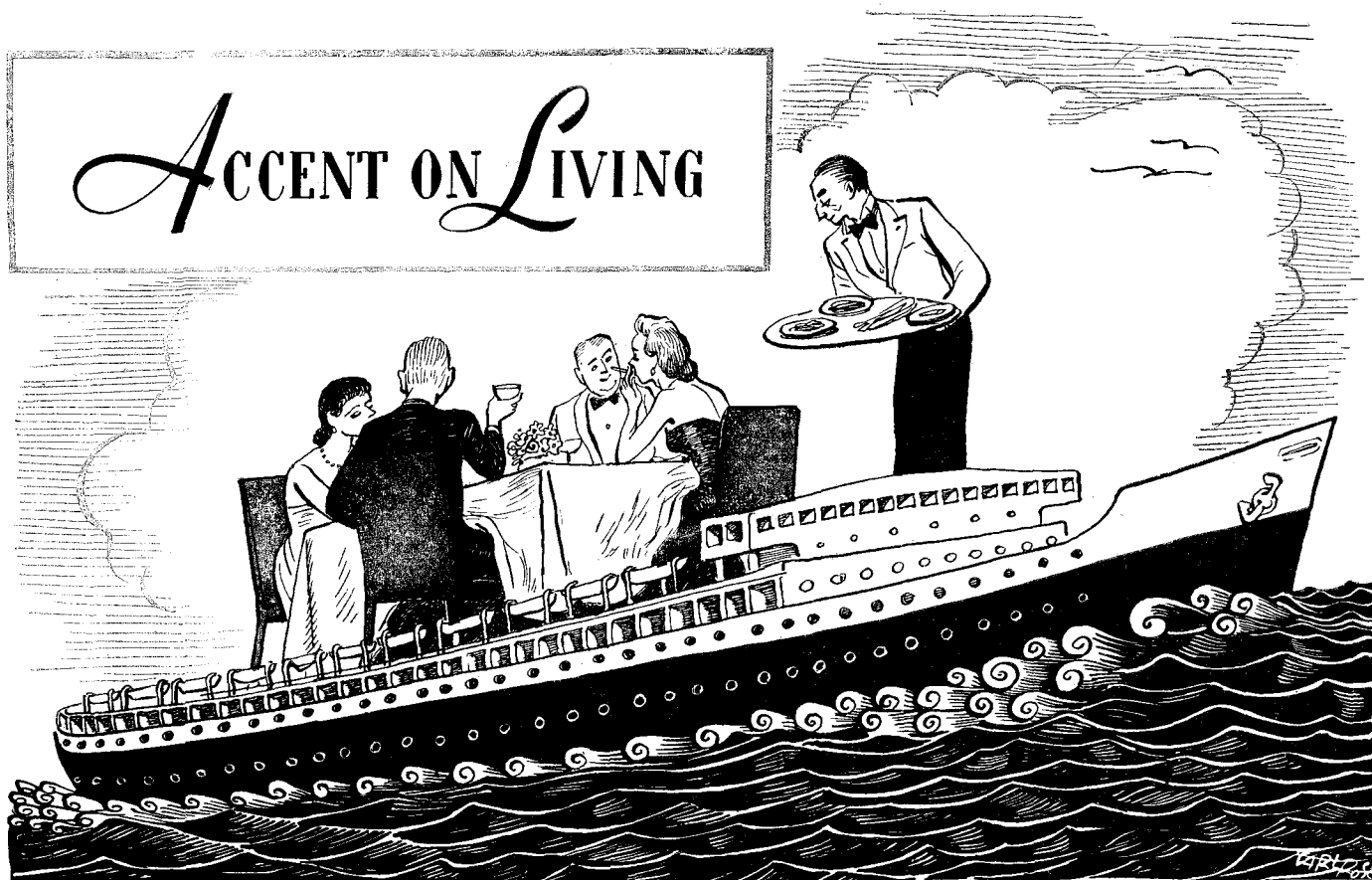
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ACCENT ON LIVING



WHERE is Wichita?" Thus read the first of "Twenty Questions for Your Amusement," the daily quiz tucked under one's cabin door each morning. The quiz was the nearest approach to the use of the mind that was attempted by anyone on the eight-day boat from New York to Liverpool. It seemed to be intended, hopefully, to enlarge the Anglo-American store of information, and it became for me a valued substitute for a morning paper.

"How high is Mt. McKinley?" "How many gallons make a firkin?" These were questions to set the breakfast tables abuzz; in the way of life on our leisurely boat, where time stands still or even loses a little ground, they were just as welcome as any amount of news stories.

"In which English county is the Wookey Hole cave?" "What is depicted on the back of a U.S. thousand-dollar bill?" This last was tucked in as something that the Americans would be sure to know, and there were similar questions on other days about the hundred-dollar and fifty-dollar denominations. No questions were asked, naturally enough, about British currency, simply because everybody knows all about that and always has.

The preparations for the Fancy Headdress Competition (sixth night) were the only other demand on our intellects. A BBC news broadcast was undertaken each day around noon; on the one occasion that I tried it out a Bishop, just returned to London from Singapore, was being interviewed.

"And what shall you be doing while you are in London?" asked the interviewer.

"I have," replied the Bishop amiably, "a great many things indeed to do — many, many things." He seemed to feel that this might have gone without saying, for he hemmed and hawed a moment, groping for further tidings to report. "There are two appointments to the staff which must be made," he added. "I hope, also, to get some rest." I did not hear all of the broadcast, for big seas were coming over the bow in too spectacular a fashion to be missed.

Food was simple, but its variety, abundance, and quality were all that one could wish. The bakery alone, with a half-dozen or more new versions of

toast each morning, was a demonstration of how far we have wandered, at home, from the art of breadmaking. Muffins, baps, buns, scones — these were to be chosen thoughtfully as a foil for Danish bacon; yet the ordinary white bread and hard rolls were of a yeasty freshness rarely experienced ashore.

It was true that the cooking — or rather the presentation — was artless, quite without blandishment. If one ordered a slice of duck, that was what came — an astonishingly plain, stark slice of duck, by far the least embellished, the most scrupulously unequipped slice of duck that could possibly be. But it was faultlessly cooked and extremely good, and with all deference to M. Wechsberg and his French vessels, I suspect that this kind of cooking is more to the American taste than the French style.

As for wine, it began at 70 cents for red or white Bordeaux ordinaire; the best '45 champagnes were \$4.85, whisky 30 cents, and most cocktails around half a dollar.

Two standing headings on the noon and evening menus did unnerve me slightly. The first, which came directly after the fish course, was "Farinaceous" — a rather too categorical term for comfort, it seemed to me, for

such dishes as gnocchi, ravioli, and pastas in general. It smacked of what a 4-H Club contestant shrewdly feeds his prize yearling, with overtones of Gayelord Hauser.

The other heading, next in order on the menu, was even more disturbing: "Vegetarian." This word cloaked perfectly harmless listings such as an omelet, stuffed peppers, or mushrooms on toast, which almost anyone might reasonably eat in the ordinary course of a meal but which, under the heading, took on a highly clinical quality. To order Baked Tomato and Mushrooms from "Vegetarian" would have seemed like lunching in a health-food establishment or joining some cult, and the word was a reminder that, even as we ate, there were doubtless among us a small but formidable group of those who abhor meat in any form. I could not believe that Foyot or Lapérouse, for instance, would countenance the

reference, and I am sure they would turn away from their doors any persons manifesting an interest in that sort of food. But the rest of the menu was amply fortified, fad-free and rewarding.

Although the cabins were plain and attractive, the *décor* of this eight-day Britisher — one class only — was rather rugged in the public rooms; so much so that the solid comforts aboard were almost handicapped by the blinding varnish and juke-box lighting effects. The grand piano in the cinema-lounge had been made to match — at what pains one is saddened to imagine — the vast areas of burl veneer elsewhere in the room, and the furniture was new and very ugly.

The other amenities were more persuasive. A post-war vessel, its ventilation everywhere was perfection; the sheets and pillowcases were fine Belfast linen; the damasks of the

dining saloon were glossy and richly patterned.

The staff was capable, mannerly, and the service throughout was incomparably good. The first three of our eight days were given over to influenza, but the cabin steward, Williams, and the stewardess, Mrs. Gallagher, managed to make us feel with every meal that we were adventuring in a succession of three-star restaurants. It was heart-warming to find people who worked so devotedly at their job, whatever the job was, and who were so extremely good at it.

For anyone with a few extra days to spare and who enjoys life at sea, the eight-day boat is a wonderful run for the money.

Oh yes — the location of Whichita, I learned from the prize-winning set of answers on the ship's bulletin board, is "Kansas, U.S.A." Kansas papers please copy.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE CASE OF THE SOBER SHAMUS

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

EDWIN O'CONNOR writes from long experience in radio stations and more recently as a reviewer of television shows. He has just completed a survey of radio and TV programs in Ireland, on which he will report in one of our future issues.

TELEVISION, which has a bad habit of monkeying around with perfectly acceptable types, has already left its mark on the private detective. The private eye is not at all what he used to be. In his prime he was a tough, hard-drinking ladies' man, fast with his guns and faster with his fists; he is now, television-style, a kind of windy dud, fit only for slouching around hotel lobbies, keeping a weather eye on the potted palms. The decline is obvious, sad, and due to a single cause: strong drink. The television detective hasn't had one in years.

The old private eye — who operated in books or in magazines — was never a really very good detective, but he had one great advantage: he was seldom completely sober. If he did not think, he did at least drink, and it was soon found that for all practical purposes the little brown jug was quite as helpful as the little gray cells. It was television which

put a stop to this, and for rather sound commercial reasons. At the present time, no hard liquor is allowed to advertise on television; presumably the industry felt that there was little point in giving a boost to a product from which there was not even potential revenue. And so something new was introduced: the tem-



perance detective, a good safe man who might smoke or eat aspirin or use hair oil, but who would under no circumstances drink.

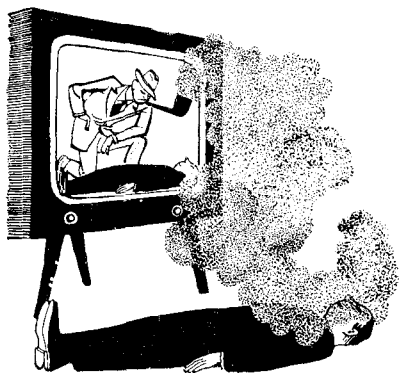
This has been hard on the television shamus. Cold sober, he is forced to face his foe, himself, and his script, a combination which is apt to prove too much for any man not in his cups.

Take, for example, Jeffrey Jones, the detective starred in "The Files of Jeffrey Jones." He is the only detective on television who is also a law student, and although he can usually be found in a saloon, conscientiously examining his lawbook, he is proudly abstemious at all times ("No, thanks, Joe; I'll just have my usual cup of coffee"). In real life, the number of people willing to place their problems in the hands of a law student — even a temperate one — is relatively small; this is not so on television. When Jones begins his coffee-bibbing, the line forms on the right, led perhaps by the anxious Mr. Wong of the Chinese Better Businessmen's Association, who wants to find out who's *really* smuggling the opium ("Quite frankly, Mr. Jones, my people are concerned. They feel it is giving them a bad name").

Barring a miracle, this gullible Oriental is in for a sharp disappointment; poor Jones wouldn't know dream-dust from table salt. Despite the fact that his opponent is almost always a cretin, no man on television has been sandbagged more often than Jones. Persuaders rain upon his head, and as a consequence his script is heavily loaded with the lush narration which all private eyes slip into as soon

as the blackjack meets the scalp ("and so I sank into lullaby land, where dappled horses were prancing through a field of yellow roses, and a beautiful princess was stroking my hair").

Still, if Mr. Wong had consulted "Boston Blackie," he would have been no better off. Blackie is the



Methuselah of American detectives; he has recently been exhumed from the Hollywood boneyard to take his rightful place in television. A laughing, jaunty dolt, Blackie is billed as "the enemy of those who make him an enemy, the friend of those who have no friends!" — Robin Hood in a snap-brim felt.

At no time during his show is Blackie permitted a drink, although no man ever needed one more. Blackie's great specialty is the affording of no protection to his clients. On television, the quickest way to get an ice pick in the spine is to run up to Boston Blackie and say, "Blackie, my number is up! Ya gotta protect me!" This is followed by shouts of laughing reassurance and an early funeral. After the funeral, Blackie, still cold sober, goes after the killer. A long lifetime spent in detection has enabled him to evolve the most imperfect technique since that of Charlie Chan's Number One Son, who used to solve crimes largely by falling into open manholes.

Martin Kane, the detective-hero on "Martin Kane, Private Eye," though not as old as Blackie, is more experienced on television. He has been chasing his shabby brood of television criminals for more than three years now. He is a sharp-faced, nervous man with a loud voice and bold gestures; beneath his churning surface lies a brain unrivaled for sheer torpidity. In his moments of stress he paces about wildly, searching for something, *anything*, to save him from the necessity of thought. What he is looking for, obviously, is three fingers

of the best. What he gets, however, is a briarful of cut-plug, for "Martin Kane, Private Eye" is sponsored by a company selling pipe tobacco.

As those who control this program apparently suspect that the public does not always identify Kane with the product, he is kept smoking and refueling constantly. The chase is never so urgent that it cannot be interrupted while Kane jumps into a corner store and calls strongly for another tin of that mild, sweet-smelling, perfectly blended tobacco. After the stoking up, the hunt is resumed, and Kane is permitted to return to the old false scent, trailing smoke like a vintage Reo.

The high mortality rate found among the Martin Kanes must be mentioned. A Martin Kane cannot hope to last too long; in the three years of the program's existence, three different actors have been used up in the title role. All that smoke in the lungs, and nothing to drink; it takes its toll.

Tobacco also plays a large part in "Man Against Crime," a program in which the teetotaling detective is one Mike Barnett. The difference between Kane and Barnett is chiefly this: Kane smokes a pipe, Barnett cigarettes. This is not a matter of temperament; it just so happens that Barnett's tobacco company is pushing cigarettes these evenings.

Barnett's life is not an easy one. While the criminals he faces are of an agreeably low standard — a typical murderer on this show is one who runs a clam rake over his victim's face, in the interesting belief that the victim will then appear to have been clawed to death by a jaguar — the adventures they get mixed up in are pretty much of a piece. The plots on "Man Against Crime" are of either the "who" or "why" variety; a program may open, on the one hand, with lines like these: —

"Barnett, someone is trying to kill me!" "Why?" "I know why . . . but I don't know *who*!"

Or, conversely: —

"Barnett, someone is trying to kill me!" "Who?" "I know who . . . but I don't know *why*!"

In these circumstances, the old private eye would simply feint a couple of times with either hand and head for the bottle. Barnett can only reach for his cigarettes. They prove to be no help. In the first place, he is kept far too busy lighting them to have very much time for

the actual business of detection; and in the second, nicotine seems to blunt rather than sharpen his faculties, which are fairly blunt to begin with.

In the end, the criminals on "Man Against Crime" really catch themselves, as indeed they do on "Martin Kane," "Jeffrey Jones," and all the rest. They have to: it is the only way out. The average television criminal is a natural for the gallows; slow-witted, maladroit, and unimaginative, in real life he would be gibbering at the end of a bailiff's arm within ten minutes after his first misdemeanor. He is a miserable specimen of his class, but he is not without decent instincts. He knows that on television Crime Must Not Pay. He knows that he must, in the end, be caught, and he understands that if he doesn't catch himself, no one else is going to do it. Who else *could* do it? Jeffrey Jones? Boston Blackie? Martin Kane? Mike Barnett? It is most unlikely. Since they've been in business, the poor men haven't been able to catch so much as a drink. A real live criminal would be out of the question.



HOSPITALITY

by WINONA McCLINTIC

LITTLE beast behind the rafter,
Is it raisins you are after?
Have a cornflake;
Carve the cupcake.
Will you share a dish of tay?
Ought I offer you canned pease?
"— more cheese! —"

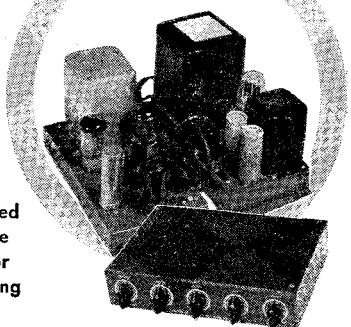
Little creature of the alley,
Are you hungry, are you really?
Gnaw on cold cuts;
Chaw Brazil nuts.
Can you try my consommé?
Taste these lights and livers, please.
"— More Cheese! —"

Little monster in the night,
In rye biscuits you may bite.
Munch this mustard;
Crunch some custard.
Could you care for curds and whey,
Spicy ham or mess of pottage,
Heated Spam or pot of message,
Shrimp, crab, lobster from the seas?
"— MORE CHEESE! —"

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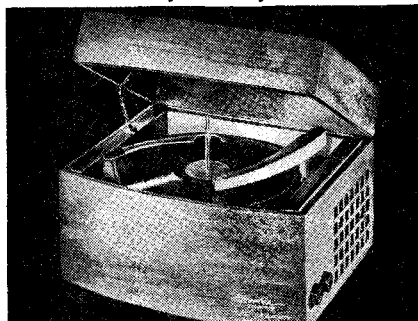
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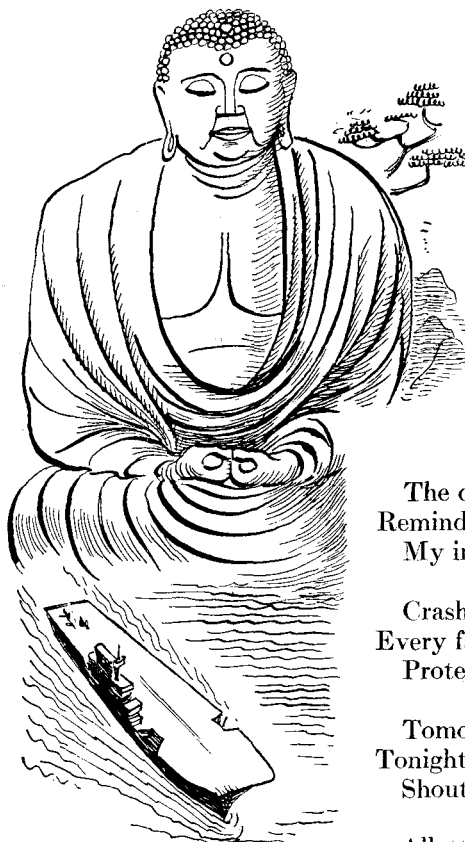
Fifteen Haiku

by AN ENSIGN

The Admiral is being court-martialed;
How refreshing
The wind from the mountains!

Floating inside this carrier:
Royal me
And twenty-seven types of bomb.

This hour of sleep
Shrinks my time in the Navy
As much as would an hour of work.



Lost
In a hazy country lane:
The voice of the cow.

The Great Buddha,
Sad from pretending
The tourists are worshipers.

The maiden padding in
Demurely
With two quarts of whisky.

Drunk,
Drunk:
The reproachful moon.

The catapult's grinding snap
Reminds me to mail
My insurance premium.

Crash landing!
Every face
Protected by a camera.

Tomorrow, no air operations;
Tonight, certain pilots
Shouting and stumbling.

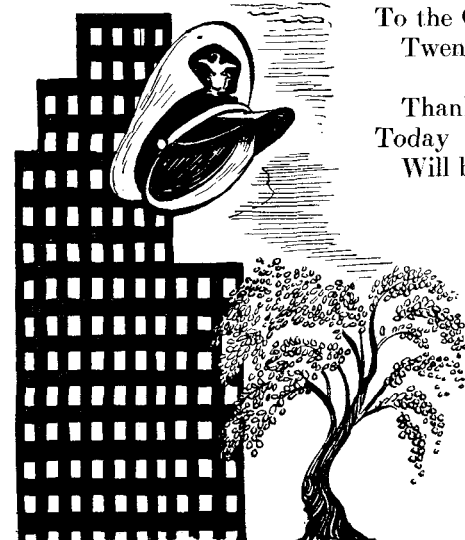
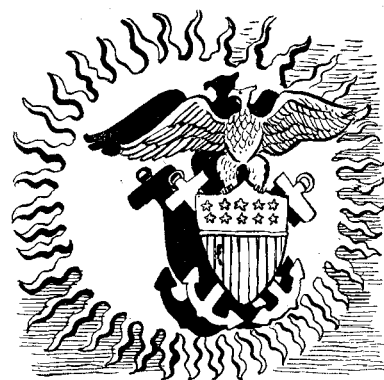
Allotted daily
To the Captain and me:
Twenty-four hours apiece.

Thanks to the International Date Line,
Today
Will be repeated tomorrow.

Hallelujah!
The first glass of fresh milk:
Hallelujah!

And San Diego, how pleasant!
I should prefer
Perhaps New York.

The plum tree is in bloom;
I have just
Been released from the service.





by JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A Major (Alceo Galliera conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Columbia "Entré": 12" LP). Anyone might be forgiven for thinking that this was the vintage Toscanini New York Philharmonic-Symphony performance brought technically up to date. People who have the HMV Schnabel-Galliera "Emperor" concerto know this man can conduct Beethoven. And the disc costs but \$3.08!

Brahms: Symphony No. 2 in D (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Listened to two rooms away, this is lyrical perfection. At close range, Brahms's orchestral techniques are overexposed, endangering the musical effect. Apart from this, it is a masterpiece of musical insight and a very good recording.

Bruch: Violin Concerto in G Minor; Kol Nidrei (Michele Auclair, violin; Wilhelm Loibner conducting Austrian Symphony; Remington: 12" LP). The orchestra is a little messy, but Miss Auclair, unlike certain higher-priced fiddlers, abandons herself to the music, corny or not. And the tone is sumptuous. A real bargain.

Debussy: Piano Music (George Copeland, piano; M-G-M: 12" LP). Selections include well-known preludes, plus the rondo from the *Children's Ballet*, *Hommage à Rameau*, and, oddly, Satie's *Gymnopedie No. 3*, which Debussy later orchestrated. Until Gieseking makes a Debussy set like Columbia's Casadesu-Ravel series, this will have to do. The recording is adequate, and Copeland is, of course, a Debussy-trained Debussy expert.

Delius: North Country Sketches; Eventyr (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic; Columbia: 12" LP). Perhaps twice a century, if that often, a conductor understands a composer so nearly perfectly. Every phrase speaks, caresses, describes. You will share Delius's upland ramblings; view after pastoral



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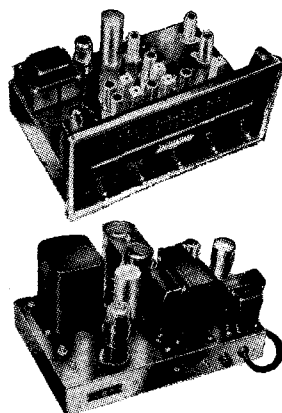
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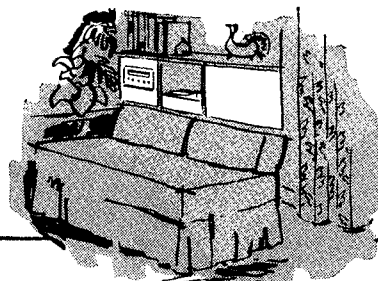
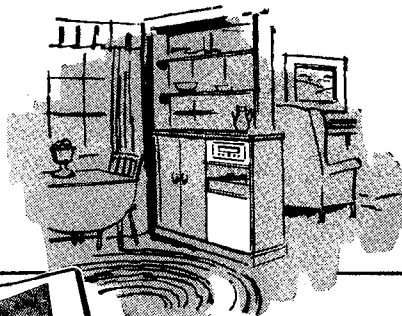
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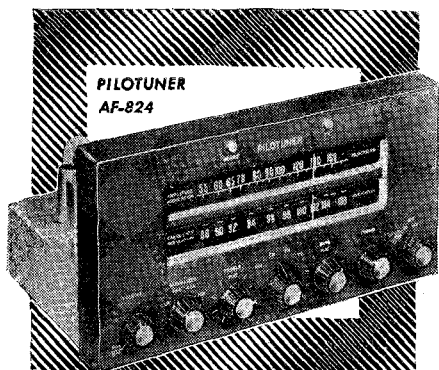
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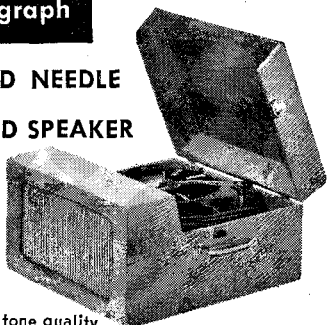
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view. The recording is appropriately excellent.

Grieg: Symphonic Dances; Norwegian Dances (Erik Tuxen conducting Danish National Orchestra; Mercury: 12" LP). The Norwegian Dances are played and recorded at least as well as in the fine Vanguard version, and the Symphonic Dances, new to LP, are even better. For Grieg-lovers, this is *it!*

MacDowell: Piano Concerto No. 2, with Hanson: Symphony No. 2, "Romantic" (Jesus Maria Sanromá, piano; Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony; Columbia: 12" LP). There is something in common between the 1885 concerto and the 1930 symphony, a rather endearing transatlantic escapism, a sane, secure lyricism. The engineering is first-rate.

Mahler: Symphony No. 7 in B Minor (Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: two 12" LPs). Dealing with Mahler, Dr. Scherchen is more analytical than sympathetic, but he exploits the orchestral sonorities of the score with high dramatic effect, amply abetted by Westminster's engineers.

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, "Scotch" (Georg Solti conducting London Symphony; London: 12" LP). Solti plays this as if it were Beethoven, beautifully limning structure, at the expense of melody—which is hard on Mendelssohn. And the reproduction is superb—which is hard on the London Symphony. Net criticism: the whole thing is almost too well done. Extremely interesting, though, and bears relistening well.

Modern American Music Series, Issues 1-6 (Prominent chamber players, including Juilliard and New Music Quartets; Alexander Schneider, violin; Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Leonid Hambro, piano; David Oppenheim, clarinet; Columbia: six separate 12" LPs). Columbia, as a cultural duty, has undertaken to produce a minimum of six LPs a year of modern American music, giving a committee of composers free rein in selecting compositions. The first six discs offer chamber works of Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Ellis Kohs, Charles Ives, Lou Harrison, William Schuman, Douglas Moore, Wallingford Riegger, Ingolf Dahl, Walter Piston, and John Cage. A solid beginner's choice is the combination of Copland's *Sextet* and Kohs's *Chamber Concerto*. More piquant is the

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Muzio Song Recital (Claudia Muzio, soprano; orchestras conducted by Cav. Lorenzo Molajoli and Licinia Refice; Columbia: 12" LP). This is the fifth collection of Muzio reprints on LP, and the most exquisite. She recorded these songs of Pergolesi, Donaudy, Refice, Reger, Debussy, Crist, and Delibes the year before she died (a terrible thing to happen to the world!). Words fail to describe the beauty here. Listen to Reger's *Cradle Song*, side 2.

Piano Music for Children (Menahem Pressler, piano; M-G-M: 12" LP). These engaging pieces actually were written for children to play, by Bloch, Milhaud, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, and Robert Starer. Pressler, no child, plays with jollity. Splendid piano sound.

Respighi: The Birds; Ancient Airs and Dances for the Lute (Franz Litschauer conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). Mr. Respighi's feathered friends never had it so good. This is a hi-fi marvel and a musical delight; it leaves a lovely taste.

Rimsky-Korsakov: Le Coq d'Or Suite; Capriccio Espagnol (Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London: 12" LP). The bearded Swiss gets more fun out of Rimsky's endless orchestral ingenuity than anyone except, perhaps, his listeners, and London always gives him its most luscious sound. What more can one ask?

Schubert: Trio No. 1 in B Flat Major (Jean Fournier, violin; Antonio Janigro, cello; Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). Almost as good as their ecstatic rendering of the No. 2, made last year. Beautiful tone, too.

Strauss, Richard: Don Quixote (Fritz Reiner conducting Pittsburgh Symphony, with Piatigorsky, cello; Bakaleinikoff, viola; Columbia "Entrée": 12" LP). This has been a \$5.45 disc, now it's a \$3.08 one. Sounds as good as ever, and even Strauss himself plays *Don Q.* no better.

Austrian Marches (Julius Herriemann conducting Deutschmeister Kapelle band; Westminster: 10" LP). The marches, by J. Strauss, Ziehrer, and others, are musically negligible, but the fidelity is something wondrous to hear, especially the tuba.

ACCENT ON LIVING



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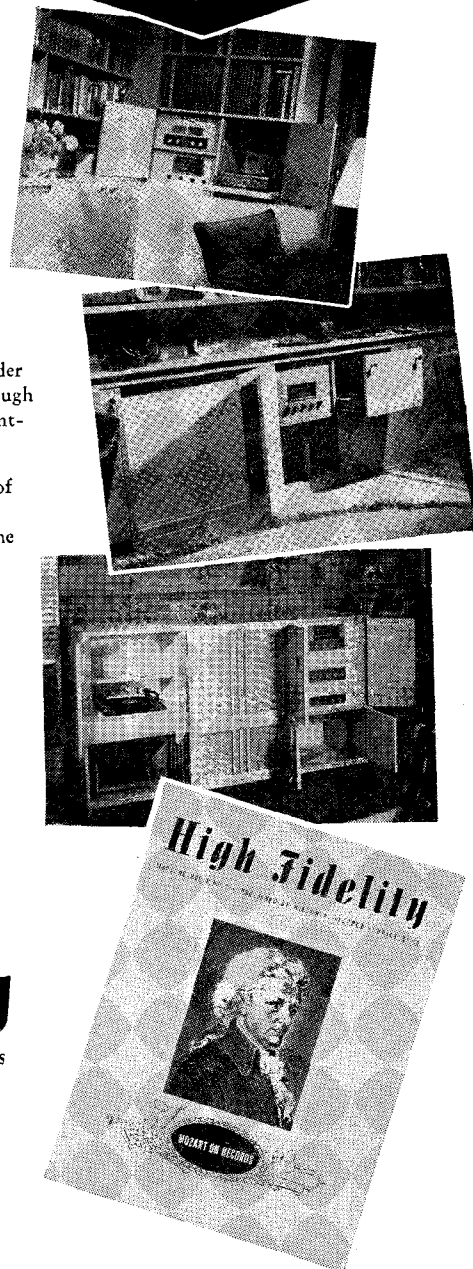
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WEASELS IN THE CORN MEAL

by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

This is the second of JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON's memoirs of Marta. The first was "All Up in a Heaval," published in September, 1951.

WHEN Marta came to us, complete with impeccable letters, we knew we had a treasure. Her graying hair was neat; it framed a pink, plump, confident face. Her china-blue eyes, wide like a doll's, were clear evidence of physical health. One child in the house, she said comfortably, was nothing; she took to our cat instantly, and it took to her.

There remained one small worry. My mother-in-law, who had said, "I'll never be found with my feet under a son-in-law's table!" and meant it, lived down the block in her own bungalow. It would be part of Marta's duty to clean for her once a week, my wife taking over in our own house on that day. And on Tuesdays and Fridays Marta was to see that good, really nourishing dinners were cooked there. The old lady liked to do for herself she insisted, but far too often she ate out of cans.

Marta was easygoing and she seemed the soul of tact. But, well, my mother-in-law had her ideas, one of them being that she didn't like people she didn't like. It was never wholly certain what governed her in the views she took, dim or otherwise, but there was never any doubt what those views were.

For a day or two the problem did not arise. It was evident at once that Marta could cook, though she liked to go her own way. The aspect of the kitchen was immediately changed, spices and staples rearranged according to a mysterious pattern that suited her. My wife

began to adjust herself to Marta's conversation, too, and was not as startled as she might have been when Marta told her that she had found weasels in the corn meal. It was good to know they had been discovered and promptly dealt with. "I got rid of 'em," Marta said briskly, "every single sanitary one!"

Then the first Tuesday arrived, and the first dinner Marta would cook for my mother-in-law. My wife took her to the bungalow, introduced her, and left. It would work out or it wouldn't. Next night after dinner, she told me how it had gone.

Marta had come back smiling. She was frank about the little shingled bungalow: it was a kind of old ramble-shack, she said. But the old lady was sweet; she put Marta in mind of that famous painting of Hitler's Mother. It was nice to do things for people who didn't mind lending a hand; my mother-in-law had helped Marta wrench out the cups after the coffee, which showed she had her heart in the right end.

They had talked a good deal, too, Marta reported, and it was a pleasure to discuss things with her; she never went off on a tandem the way so many ladies did. It was plain that they had much in common, for Marta had mentioned my mother-in-law's science trouble. It was the fog, Marta explained; some people were just septic to it. They shared another idiosyncrasy, too: strawberries gave them both whelps all over their arms.

One thing had bothered Marta. The old lady ought to eat more. They had talked this over, and although Marta's chubbiness made their agreement fantastic, they had concluded that both had the same difficulty: neither of them assumed their food properly.

After that first day, Marta took to carrying special dishes over to the bungalow. The second week she slipped out for ten minutes at dinner-time on the Friday. When she came back we learned why. She had taken over to my mother-in-law the dessert in which she took the greatest pride — her Baked Elastic. She never claimed to be a better cook than the old lady, however. The two had exchanged secrets from their store of kitchen tricks, and Marta admitted they had come out nick and tuck.

As it worked out, it turned into a close friendship; but while this was pleasant in its way, we found that we were getting less and less of Marta's

time. She was always just stepping over to see how things were; she said firmly that the old lady had told her to drop in for a snag whenever she felt like it. In the end, it all added up: we lost our treasure.

It began when my mother-in-law gave Marta an old evening dress. Marta was enormously pleased with its style — black velvet, covered with Seagram's. And the gift led directly to evening dances at Oakland's most popular Social Ballroom. There, properly introduced by the lady-manager, Marta met a man, and from that moment romance had the upper hand. She hadn't known him from Adams, she told us, but he had met her once before in Southern California. They agreed that they really liked Los Angeles better, and he was returning to his old job there. He said The Right Things, and he wanted Marta to go with him as his wife when he left. She would have liked to stay with us, particularly with my mother-in-law. But anybody knew that it was silly to cut off your nose in spite of your face.

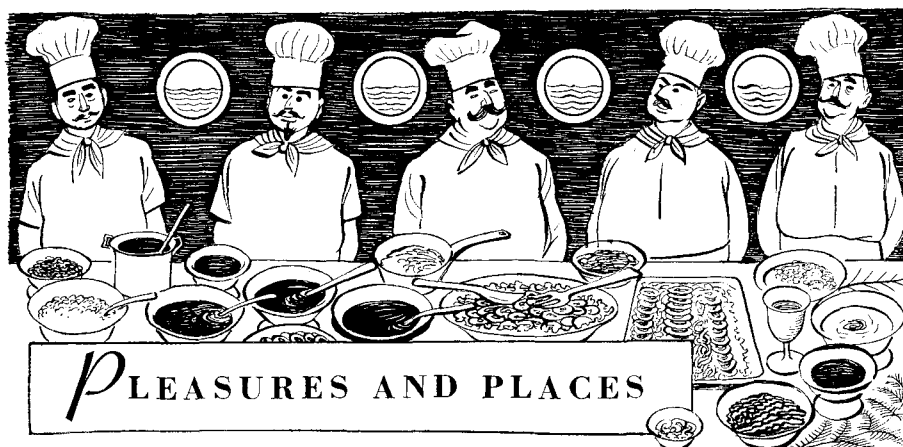
Perhaps it was just as well; for, as Marta told my wife with a self-conscious giggle, he was a man who liked to step out; he was a great one for burning the camel at both ends.

It may have been this propensity of his that eventually parted them. Marta had admitted that he was the kind that carried things to the inch degree. Whatever the reason, she was her own woman again in six short months. She sent us a postcard telling us she had gone back to work for her old employers, a family named Trott. She thought of us often, though, especially my mother-in-law, who had been a garden angel to her.

We passed on the message, and it was only then that we realized how really close the two women had been. For my mother-in-law made it quite clear that we had been a pair of simpletons to let Marta go. She was the best cook we'd ever had or were likely to have, the old lady said, and for a simple reason: Marta had been taught right; she knew the principles of homey comics.



ACCENT ON LIVING



FRENCH BOAT

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

After living in California and Connecticut, JOSEPH WECHSBERG is traveling once again in Europe, whence he sends us this account of what makes a crossing in a French ship different from all other modes of travel.

THIS is the age of advertising, and people's notions of gracious living are often reflected by the ads of their steamship companies. The Italian Line, publicizing its new ship, *Andrea Doria*, puts emphasis on "the skill and pride of the greatest artisans of Italy. . . . Every mural, every tapestry, every rug and chair, each exquisite bit of glassware is the work of craftsmen. This is the tradition of Italy."

The Cunard Line shows smartly dressed people walking briskly around deck or enjoying themselves strenuously on the dance floor. ("Getting there is half the fun. . . . The brilliant round of activities, the high-spirited companionship, the spacious luxury, the glorious tonic effect of the clean salt air. . . .")

The United States Lines feature the streamlined silhouette of the new superliner *United States*, and endorsements by prominent bankers, corporation presidents, and film stars attracted by the slogan that "Europe's Only a Long Weekend Away."

Of an entirely different kind is the pitch of the French Line. The accent is strictly on cuisine. The ads show a glass of champagne and a *homard à l'armoricaine*, and the hell with murals, salt air, and long weekends (" . . . French Line chefs, with their matchless artistry, make every serving a delectable adventure"). The Rabelaisian invitation, "*Fais ce que voudras*," still holds good.

It has always been that way on French boats, where the most respected individual is the *chef de cuisine*, not the commandant. Old Atlantic hands, before boarding a French boat, would inquire "Who's cooking?" as opera lovers might inquire "Who's singing tonight?" For decades, Gaston Magrin, the former chef of the *Normandie* and *Île de France*, was the most celebrated practitioner of the *haute cuisine* on the Atlantic, and also the most feared. His outbursts were epic. Ship's captains and company presidents would tremble before Magrin's angry stare. On the *Île*, Magrin commanded a hundred and twenty-two assistant chefs and a battalion of helpers and dishwashers.

Magrin was able to fulfill a passenger's most uninhibited gastronomic desires, provided the passenger traveled in first class, was punctual, and showed proper appreciation. Once he flew into a violent rage because a couple of people were still having cocktails in the bar at the moment their *boeuf saignant à la ficelle* was ready to be served. "Rare beef with a string" is a piece of filet tightly wrapped around with string, roasted quickly in a very hot oven, and dipped for sixty seconds in boiling consommé just before it is served. It's a tricky dish and hopelessly spoiled if it is allowed to wait just a few minutes. He had a fit when a gentleman from Ohio ordered braised pork loin with tomatoes, spread with tuna fish, served with macaroni. Last year, when he retired, French newspapers noted with satisfaction that he had been decorated with the Légion d'Honneur, Croix de Guerre, and Mérite Maritime. *Vive la France!*

Food has always been the concern of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique and its predecessor, the Compagnie Générale Maritime, founded in

1861 by a decree of Emperor Napoleon III. When the *Touraine* captured the blue ribbon in 1891, crossing the Atlantic in seven days and four hours, the creations of her chefs caused more sensation than her speed.

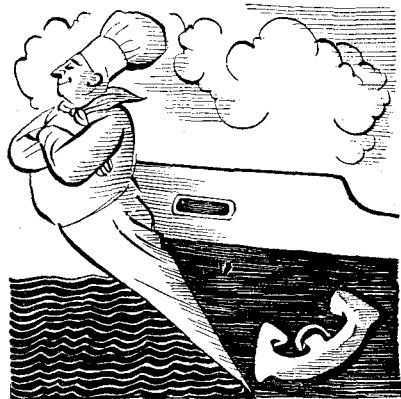
In the very gay twenties, I spent the best years of my youth playing the violin on the boats of the Messageries Maritimes between Marseille and the Far East, and on French Line boats between Europe and New York. I'll always remember with great fondness *La Bourdonnais*, a dilapidated one-funnel vessel with no serviceable lifeboats to speak of. Rumors persisted that her machinery was held together by adhesive tape, but after the second glass of champagne no one cared. The crossing from Bordeaux to New York by way of Spain and Nova Scotia took eleven days. (The old *Champagne*, a two-funneled, clipper-rigged four-master, had made it a little faster back in 1885.)

During the first three days of the trip, the Spanish passengers would keep away from the Anglo-Saxons and vice versa, but the Frenchified atmosphere soon leveled off differences of language, morals, bank account, and politics. Everybody, including the crew, had a fine time of it. There were always pretty women hanging around our quarters, presumably music lovers. Our *chef d'orchestre*, a pink-cheeked, vintage-conscious Alsatian named Maurice, issued orders that the wine cellar under his bed must at all times be well stocked. We would comply by robbing the passengers' tables of their bottles. The surplus was sold in New York, that wonderful citadel of prohibition, to American connoisseurs who didn't seem to care about vintages as long as there was anything liquid in the bottles.

I have other lighthearted memories of French Line boats. On the *Rochambeau* there was a red-haired lady passenger who came aboard straight from a good-bye party. She was wearing her evening dress and for luggage had only her tiny evening bag, but that didn't bother anybody — not on the *Rochambeau*. The lady purchased a toothbrush and a pair of pajamas in the ship's store and adjusted her life to the circumstances, dancing at night in her evening dress and sleeping by day in her pajamas. Once the machines broke down and we were immobilized for ten hours in the middle of the ocean, but the redhead never knew it.

When I worked on the *De Grasse*,

we musicians kept whimsical hours. Rarely were the five members of the orchestra in a sober state of mind. Each crossing was a continuous Cognac picnic. Other French Line boats went down during the war — the *La-*



fayette, *Champlain*, and *Paris*, to name only a few — but the *De Grasse* survived shells, submarine attacks, and fourteen months of submersion up to her main deck in the Gironde.

She is still popular for her light moods and sturdy movements. Fewer people got seasick on her and more were pleasantly intoxicated than on any other ship of comparable size. Last year she was sent into semiretirement, being assigned to the boring West Indies run, but popular demand has recalled her to active duty, and a few months ago the charming old lady was sold to the Canadian Pacific and has resumed her leisurely rounds.

Another French boat, the *Île de France*, seems to have evoked more sentiment than any other ship afloat, and was decorated for her wartime gallantry by the French government with the Croix de Guerre with Palms. In the embarkation hall is an engraved plaque with the citation, "*Glorieux bâtiment qui n'a cessé de faire flotter les couleurs françaises sur toutes les mers du monde. . . .*"

There is an unfortunate trend toward speed and getting it over with, as though crossing an ocean were an unpleasant duty, such as sitting in a dentist's chair. The Germans started it with the *Bremen* and *Europa*; the French got into the act with their *Normandie*; the British topped her speed with the *Queens*; and the Americans now hold the world's speed record with the *United States*. People in a hurry should take a plane.

The fastest French boat, the *Liberté*, which was once the German *Europa*, is also the least popular. Last year, when traveling abroad as a passenger, I became infected by the

restlessness of my fellow passengers, and I started to worry whether we should arrive in time — as though it mattered. There were no mechanical breakdowns. The elevators were running. Hot water came out of the hot-water faucets. Life held no more surprises. The musicians had regular hours and strict rules of behavior. They were not permitted to enter a passenger's stateroom "even if they should be invited." I hate to think how such a rule would have affected us in the old days.

Thus I was pleased to read the accounts of the maiden voyage in July, 1952, of the newest French boat, the *Flandre*. Everything went wrong. (As far as I am concerned, everything went just right.) The lights didn't work, the accumulators went on strike, the winch was powerless to raise the anchor. It sounded wonderful — almost like old times. Three weeks earlier, the *United States* had broken all transatlantic records, making the trip from Ambrose Lightship, New York, to Bishop's Rock, Land's End, England, in three days, ten hours, forty minutes, at an average speed of 35.95 knots. People arrived in Europe practically before they had time to say hello to each other.

The *Flandre* took six days, at the end of which she had to be towed into New York Harbor. Some New York papers muttered about her "ignominious debut." That seems to me a mistaken evaluation of the facts. The papers noted that the *Flandre's* foghorn ran out of breath; they failed to note that the *Flandre's* wine cellar never ran out of vintages.

Personally I can think of nothing more pleasant than to be marooned indefinitely on a French boat, eating fine food, drinking fine wines, getting fine service, at no additional cost whatsoever. The *Flandre* had simply behaved in the best Gallic tradition, whimsical and unpredictable, as any pretty girl in France would.

The ship has been completely overhauled, but people won't care about her schedule after tasting the *gratin de langoustines*. She is equipped with "two groups of Rateau Bretagne double reduction geared turbines developing a normal horsepower of 36,000, with a maximum of 44,000 horsepower, driven under 64 kgs. of steam pressure per square centimeter," and also with some excellent Léoville LasCases 1945 and Corton-Charlemagne 1947.

There is cool French logic behind

the madness of outfitting ships with unsalted caviar rather than with over-salted accumulators. Sensible travelers going abroad are more concerned with the position of their dining-room table than with that of the watertight compartments. Of the total cost of a ship's trip, service and cuisine amount only to 8 per cent. The rest is fuel, salaries, insurance, and so forth. The *Flandre* travels at a comfortable 22 knots. Raising her speed by only a couple of knots would cost more than double servings of Malossol caviar with every meal. Moreover, she is conveniently sized — 20,500 tons, with rooms for 363 people in first class and 283 in tourist class.

The *Flandre* pays proper respect to the increased importance of middle-class travel. A considerable part of the ship is given to the tourist-class passengers. Should the times get worse, some of the first-class staterooms can easily be converted into tourist-class accommodations. Passengers have the choice of fourteen versions of eggs for breakfast; and that's just breakfast. I understand that the bridge is equipped with the latest inventions in navigation technique.

And for those who don't care for eggs or navigation technique, there are other attractions. It reminds me of the pretty woman I watched on the bridge where she was shown the gyrocompass, radar, decca, loran navi-phone, magnetic compass, and other paraphernalia of safe ocean travel. She was properly uninterested until a slim, dark, and handsome officer with a gold-braided cap went by.

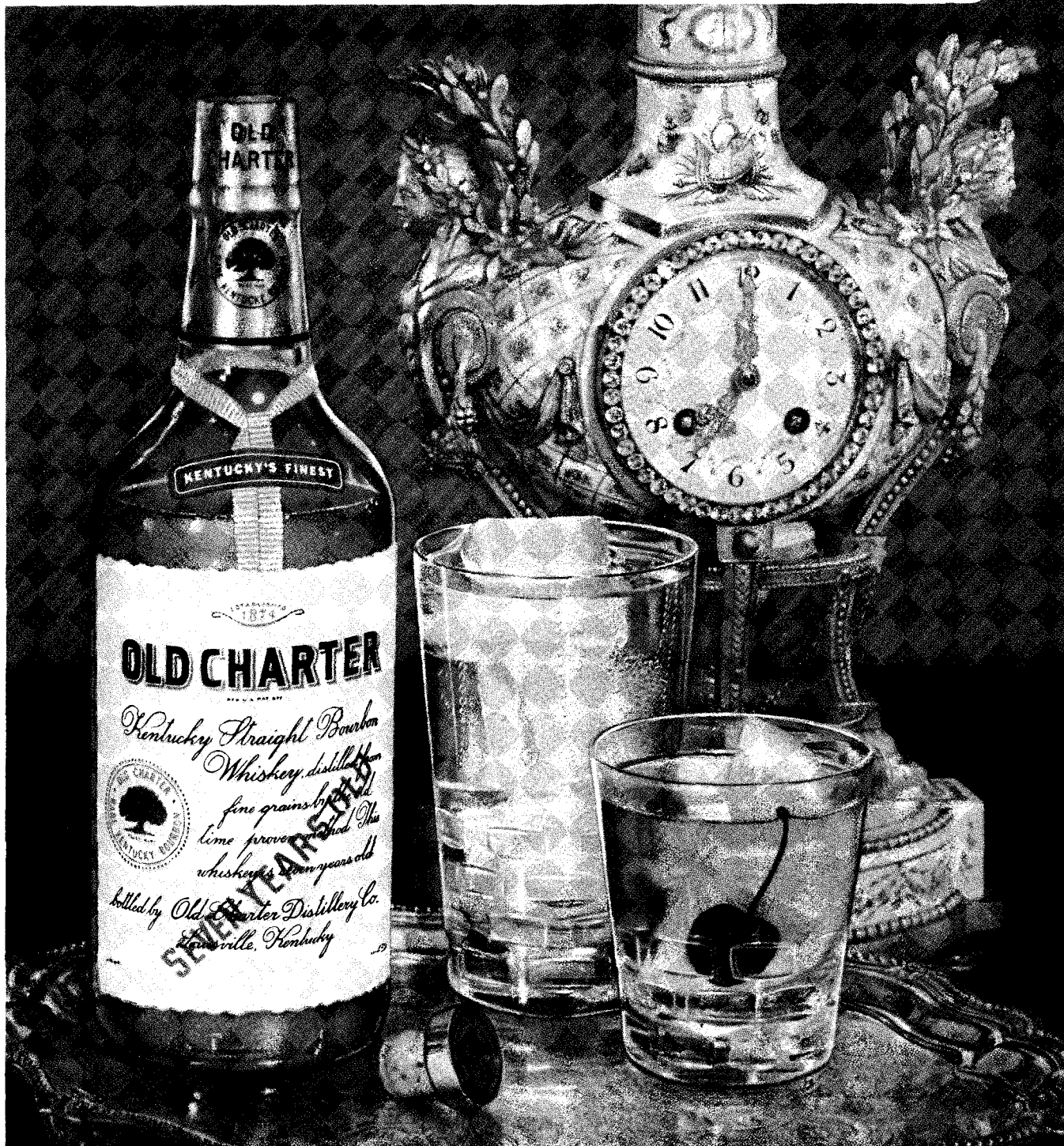
The pretty woman perked up. Who was that attractive man? The chief purser, she was told.



She glanced after him wistfully. "Is he going to be at the dance tonight?" she asked.

Of course he was at the dance. *Vive la France!*

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...FOR LONG AND QUIET YEARS!



*The whiskey that didn't watch the clock
seven long years!*

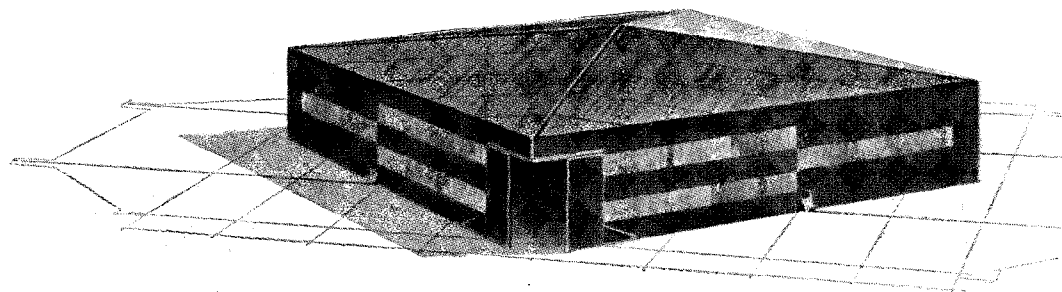
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